



SPECIAL SECTIONS ON MAYANS OF GUATEMALA & U.S. SOUTHWEST
A JOURNAL FOR NATIVE & NATURAL PEOPLES



How It Is With Us

The time is soon coming for the planting festival, one of the major Iroquois ceremonies. Then the people of the Longhouse will gather in the natural way to give thanks to the Life Forces, the Creator, for the return of the planting season, and to seek the cooperation of the Creation that the seed might yield an abundant harvest. The springtime air makes this a happy event, happy for the green sprouting around, the warmth of the sun, the flowers.

winter so that once again, we can fulfill our privilege and duty to plant corns, beans, and squash. Special dances are done to show the Creation our good spirits.

This is one of the ceremonies for the peach-stone game, this time to be played with the men against the women to see which will have charge of the planting.

The ceremony consists of additional prayers: hope that the old people will remain with us longer, and that the young will grow strong. Hope that we will have the right feelings in our hearts as we plant and mind our gardens, hope that the Creation will recognize us and remember us and continue to feed us. Special thanksgivings are made for the Mother Earth and the Three Sisters — corn and beans and squash — that they still fulfill the instructions they were given in the beginning.



**AKWESASNE
NOTES**
WHERE THE PASTORAL DREAMS

AKWESASNE NOTES is the official publication of the Mohawk Nation at Akwesasne (People of the Longhouse) and contains (from time to time) Longhouse News, the official publication of the Mohawk Nation at Kanawake.

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CHANGING YOUR ADDRESS? This newspaper will not be automatically forwarded by your post office. Instead, we are notified that you have moved, which costs us a dime. You lose your paper, and we lose about \$70 an issue. Please write us when you're moving — and be sure to tell us your old address, too.

And if for some reason you're getting two copies and need only one, please send us BOTH address labels so we can find the duplication.

DO YOU HAVE A RED LABEL?

Look at the front page — check your address label. If it is marked in red, this is the last issue you will receive unless we hear from you. We hope you won't be angry — this is the only way we have of cleaning up the mailing list every so often since there are no paid subscriptions.

This month it is many of those whose zip codes begin with 4 and a few 5s, plus Saskatchewan and a few European nations who are "red-labelled." ALL YOU HAVE TO DO IS WRITE TO US and your name will be reinstated. This is not an appeal for money, although it might be a good time to renew your support.

After the speaking, there is often social dancing, a good lunch, and a lot of talk about the work to be done in the months to come.

We hope that NOTES will continue to remind people of their relationship to the Creation, their duty and obligations and Original Instructions.

Hopefully, we will get caught up on our work when we return from the next trip. People still waiting for answers to their letters can take some hope at this time. We expect to get issues out in June, July, and August to get caught up on the many important events and ideas we have not had room or time to develop.

Sorry, we goofed. On page 27 of the early winter edition of NOTES, the article there was written by William Kunstler, rather than Mark Lane. Our thanks to Robert Friedman, editor of *University Review*, for calling this to our attention.

Thanks to United Methodist Voluntary Service, which has added a subsistence grant for two staff members to the service of medical and death insurance which they already provide. With their group plan, we have coverage for hospitalization and treatment as needed. Methodists who wish to direct support to their church to its voluntary service program may write Randy Dew, 475 Riverside Drive, 3rd floor, New York, N.Y. 10027.

People who have hides to give away or sell — plus people who tan hides (especially deer, moose, elk and other wildlife) — are invited to write to Karla Johnson at NOTES. We have craftsmen who market their leather goods through NOTES who are unable to obtain a sufficient supply of raw material.

— from the people whose full-time lives revolve around NOTES at Akwesasne, including Connie, Doug, Rarihokwats, Susi, Coyote, Kaherehare, Kanoharoton, Tsewaa of Tewa Nation at Tesuque, Dorothy Thomas, Snowbird & Dorothy Ann, Mickey Posluns, Louis & Lang of the tape crew, plus Vernon of the Anishnabe Crane Clan, Juan Reyna, Jane George, Rokwaho, Ateronhiatakon, Billy Lazore, the Spook, and others who keep us going.

NOTES now has a large (old) truck which we use to haul newspapers to and from the printers. But it could also be used to haul large items which people wanted to give to NOTES, but didn't know how to get it here. Thus farm equipment, office equipment, food given for the harvesting, and similar things can now be transported reasonable distances for NOTES use. We are grateful to the many people who have helped us in these ways in the past.

Librarians: We are interested in obtaining on inter-library loan "Textiles of the Guatemalan Highlands" by Lila O'Neal. Any libraries with copies of this book are invited to write NOTES so we can arrange a short-term loan.

In addition to Spanish language translators (see box on the Guatemala pages), we occasionally need translators and readers for German, French, and Portuguese materials. Translators appraise materials we receive to see if there is information or articles there for NOTES, and then to translate either onto tape or in writing. Persons able to help in this way are invited to have their names put on our stand-by list, and when materials come in, we'll send them your way.

We also need an attorney in New York State to handle the incorporation of a small non-profit organization. In addition, there is, from time to time, need for legal advice on a variety of matters, and we'd like to have an attorney that we would telephone, or who could visit us on holiday once a year for a few days.

An attorney in the Miami/Boca Raton, Florida, area, is needed to help AKWESASNE NOTES is a civil matter there. Attorneys willing to be of service, or persons who can recommend attorneys to us, please write us.

Subscription Information on page 41

NEEDED FOR NOTES:

- tools of all kinds, especially wood-cutting tools, saws, axes, wedges.
- kerosene lamps and lanterns
- snowshoes, toboggans, sleds
- maple syrup equipment
- seeds and roots for planting
- a ditto machine
- what have you?
- fishing equipment (nets and hook&line)
- pens and all kinds of office gear
- artists supplies: oils, etc.
- used tarps, canvas, rugs

CAMERA WANTED: We sure do need a camera, preferably a not-too-complicated 35mm for use by our travelling group. This would be a valuable tool in our effort to provide readers with better and more photos. And our three-year search for darkroom equipment is still on.



In January, two NOTES staff members were married: Francis Estrella and Katsitsiakwa, a Wolf Clan Mohawk. They are pictured here last summer in a corner of the NOTES garden. This summer, they will be putting in larger gardens to provide a part of the tons of corn, beans, squash, and other foods we seem to consume over the year. As they agree to support each other, so do we, their relatives, agree to help keep their union strong.

Keep Us Strong!

This paper cannot exist without the support of its readers — you, the human beings who read these words. There are many ways you can keep the paper alive and strong:

take action on what you read. Write letters, think, give support, change, lend spiritual help.

send clippings from your local papers. If there is a good photo, try to get a glossy print from the paper's photo department. Date and identify all clippings.

send us your own materials — articles, essays, book reviews, editorials, letters, poems, photos, tapes. All can be returned upon request.

take the responsibility of covering an event for NOTES and send a completed article, or simply information and interviews, in writing, or on tape. We can send a press card upon request.

send us mailing lists — we will send sample copies of the next issue. How about a list of tribal members? addresses from an Indian urban center? of Indian college students?

sell the paper at a powwow, meeting, church, on your reservation, at the Indian center, in bookstores, in town, and on campus. You send us 35 cents for each paper after and if they are sold. Great for consciousness-raising, too. Educate your community.

let us know of people who should have the paper — native people in institutions, friends, anyone who may want to read NOTES.

check at your local city, county, community, university, high school LIBRARIES to see if they have a paid subscription to NOTES. If they don't suggest that they get one. Suggest too that they order books from NOTES to boost their selection of native materials.

form a committee — or go by yourself — to check bookstores, poster shops, gift stores, tobacco shops. If they don't know about our books, crafts, or smoking mixtures, tell them to write — or send us their addresses. Follow up in a month.

You can be a participant in the native causes by helping to spread the word, to create alternatives, to inform. NOTES is a part of that. You can work together with us, from your own area, no matter how far away that might be in miles. Everything in this issue of NOTES came from someone who cared to send it in. And to you all, we are grateful.





“Our Spirit Is Free. And Our Grandfathers Are Waiting”

[Tsewaa of the Sun Clan of the Tewa Nation at Tesuque Pueblo has been a strong traveller on the AKWESASNE NOTES/White Roots of Peace group for several years now. Her spiritual instructions sustained her as she worked with her people to avert a 99-year-lease plan for her pueblo's land and water, a fight that is not yet quite over. She was with the NOTES group which visited our Mayan relatives in Guatemala, in January, 1975. This essay is an account of her feelings and perceptions of that visit.]

Where does one begin to share an experience that really happened, but now is only a memory? Where does one begin to translate from the heart to mind the wisdom and spirit your grandmother left — and find no one is around to believe it? Where does one begin to relate her stories, only to have someone accuse her of lies, dreams, and old days that cannot be lived?

So before I began writing, I asked the spirit of our Grandfathers what I should write, and this is what they said.

In the beginning, in the beginning we were one people, and our instructions were one.

We had the gift that was our law for life, a law that was known by all from the smallest of insect to the oldest of man.

In the beginning, we were given the instructions and shown the way. Our minds were that of all Creation. We were gifted with songs and dances of many kinds. Our languages were many, but we understood one another because our spirit was not bounded by words. Our skin was of many colors, but all of us were Creator's children and we knew this.

We all knew there was only one Creator, so we prayed in the way we were gifted. We were instructed to sing and dance so our crops would grow. We knew the power of the sun, messages of stars, and strength in cold water. We knew everything there is to know so we only had to live according to the cycle as it came.

We knew, so therefore we lived. We knew of thanksgiving because we remembered our gift.

Our Creator knew that we would forget. He gave to each of his children a gift and the message, “Remember this, your gift in its natural and true beauty. Forget it or change it, and you will lose its beauty and the life it holds for you.

And there will always be someone around who will know it, and this someone will always remind you.”

And the Grandfathers remembered. In the beginning was the word. The words that our Grandfathers left are words of these instructions.

The Grandfather words we rarely hear today are still here because someone did not forget his responsibility to life. To remember the words is our responsibility to the spirit life — the spirit life within us, in the earth, in the food, in space and in the old man by the sea.

These are our instructions. Instructions of how to conduct our lives as man, woman, child, grandmother. Direction

as to how to work our daily lives to benefit our family, community, and nation. Instruction of tasks for our way of life.

In the beginning was also the knowledge of respect. Respect to the elders. Respect of wisdom and knowledge whether it be of a young or an old. Respect to the past things that came before our time, and respect to what we have now. Respect to a mountain which stood since the beginning. To a simple stone that was here from the beginning. Respect to life all around whether it be the breath of a rabbit or a plant. Respect and thanksgiving to the food we eat for our strength.

We were instructed to remember our children, even those unborn.

A simple prayer of thanksgiving was an instruction to all living things. A morning dove sings a thanksgiving song. A dance, a song, a greeting, a smile was a thanksgiving for life. In the beginning, we knew this prayer because we knew life and we were thankful. Then we knew how to dance, sing, how to greet, how to smile. Even a man knew how to greet and dance with an ant.

All this in the beginning.

Our children remember. At birth we left the world of our mother's womb and felt our way around into the world we had entered. Our feeling is related to that spirit of the beginning. A mother cares and shares her love with us, as does our mother the earth. In our mother's womb, we lived with the Original Instruction until it was time for our test in life's journey.

From birth, a baby follows the original instructions because at this age we can remember them clearly. Our heart is our reminder, and our mind has not developed. We feel more than think, so we know without knowing. Our feeling relates us to the spirit which created us, which again, is life. A small child feels around in this spirit, and where there is a spirit of love for him, he will recognize and grow up up knowing this love. Where there is the spirit of evil, he will also feel it and grow on it.

shake or a simple smile, we bring a strong feeling which words cannot communicate.

Feel the earth, our mother, and grow with her love. Feel the wind, our brother, dust your face with strength. Bathe in the mountain's stream and feel the power it carries. Feel the instructions that are all around and live by them — that's one of our original instructions.

Now that we've grown away from our mother and her love and care, we are on our own. So now that we've abandoned our Original Instructions, what next? We have given ourselves separatism, individualism, materialism, lost our spiritual nature. We are alone now to reap what we've let happen. Our life's journey is walked in our minds because we could not trust our heart and its direction. We were not thankful for simple food, simple laws, simple words of communication, simple basic rules. We've complicated our lives and wander now as if we have no instruction to follow.

But remember: there will always be someone who will remember the way, the instruction, the beginning.

And the sun remembered. He carried out his responsibility to his people as he appeared from behind a mountain, from the ocean or from the flat plains with his instruction. He remembered us, yet how many of us remember him? With him he carries the message of the Grandfathers from the sky world. He carries the children of life. The sun, our brother/father/grandfather still true in his love and strong in his old ways, reminding us of these instructions.

When this day came this morning, we awoke from a mystery of life. A miracle happened, and we remembered. Coming back to the consciousness of our mind from the heart, slowly losing contact with our spirit and remembering our physical world. Remembering our name, our face, who, what, where, why. Remembering — and at the same instant forgetting. Forgetting a spirit that lives within, forgetting another life, another time, another space, another world, thinking it was only a dream.

Tewa People, to experience the life of an average United States person, and to see the life of my native brothers and sisters in many parts of this land. As I travelled from birth to today, I have come to know the words of yesterday from my grandmother.



She reminded me of the truth, of the beginning, and of the life that goes on. She reminded me to live the life that is ours from instruction, and to follow it through. She reminded me to remember the sun and give thanks, to remember food is a gift and to give thanks. She said dance is life, and a song can bring a spirit back to life when the mind is heavy. She said a greeting to a human person is also a greeting to his spirit. She said to always remember our responsibility to our brothers and sisters, to our elders, to the children, and to life.

My responsibility to carry these messages of my grandmother have many times taken me away from my home, family, friends, and the surrounding I grew up with. But carrying this responsibility has brought me to other homes, families, and friends of different areas.

One day I came to meet my relatives of the east. My grandmother calls them People from the direction of the Rising Sun. They are also the carriers of the message of the White Roots of Peace. For many years White Roots of Peace and AKWESASNE NOTES have travelled across the land now known as America or Canada but to native people,



“There will always be someone around who will know the Creation's ways — they will remind you.”

A person who has not forgotten his responsibility will remind us that we cannot go wrong if we trust our hearts and go by the feeling we get from the spirit of life.

Our heart is part of our living breath, and so it knows life. Our heart is our home, so no matter how far our mind may wander, if we know our heart we will always have life and home. When we share our heart with a simple hand-

Thinking. The sun gave us this day to be born again, to begin again, and a chance to remember. Travelling through time, space, past to future, from childhood to adulthood into the whole cycle of life — we choose our own fate.

Today, as a natural person, remembering the instruction which my grandmother always reminded me of, I have had a chance to live and feel the life of

known as our mother, the earth. They carry the teachings and the words of life. Those who remember the instruction of life have taken the time away from families, friends, communities and homeland to carry the wisdom and knowledge of the Grandfathers because it is our Grandfathers' wish that these words be known in this time and age.

Recently, our Grandfathers' spirit guided us into Mexico and Central

America to carry their words and renew these words with our relatives down there. How many of us went and who we are or how we went down is not really important, but what is important is that we carried the native nations of our ancestors. We carried their words. We carried their children. And we carried corn.

Here is what I remember .

In the warm afternoon of the day we arrived in the village of San Juan Chamelco. High up in the world of the mountains these people live, hauling heavy loads on their backs. We passed women carrying baskets on their heads filled with their work of beautiful embroidery and weaving. Men, smaller than our people, but stronger, hoed in the fields and carried incredible loads of corn and wood.

Here we are, coming in a big van, a station wagon, and a jeep into a village where the people do not see many vehicles. We were strange people to them: our stature was taller, our skin a little lighter, our clothes were foreign. Were these Americans? And yet, they didn't look exactly like American tourists. Their hair was dark and long, and our ribbonshirts and native dress of our Grandfathers was not anything they had seen before.



We received suspicious stares, for they were unsure of our presence. In my Tewa Nation, if foreigners came, we gave them this same look. They would smile if they wanted something from us, like a picture of the Indians to take back home to show. They forget that our hearts remember the past too clearly, and we examine strangers closely.

Our relatives in Guatemala waited and watched our action. We were strangers in the home of our relatives, and so we waited for permission to stay a day or two on their soil. If we remember our instruction, we do not go into someone's home and take advantage of them, or control their lives. We wait, and while others went to see elders for permission to stay, we were greeted by our little brothers and sisters in their own children's way. Our children who travelled many miles to visit their brothers and sisters of this part of the world communicated through soccer and the stick-ball game they had brought, lacrosse.

We were given permission, so we set up our tipi on the flat area in front of the huge church which had stood there since the Spanish had arrived. As the day ended, the tipi gave us strength, and our mother, the earth of Guatemala, recognized us and told us we belonged.

When the sun rose, we met with some of the village people. We talked with them of our life, and they talked of theirs. We saw the similarities and the differences, and we all understood that we were from one family. We spoke different languages, and yet we had one common language to use for communication: the language of the spirit.

We talked of corn, beans and squash and life. We talked of our mother, the earth, and our animal relatives. This natural talk we all understood. We talked of the respect and care that is needed so that these things of the spirit will not die or forget us. We talked of our Grandfathers' words which brought us to knowing one another.

An old man playing a flute and a boy playing a drum brought us to a sacred place. Our spirits met through the drum, and the beautiful music of the heart. A grandfather there asked us to bring his message back to our people.

He said: "We must remember that we are all children of the one Creator, and our difference is only our original ways we were instructed to follow. Tell the people back in your land not to forget the ways they were instructed. It is important. Tell them we are not different as a people as long as we follow our ways of instruction. Tell them to remember this."

These people shared a cocoa drink which gave us strength to carry these words back. Our day was that of exchanging thoughts, ideas, goods, corn. A mother remembered us and brought us a native dish of turkey soup and tortillas, which strengthened both spirit and body.

It was New Year's Eve, and people were remembering the Thanksgiving prayers. Thankful for the year that was passing, and thankful for the coming one. The strength our relatives here have for their religion is still carried strongly in ways rarely practiced in North America. The natural people await the new year in the church. Prayers and thoughts are carried to the Creator for strength for the people and the people of the world, for the life everlasting.

In the hearts of natural people, it is disrespectful to ask too many questions of that which we should not have forgotten. Whatever we remembered of the old laws and with the guidance of our grandfathers, we became a part of their world and shared with them. Gradually, we remembered more, but we did not ask too much.

The new year came with the explosion of skyrockets and firecrackers, loud noises that is an awakening of spirits to life. All through the night the celebration went on. A music from the marimba brought the spirit of good feelings. So here in Chamelco, we renewed our own spirits with our relatives and gathered strength through prayers. A family shared with us their new beginning by inviting us to tacos and a natural drink from a native fruit. This sharing of food, home, hospitality and knowledge of the true natural ways is what we felt among our relatives of this land.

They remembered.

Solala: We arrived on a special day for the people of this land, a celebration important in the life of the people. In our ignorance, we stood and watched. The people remembered their grandfathers words and carry the instruction of the original ways. They know their responsibility and the meaning of life. It is said that these people have a mixture of Catholic and Indian religion, but as our Grandfathers said, the original ways are one.

In this way, our day began. The country is of mountains and the greenness of plant life is all around. A spirit of another country cannot help but feel at home here, for the life of spirits still roams freely and strongly. Through winding mountain roads we arrived at a volcano surrounded by a lake, Lake Atitlan. Here, for thousands of years, natural life was carried on by our Mayan ancestors at this lake of respect. Now it is a tourist attraction, unrespected by those who vacation. Admired yes, but taken for granted. The spirits, they speak the words of the beginning, the instruction, and remind over and over and over again. Who listens?

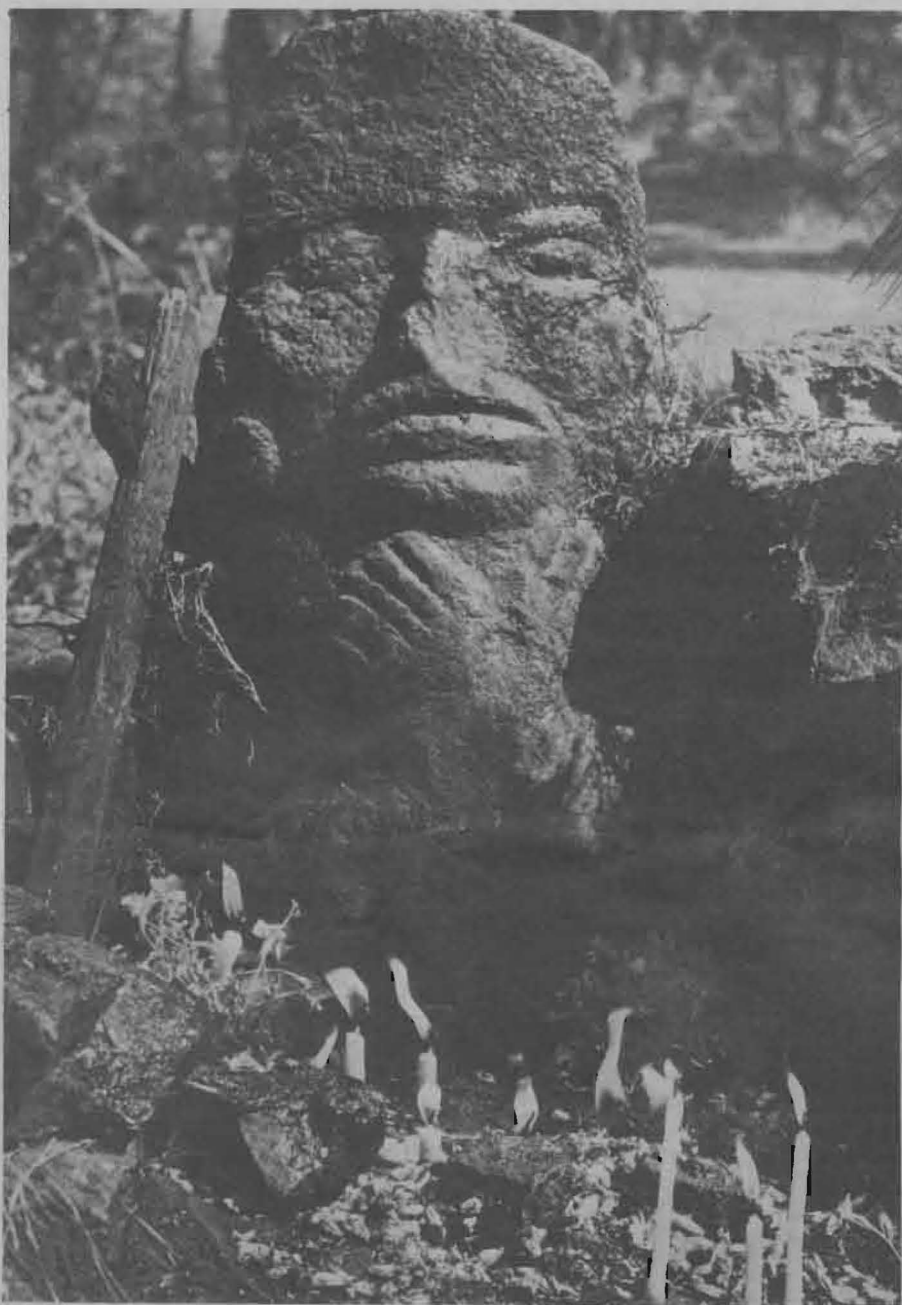
Travelling for weeks and weeks isn't easy. There are days when it isn't fun. Your mind wonders of home and the truth, and why you are having a hard time going back to the Grandfathers' ways. Education, higher and higher education, competition, a position, a better house, a better job, a better future of materialism is in our way. We can't think of home as grandmother knew because we've eased our lives away from our origin. We've become a foreigner to our own spirit. We've become strangers to our mother, the earth and her fruits. Here are our relatives who remember and when one sees them alive and strong in Mayan ways, you cannot help but remember your own native home.

Our natural people of this land, Guatemala, are carriers of a simple life

style that many of us in North America have forgotten. Going South we are reminded that a physical life is important as well as our spiritual. Here in the North, we are afraid to again try the life of natural people because we are afraid to lose the security that the United States or Canada promises. But their promises are coming to light, and we see there is no protection there.

We have forgotten our instructions. We live in a different lifestyle which is against our life, and our spirit knows this. Those who can see the instructions and destructions must rebuild that life which we've cast aside. Through those songs and dances someone kept, we will remember. Those languages and prayers someone remembered will help us to protect this, our home.

Through winding mountain roads we travel. The beauty of the land is beyond words. People on the road carrying



"We talked of the respect and care that is needed so that these things of the spirit will not die or forget us."

wood or heavy loads on their backs, carrying a whole generation of people. But someone is in the way of the children — someone with a "better education", better position seen only through his eyes, someone with an easy but uncomplicated life is standing in the way on this road of our relatives of the South.



Women carry water jugs on their head, well-balanced, travelling up and down mountain roads in barefeet. Mothers of the children of natural ways. Someone in her way to take her children. Taking them into "schools," into cities, into the shoes away from home. Women carrying their original instructions in the baskets on their heads, babies on their backs feeling warmth and love of sun and mother: will he remember his grandfathers? the instructions? his language? his way with the earth?

Todos Santos: I travelled into a time few years back in Santa Fe, New Mexico, where my Tewa grandfathers did their trading. Here I see my relations, native brothers and sisters as my grandmother lived in her time. I see my people living in harmony with the spirit of life around them. The adobe homes are built from the earth, and in time, return to the earth. Little children care for their smaller brothers and sisters, carrying them on their backs. Men work in fields, on a mountainside, taking care of corn, beans, squash, wheat. People

thrash with horses, having the wind, our brother, help them. Women carry wood over hills to cook food for their children. Children mind the sheep on the hillsides.

Everyone alive. Everyone, children to elders, dressed in the way of their people, a distinction of their nation.

This was my home, my grandmother's life, a life that was full of work, but a good life. They didn't let me live that life — someone was in the way. But my spirit knows this home and many times I had my dream.

I relate my dream to others, but they always told me it was an impossibility. I was told there is education, jobs, and the welfare of the children to worry about. But I see no future for our children in foreign schools, in foreign ways under foreign laws. I see no way except returning to our original instructions. When we worry about education, jobs, personal progress, we end up in alcohol, drugs, and eventually with no spirit life in us.

[Continued on next page]



The old days are gone and cannot be lived again, I was told. At times, I almost believed them, but my grandmother — and our relatives in Guatemala — reminded me, and so I remind others that this way is still possible. In fact, it is our only chance for survival in this land and life.

For our children, we will have to work towards rebuilding this life, a simple and natural life. This home we saw in the land of the Mayas was our home too only a few years ago. I can understand how and why our home has changed, and that is why I and many others must fight for this truth.

We saw change coming in Guatemala, too. We saw our young brothers and sisters there leaving their original instruction and following the Spanish influence. We saw how they too had lost the meaning of life, just as we did. Soon they will no longer be "naturales" but "ladinos." We related our story to them so they will not forget, so that they will not make our mistake.

We will always have those who stay close to the mountains, close to nature, and who will protect the way of life from those many Europeans who came to this land with the disease that destroys the spirit. Here in the North we have learned to recognize this disease, always disguised as a helper. In the South he is also disguised as the helper, but the natural people also know who he is.

We are related as one family, and we know.

Momostenango: The opening songs of the birds and the running stream awaken us to a new day. The world around is still dark, but the soft voices and scuffle of feet on their way to the markets tell us life is already moving.

The running stream welcomes our spirit and we give it greetings and thanks for meeting again. Water to cleanse our bodies and minds, water to drink and to cook our food. Water to wash our clothes. Water of the beginning, giver of life — we meet it again in the land of our relatives. The women of this land are seen early by the streams, washing themselves and the clothes of their family, fulfilling the life that builds strong bodies and minds.

Our unexpected arrival in nearly all the villages we visited received the same attention of curiosity and suspicion. The watchful eyes studied our manner, our tone of voice and our actions. We carried with us bad habits taught by the North American world we grew up in, the un-natural world of the United States people. But because we also carried the spirit of our grandfathers' natural people ways, we were recognized by our relatives. Once we understood one another through spirit, our communication came through a simple smile, through a simple greeting, and through a song.

The children of Todos Santos arrive with the innocence of truth and reveal to us their friendship, their natural ways, and the laughter only the heart can feel. They are children of shy smiles, peace, love and truth. I remember our little brothers and sisters there and the quiet peace that surrounds them. The children listen with watchful eyes, and when they were sure of us, they carried the messages back to their elders telling of our spirit which came from our grandfathers. Our spirits knew that oneness and our spirits met in this way. We exchanged greetings, music, stories of the life our grandfathers left, and stories of the man who destroys life. We exchanged crafts, understanding from one language to the other: Mohawk, English, Spanish to Quiche or

from sign language. In this way, we met our relatives of Chichicastenango, Huehuetenango, Zunil, Quezaltenango, Totonicapan.

Our relatives in Mexico and in Guatemala are in harmony and in tune with their surroundings. The beauty of the land cannot be expressed in words, and the peace and strength the people hold is beyond that of many of us in the North. This is the truth we've seen. We've returned North to remind people that there are natural peoples still living to the south of them.

Our Mayan relatives know now that we have our struggles too, and we unite this way. We unite with them in thought and prayer as One to our Creator. Our corn from the North we left there, and brought back more corn from the South to strengthen the corn here. We've exchanged ideas for a life for our children — North, South, East, West. We've talked of our problems, and we've come back to the beginning. Back to the instruction. Back to our roots.



Travelling has given me an insight to the world around me here at home. I came many miles away to understand what is so close. No matter where we are, our mother earth is there with her many children around her. We, her children, are brothers and sisters to one another. We all have different ways, but through One Spirit, we are the same.

Those who forget this spirit are those who feel they are superior beings even to their own brothers and sisters around them. They rule for their own benefit. But they cannot rule the spirit. A spirit with the mother earth and sky, sun, clouds, birds, and all natural things cannot be destroyed, although it may seem so to others.

My Tewa people I know. They may not know much of United States law, and they are a people of simple and natural ways. Because of their simplicity, someone tries to take advantage of their lives.



"They are children of shy smiles, peace, love, and truth."

Here in Guatemala, people live in a simple and natural way. They too have a gift which they guard with their hearts and lives. At this time, this is a gift which cannot be shared. When there is harmony and understanding, this gift will be shared — then there will be no fear of losing it.

And so White Roots of Peace travels to speak the truth we know from our hearts, from the mouths of our Grandfathers. We travel so all people will know what our children, our future, mean to us, how much our grandfathers, our past, means to us. We travel so that when you see our brothers and sisters defending life with a gun you will not say, "I don't understand." We travel to let you know what this foreign life has

Pyramid of Yesterday

You stand — uncovered by man
People climbing your sacred body
Un-careful of their steps
People — not your own — come
to satisfy curiosity
Pictures they take of you
to puzzle of your beauty
Wondering — Studying — Wanting
to know your secrets

Your spirit — covered by man
Your spirit, unrespected:
Uncivilized and rude they are
Spirit of the truth
Roaming, singing, dancing
Listening to answer prayers
The few you hear pray
knowing their heart and mind
You worry not
For your secret is theirs.

A tear you bring to my eyes
for your love surrounds us
And we cannot see
We are busy looking for the secret
Our eyes see you — a pyramid
Our eyes do not see you — a spirit
Our minds know your strength
Our hearts do not know your power
Our physical being we know
Our spiritual we forget
Secret of Life — our puzzle

— Tse-waa



Native Dress

Bright colored covering
Woven on looms
Work of our mothers of the land

A work of art
Stories woven in
Telling of how it is

Colors of the land, people, life
Spirits as bright as the dress
As free as the people

— Tse-waa

CHILDREN North/South/East/West

Your warmth you give
Your innocent truth revealed
Your dreams a reality

A heart of love you hold
A mind of peace you hold
A spirit of our Grandfathers you are

Little brothers and sisters
As your older relatives
We will fight for you

Fight for your freedom to knowledge
Fight for your freedom to truth
Fight for that which we couldn't have

We unite with you in life
Your life is our life
Together we will live

— Tse-waa

done to us and why we sometimes act strongly even if we understand peace.

We travel to remind you we still have voiceless people screaming in courts. We travel and talk of a peace which we know, but which we rarely get to experience because of the need to tell others about this now. We know our peace is at home, in our fields, in the mountains fishing and hunting. Our peace is in raising our families and taking care of our elders and teaching

we will keep on reminding, remembering, and re-living that which is true for us.

In travelling South to be with our relatives, the naturales, we were reminded of the life that is possible. Reminded of that which we've been made to believe is gone, vanished. In remembering, we have found strength to carry the words of our Grandfathers. We know it is possible to return to the old ways. And now that we've made contact again, we begin our journey home together as one people. Now that we've re-nourished our relations in the North, South, East and West, we will gather our people from foreign chains, from foreign schools, foreign prisons, foreign lives, and bring them home.

Our spirit is free, and our Grandfathers are waiting.

We will gather to build our homes and plant our corn. We will teach our children and restore respect to our leaders whom we've forgotten. We will sing and dance and remember the words. Money, programs, schools, and the "American Dream" stand in our way, but our spirit will go through these things. It is our fate now if we want to live.

These words I have written for my Grandfathers are sent out so that our children will be free to learn from their elders. So our children will recognize their brothers and sisters from their hearts. So that our children will sing and dance without shame. So that our children will know truth and will not have to live lies. So they will know their grandparents and believe in them. So our children will not wander away from their roots. So that our children will know their relatives of the beginning and they will know their gift.

We have been told: "A time will come when the native peoples from the North, South, East and West will meet again to learn to live, to be alive, and to instruct one another. They will come together to plan for a way for the children. Our unity will strengthen our road, and the power that now rules our destiny will be overcome. Our Grandfathers are waiting to guide us home. It has been spoken already that these things will happen, so it shall be."

So it is spoken.

*"She will nurse me no more
She, my mother, an yal
She of the serpent skirt
An, the Holy One
I her child, alas
Am Weeping, ya' ye an'I"*

el camino road

by Juan Reyna

Walking down the North Camino Road
In the falling season
The ready Earth becomes ripe
Turning deep brown stacks of hay
On a Dakota landscape
Everywhere I look
Migrant birds are flying South
Down in a straight row
Rows and more rows
Flying down
Looking up again
I walk away slow
Talking to my lonesome self
Haven't been to Denver
For a mighty long time
And I don't have a dime
To my nameless name
So I guess it will be some time
Before I go there again

Walking down the concrete Camino
Road
Large armies cross my vision
They come from midnight Mass
Fast, forgetting ceremonial prayers
To bomb silently with legal right
Town streets
Sweetly smiling, saying
Do unto others as you would have them
Do unto you
In my recollecting mind
I heard Johnny Rodriguez singing
"Riding My Thumb to Mexico"
In an instant flash I fashion
My no-obligation sword
On the burning flame to
Aim with untamed passion
For my love
Who in gentle day
In gentle nights
Was & is my gentle dove
Put it in again
Late last night
Plain as day
I always try
Always comes out the same
She always cries
Tries to criticize
In many ways
Comes out the same
Can't say why
Picking rocks in the tall grass
With every throw, knocking
Down moldy crummy walls
Halls & phoney calls
Uneven days in even rows
Even though it's Christmas Eve
Blue-eyed Jesus
Will forgive you and me
Give it to the flapping wind
The wild-singing West wind
In and out, it comes and goes

Walking down the long Camino Road
Caught with many changing faces
Caught in limbo space
Taught to race
To find a place in one race
Like the summer grass without rain
I feel old and lost and caught
Which way do you go?
Down or out?
Red is my heart
Wrapped in running blood
But not my ways
Trapped in culture
My hair is curly —
Indio with the Arab's black hair
Paired with the Spaniard's
tongue and temper
Cucer, I hum
Cucer, I chant
And the Aztec —
I know you
I am you
Lost and bewildered
Still I have your
Mind, eyes and heart
I've lived, talking jive-time
English, served Holy Mass
Went on to watch Jane Fonda
Strip rip & rip

In some strange flick
Or drank Blue Ribbon, Gallo wine
Spent time between legs, bars &
Then nameless days go by
Pale and licked and sick
Ain't cool — just ain't cool
Needling thoughts come at you
Something inside needs air
Something inside needs spirit
It goes away with money &
Beautiful songs, with happiness,
High strong feelings
With hurt and deep abuse —
Who is the owner of my prodigal heart?
I stab in the dark for the
Foretold sunlight that will bring
A new day. I chant
songs, I hum and I weep
The vast fields intoxicate my
Soul. For them, the Indian
Dios, I leave flower petals
With my hand that runs
In many shades of brown
In the cold air, I stick it out again
Down the black vast road

Walking down the dark Camino Road
Can't find in my cloudy mind
My way home
Pari mi, Roaming every day
Pari mi, Roaming every night
In sight, Noche Triste
Noche por llorar
She doesn't believe
I believe so I must leave
In the Falling night
She weeps softly, keeps crying
Wet misty tears
Which no one hears
In the lonely sunset
On Lakota land
Virgin no more
Murdered by Anglo hands
Faster, swifter than Eagle wings
White kings control the golden Corn
Now it is the money that sings
Maybe we will meet
Again, on a lovely sunset
Warm & quiet
Indian summer night
I keep looking for a ride
Doesn't really matter from which side
And if I don't see you again
I hope you understand why
Been looking for something
For a mighty long time
Most of my wandering life
But as my own sun sets
I wonder where you are tonight

Walking down the rough Camino Road
Talking bold, stalking life
In the bitter cold, fireside scenes
Seem always the same always
Changing. Subtle tones mirror the
Way in the enduring path
Inspiration makes the day
And all around memorial dreams
Lay fallen on flowing streams
On abundant ochre ground
Hijo, if I die
Remember I love you
But my own assorted heart
I sold in the winter cold
Long ago, across the cosmic crack
Tracked across the cosmic unknown
Before I grow old
My spirit I must find
Moving fast, without rest
Without a car, going west
Esta noche, all routes
Are forever gone
Juan child, John hijo
Can you understand
And in the revealing life
That you question and live
Will you see?
Can you forgive?
But for now
How we're busy living
Now we're busy dying

Walking down the paved Camino Road
There are maverick horses
And they run and run
Gallantly to the burning sun
Rooted trees stretch and scream
To be completely free
Wild red roses none in a row
Grow with the softsun
And on and on I go
Under a winter cold moon
Shedding on frosted earth
Silver white tears
Cold soft & wet tears
Chicanos have been crying
Tears, colonial tears
& tears of sweat
As a full moon appears
With a memory of fathers before
The shaman's sky of hidden messages
In hidden places far away
In secret places far away
I stand, a grain of sand
Naked & cruel
Brown & baked
Wayward vaquero
Scholarly pachuco
In my beckoning dreams
Zapotec angels
Ringing bells to the Morning Star
Screaming loudly
Quetzalcoatli! Quetzalcoatli!
Lord of Dawn
Holy blood and glory
Once again
With the knowing light
Come back home

Walking down the forgotten Camino
Road
Tinted down by the restful lake
I awake and find a yellow
Cake with blue dancing
Candles. Around the impression mist
Is the spirit Joaquin, weeping
And fighting for all our rights
Our natural rights, lights to pave
The Natural Way, as we pass him by
Struggling for the right to be
White. For you, sweet 'kota
Beautiful child tot
Your face like Tonantzin
Tinted brown Aztec goddess
Red Mother Earth who Catholic
Dons of Spain changed to
Virgin of Guadalupe
Hear somewhere, out there
A cry, a broken cry
Somewhere in the frozen dark
From a token wolf bark
In the olive park of an inhuman zoo
Aged and caged marking time with
Maya Rey
Toltec Reina &
Aztec Principe
A list goes and hoes on
Xicanos, Mejicanos, Mestizos,
Mexicans & sometime-American
Faces old & modern
Forgotten, abandoned faces
In huge farm fields
Daily repeats of Grapes of Wrath
Brown arms of men &
Women, young &
Old bathe daily with earth
Rich and warm
On semi-slave farms of a
Rich man's state. On her
String Rosary, I hear her say
So many years ago
So many bloodstained tears ago
But today it remains
Twenty in red Chevy car
Far & wide in flowing tides
They come and go
To pick & feed jet-aged Americans
High-style don't give-a-damn
Dumping wholesome grain like
Diseased rain in the deep, deep sea
To avoid worries of going broke while
Social misfits
Consumer outcasts

Lay dying in wooden shacks
Windows without frames or glass
Tacked with limp curtains
Of empty Robin Hood flour sacks
Dying from social disease
Dirty, torn & ragged
Fading thoughts, fading ashes
In an instant flash
It comes and goes

Walking down the billboard Camino Road
Legbones breaking stone
Walking under sun & stars
In sand & grass beyond
A rainbow bend. All
Alone
Not believing the Saxon lies
That died on voting polls
Or praying to Dios on the wooden cross
European moss-covered, centuries
Old. Indios carrying wax candles
Smoke rising from copal incense
Billowing near bared feet
Dying daily in their homeland
From unnatural imported disease
Greed causing wet raindrops to tear
Across the mystic land for all who
Suffered & died
An anthology that becomes
A super highway winding
In the morning air
Hair still kinky
And I still cry a lot
Try — I try not to
At times on an old army cot
With a dusty dime & a dozen rhymes
Running in my journal head
Endless times when my aurora heart
Sinks, grows weak
Warm sun rays set &
I still cry, saluting the
Tri-color flag in a paper bag that
Sags, hanging on thy trailer porch
In the deep dark night
Like a searching tramp
Without a reflecting light or
Guiding lamp
Running mad
Without a name
But with lifelong mystery, puzzles &
Clues in my grasping hands.

Walking down the lost Camino Road
Sun up high glowing light of day
Dying landlady, fading day
Dead landlord lying there incoming
Nightway. The arrogant fool is loose
Running mad out there
Poor blind fool who thinks he's cool
Can't be had this lost lad
Pounding sound with his white cane
And his mongrel hound
Knocked down, locked out
Stole his own soul
Lost without money
Can't go home without a
Giving host. In the flashing corner
Girls come and go
Up and down familiar stairs
Three dollars a spread
Ten dollars around the world
Down a little way sit three hairy
Monkeys, three wise men
With their hardwon desert
In the wornout dirt and
Holy Angels come along
Giving advice, weeping loudly
& Eating ice crawling with theory
-filled lice, keeping to themselves
Wailing when you pass them by
Away they fly, keeping low
To bite the dust in a '74 Ford
Filled with decaying rust
Like all the rest on top
Skip a hop, Spin their halo top
Finally flop
In a mad rush.



Walking down the hard Camino road
 An Arm away
 In harm's way
 To keep warm
 Cigarette after cigarette
 I smoke endlessly away
 In all sorts of seasons
 Love needs no special reason
 But the expanding season of tears
 Is a huge engulfing ocean
 Filled with visions of fear
 Still, since the twilight of birth
 Until today
 I poke at the King
 Joke at the pawn
 Softly, dying,
 Gently in the early dawn
 Tossed down deep
 In ragged canyons, jaded
 Memories of my autistic
 Mind incised — laughing
 Will take time and valued
 time is short, filled like
 A child's rhyme — three billion
 Mechanical seconds all in a tall
 Century. Dymaxion world, Abstract torn,
 Worn out express train
 In the morning rain
 Snapshot of elusive time
 Brave ant climbing mental mountains
 Virgin shadows of a new snow
 Now a spreading stain
 To cloud my ticking brain

Walking toward the ancient Camino Road
 On a mystic pre-Columbian pilgrimage
 Following ancient ritual
 Songs of aged Grandfathers
 Carving giant Siqueiros images
 Transforming this tonal dual brain
 In my annual search
 Come rain or snow
 In the scattered woods
 A natural church
 For a green-feathered snake god
 Who guards my characteristic perch
 & who slew the applied issues?
 In the predicted years
 Bloody red and full of grief
 Year 13 — Rabbit
 In wooden ships they came
 Year 1 — Canestalk
 To the magic palace at Tlayacac
 The month called Bird
 Gold-hungry they marched to Tenochtitlan
 Day of 8 — Wind
 They arrive
 Year 2 — Flint
 Motecuhzoma is killed &
 Itzcohuatzin of Tlatelolco
 Till only broken spears & bloody
 Tears, bloody years, till
 Only a few codices remain
 Tender tissues of Aztec memory
 In black suits they came
 In stiff short European frames
 Till there remained
 Only thin Maya glazes
 Yellow gold in the blue ocean
 Silver & redshell
 Lost and gone
 Jade and stone
 Thin films of Spanish expressions
 Collected mosaics on my cerebrum wall
 Reflections of today and long ago
 Waiting to accept psychological recall
 In the vast warm sky under the
 Full Moon
 Half Moon
 Quarter Moon
 No moon at all
 The countless bright stars
 Soft & mystical
 The magic of night
 Around noisy cities
 In tourist attractions
 In the dark green jungles
 Deep and dark
 Mysterious & full of sounds
 With the fleeting rabbit
 Quick, swift deer & the
 Awesome black cat
 There they stand — the ruins
 Where ceremonies took place
 Ruins of Maya, Toltec, Aztec & Zapotec
 Isolated & deserted,
 Desolate they stand
 And patiently wait

Their silence the master of mystery
 Like laughing death they
 Haunt & ask mockingly for someone to
 Unlock, to come forward to the
 Forgotten & unknown
 Knowing they have remembered and
 We forget
 Huge carved stones
 Enormous sculpture
 Still talk, sing softly
 In a gentle whisper
 Wait, they say, the time
 Grows near.
 In the dark night sparked with
 Burning offering fires
 With the wind they sing their song.
 And wait days and nights
 They wait in the green jungles
 Enduring the cities & tourists
 They wait
 Since Cortez & ungodly bastards
 They wait
 Their circle yet to complete
 Under the sun, the moon &
 Stars, they wait for the
 Light to start the
 Freedom fires in the night
 For the tree to guide the way
 And for those who — who? — will
 Come down to light the fires
 And who will walk up
 The forgotten steps calling
 Natural people to walk natural ways
 Any day, any day
 The prophet will come
 The prophet will come
 To sacrifice priests in business suits
 The prophet will come

Walking down the south Camino Road
 Mountain rocks just pile up
 Mocking, never speaking
 Ever wonder why they don't cry
 Even when you bang them against
 One another? But we can cry
 We of so many tribes, cry of
 Our love for the beautiful Mother
 Earth face of mystery, gentle & round
 And swift horse sun great beyond
 Greedy hands, winds
 Soft-spoken near the ground
 Xicano at bay
 Today mano
 They all know
 Now I will fight while all around
 In silver dollar bars
 In ragged cars we drink to the
 Martyrs, Zapata & Che
 And the golden red sand is my
 Endless Friend & to the Southeast
 Where the power comes from &
 With the four winds I confess my sins
 Busted flat, late last night I
 Hand-spun time, open-spaced
 Mustang horse racing with eternity
 Turning at the natural fork
 Returning to the first moon
 Facing the Sun Kingdoms
 Filling up with light
 To confront without shame
 Not Atzlan, or any state,
 But home. Where I stand the
 Earth, sky, sun & moon —
 All ours in the kingdoms of
 Our minds
 And I laugh
 'Cause it's so easy to say while
 In Brazil they die inhuman death
 With Allende & 50,000 Mapuches
 Laid dead, human sacrifices for ITT
 James Bay flooded
 L.A. drains the Southwest
 Natural birth taken from the wombs
 The natural world goes to unnatural
 Waste

Walking down the dusty Camino Road
 No suitcase or fancy lace
 Just sepia conte & the monte
 Is my last base. A strange case
 In many countless ways
 One, just the same
 Creating the wide chasm
 Treated with true Romance &
 Fancy spins that I bequeath
 Mighty dueñe Nazahalcoyoti

Bleeding down the bloody street
 In a quetzal feather sarape
 Strung with morning glory flowers
 Wildcrafter, brown red Indian mito
 Left in a wooden raft
 Wayfarer in la cama stonebed
 In la tierra without a care
 Passing hieroglyphic mountains
 A huge loma stain
 In and below the waist
 With taco masterpieces
 I rise to fight
 And Dylan is right
 "It's All Over Baby Blue"
 Fool & imposter light
 Cold iron shackles
 Keep your green money laments
 Rented mesas that attract
 Flies with snapping cameras
 Buzzing everywhere
 Pale ashes of wasted butts
 Blowing with the tender gale
 To doctors & priests
 Of Quintana medicine men
 In astral magic pens
 With songs and drums
 Of technicians of the sacred
 free natural creation

Walking down the internal Camino Road
 Death syndicates, the implicit left
 A loving mate who calmly waits
 Full of wisdom
 Abstract period, ride away
 Completely done, be gone
 with gray skies
 No ties except to die
 I'm free
 To create late this day
 Among the trees, to express a
 Brown rage with this bronze hand
 That I press to paint
 Inside & out a
 Red revolution
 To complain of American Affairs
 Here, there & everywhere
 Plain with politics of protest
 Fully lit, full of wit
 In tested self defense
 With socio-political equality
 Without a manufactured thought
 Or stiff remorse
 Esta tierra invented our souls
 Esta tierra will claim our bones
 Genius brown red race
 Handsome & strong
 Gentle mothers
 Duplicating tender daughters
 Man's is forever gone once again
 The heart of the Sun will be shown
 desert Eagle
 The cactus Snake
 The lake in Mexico
 Created the madre patria
 From North & South
 They come & wait
 While spectrum parrots sing
 Sweet melodies
 Among the century plants

Walking down the unknown Camino
 Road
 A Xicano brain
 Raining with many thoughts
 Flowering in the mist
 Nibbling at rainbow light
 A blared sight in the starlight
 Spat out oils, reflections of the
 Feather moon
 Longstanding midnight fantasies
 Fly away with forgotten blues
 On wireless floors, countless
 Weeds growing
 Majestic inspiration
 Blackbird crowing
 Among wild sunflower fields
 Seeds of eternal growth
 Without a Bayer pill
 I pass the doorless hill
 Project it now — today
 No matter how this very minute
 This fleeting second
 Blended, bonded colors
 Resuming that design that
 Creates countless moods
 In varied form, a bright dancing
 Right along with dark shadows
 Standing around

Around the corner
 Around the bend
 Ever wonder why
 When you rip shadows
 Off the walls, can't seem to find
 No one home and
 God, no matter how hard you try
 You can't seem to reach the soul
 Wonder why, cut down
 Countless times the naturals
 Rise again. Wonder why
 I look under each chamber rock
 Look for keys to many locks
 Knock at countless doors
 & still don't you wonder
 Why nobody comes home
 To earth & sun & sky

Walking down the American Camino
 Road
 Talking to myself I wonder why
 Walking down the vision road
 In a very dim & ancient night
 Slowly flying, moving thru
 A low soft spirit space
 Fly spirit Crow
 Fly low
 Spirit Crow
 In the blue magic dark where
 Coyotes bark
 Wetbacks become freedom dogs
 Hunt million-dollar hogs
 Stab international steel dragons
 In the early dawn
 Across the cerulean lawns
 Thru deep autistic nights
 Fly black Crow
 Fly low
 Black Crow
 Fly thru
 Halls of silence
 Minus secrets of times before
 Torn mazes of many places
 In a calm mystic air
 Slowly flying
 Fading thru the spectrum light
 Into night fly ebony Crow
 Guide me tonight
 Ebony crow

*"She will nurse me no more,
 She, my mother, an ya!
 She of the serpent skirt
 An, the Holy One
 I, her child alas
 Am weeping, I ya', ye an'!*

— Juan Reyna





THE WAY OF A NATURAL WOMAN



(This essay is by Roberta Esparza, a strong support to AKWESASNE NOTES/White Roots of Peace on the recent trip to Guatemala. She is a member of El Teatro Campesino.)

In preparation for this journey, members of our group, El Centro Campesino Cultural, gathered together to discuss our expectations for this. What came out was a very optimistic view of the journey. A great deal of hope for our two groups to be united was expressed. We hoped to renew our solidarity with our Indian brothers in this country, and to be able to learn many things from our Indian brothers to the south. We expected to be able to overcome our differences and grow stronger and closer together — united in a common purpose.

At first, we (the White Roots of Peace and the Chicanos) were a bit uncomfortable together, but we soon began to open up to each other and began discussing what we hoped to find on our journey. For myself, as a Chicana, the great feeling of closeness came from the women in the group. As we began talking more to each other, we realized how much alike we were. This knowledge helped to make a very close tie between us.

Through these exchanges, I began questioning a lot of the ideas concerning women that are prevalent in our society. I wondered, for example, if the direction of Women's Rights movements in this country was really going to help us to achieve liberation.

What we experienced in Guatemala served to confirm my suspicions. We saw women who were very much an important part of their society. They had their specific roles which were balanced equally with the roles of the men. I had many opportunities to speak to women and they were always friendly and open with me so that we were able to talk about many things, and to find that we really have a lot of basic things in common. On the surface, they may appear to have very little [material-



ly] but they are a lot freer than women living under the North American system. I was very impressed by their attitudes and by the feeling of confidence that emanated from them.

The question for women here in the U.S. is: what do we want? The time has come to examine our long-range goals, to think far into the future, to the lives of our children and our grandchildren. The thing that echoes in my mind is, "Follow the instructions that the Creator gave us in the beginning."



What were our instructions? Can any of us remember? Do any of us know anymore? Try and remember when we were small. What did our grandmothers have to say to us?

In the lives of natural women, there are some very definite roles that a woman has. A natural woman grows up knowing exactly where she fits in this world. She knows she is related to the moon, and to the earth, that she is very much a part of the natural world.

Could it be because we've forgotten what is natural to us that we find ourselves unhappy with the way things are?

Some of us are still so tied in with the earth that we realize that she is being violated in some of the most horrible ways imaginable. Women people must learn to remember what things they are responsible for in the natural world, and to maintain that responsibility to this earth and to their children.

Perhaps some women feel that the only way we will be liberated is if we become like men. For a natural woman, this would not be an answer, for she knows that men and women were created as a balance for this world, and if we destroy that delicate balance, what will become of us? You have just to look around you to see where the thinking of those men who wish to destroy this balance has gotten us. People are awakening to the idea that we cannot continue in this way for very much longer.

For us, the most "liberated" way of life may be for us to live within this natural world that we were created for — to find that harmony with life that our ancestors knew so much about. Above all, to seek out *new* (or perhaps old) alternatives that *are* alternatives, not a watered-down version of the system that is eating us alive. Historically and naturally, it has been the women who have reminded men of their responsibility to the future and to the children of this earth. Let it be the women — accepting that responsibility — who remind the world that things must change, or it will soon be too late!

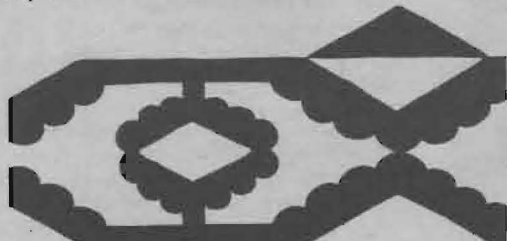
I asked myself
Why?
Why am I going?
What's to be found?
Women people —
Staring
At me
Strange clothes;
Strange ways . . .
Lost
Trying to find my way back
Back to an understanding
of what I am
Natural women
Explaining
The Ways
The Ancient Ways
I listen . . .
They speak . . .
of Everyday chores
How expensive is this or that?
Do I cook?
Clean? Sew?
Make beautiful things?
Yes,
I say
I understand
We're all the same
We understand each other
Though we've never met
Before.
We smile
And laugh
Knowing we're the same
I stand up
We smile
Say good bye
And Understand.

— Roberta Esparza

El Teatro Campesino uses drama as a political root and a spiritual goal, using the theatre to combat poverty and oppression. It was founded by Luis Valdez in 1965 to support the picket line of the United Farmworkers organizing Chicano campesinos. Since then, it has evolved into a community of people seeking out their roots as natural people on this land.

The group has produced a film, "I Am Joaquín," based on the epic poem by Corky Gonzalez, and it has appeared at the World Theater Festival in France in 1969. El Teatro Campesino also has a record album, "Mestizo," available from their offices at Box 1274, San Juan Bautista, California 95045 (or telephone [408] 623-4505.)

[A lengthy article on the Chicano theatre movement and the 1974 festival in Mexico City is in "the indigenous theatre issue" of The Drama Review, published at 51 West 4th Street, 1300, New York, NY 10012. It is authored by Theodore Shank. The periodical is \$3. There is also an article by Carlos Morton on El Teatro Campesino, from which some of the above comments were excerpted.]



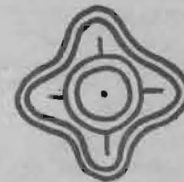
WOMAN OF CHINAUTLA

Woman
of
Chinaultla
with thick
hard crusted skin
a cracked bronze glaze
washed over
Mayan stela time
stela time.

Woman
of
Chinaultla
offering

tortillas
teaching
her young
people
humble in the sun
poised standing
beside the maize
feet on the tamped
earth of clay
hands
quested to shape
the earth
into
us.

— Zoe Best



"I Refuse To Be Absorbed"

Brothers and sisters, my people: I write this with love. I know the pain you might feel as you read. But I ask that you think of these things.

"Nothing but flowers and songs of sorrow are left in Mexico and Tlatelco, where once we saw warriors and wise men."

We like to be free. Human beings who are not free seem to seek freedom. But like a prisoner who digs a tunnel for most of his life-time only to emerge in the center of the prison yard, our efforts to gain freedom for ourselves and our people do not always result in freedom.

*"In the land of the free
and home of the brave,
He is dying of hunger,
He cannot be saved;
Come brothers and sisters
and weep by his grave
This is our child. . ."*

Under the European system of "freedom", peoples as a whole are given no choices at all. Individuals have two choices: 1) to remain oppressed, physically, mentally and spiritually, or 2) to join the system, usually through the back door, or to fight for "equal rights" within the system.

What I say may be true of all movements — black, labor, women. But as a native man of Aztec blood, I write to my Chicano brothers and sisters. For a while, it seemed as though they would remain silent as campesinos. Then it seemed as though they would become United States people known as "Mexican-Americans". More recently, they have become Chicanos, determined to get "better education", improvement in "economic and social levels". They will fly to the moon with the white man. They will gain control of their communities in every barrio, filling positions now occupied by white people. The Chicanos are asserting "their rights".



Brothers and sisters, are you fooling yourselves? Are you fighting the fight your oppressors have defined for you? Are you fighting in false time and space alien to your beings? When you win your struggle will your oppressors change the rules? Will the world you are fighting for still be there? The ability of our oppressors to keep their system going by adapting to meet our demands and still leave us un-free is truly amazing.

True, some of our people make "progress". Your oppressors will point them out as examples for you to follow. Their system does allow this for a limited number of individuals — but what of our people? Those who succeed leave their people behind, eventually able to say to them only, "If you would work hard like I did, you too could be like me," which were the same words his oppressors had said to him in the beginning.

The Apodacas of New Mexico and Castros of Arizona are a stereotype equally as harmful to our cause as the Frito Bandito. Oppressed people are often easily confused, and our own people are used to further the oppression of our brothers and sisters.

The Chicano Movement some years ago was considered an impossible dream. La Raza Unida was thought a fantasy. Now we pat our backs for our "successes". Have we only gained control of handles of a system that causes oppression? We really have no need to hate or abuse whites as a people, for it is a system of life which oppresses us, a system in which whites are caught as both oppressed and oppressor. But when we become successful in the movement for freedom on which we have been working, will we still find ourselves in the prison yard?

As Chicano policemen, we can now throw our own people in jail.

As Chicano teachers, we can now implement the curriculum of the State of Texas on the minds of our children.

As Chicano consumers, we can now demand resources and goods that require the earth to be raped and the waters to be polluted.

As Chicano officials, we can now send "wetbacks" back to Mexico.

The dollar is the bait for the trap, and the green altar is very demanding — you cannot live without making a daily offering of death to the natural world.

"Boycott Gallol" to put economic pressure against that company until Chicanos gain more economic justice. But it's OK to buy Italian Swiss Colony wines. "Boycott Coors!" but continue to get drunk on Budweiser. "Boycott Safeway!" and continue to buy your allotment of poisoned food from Krogers.

How many of our people die in their struggle for freedom, only to end up as a province? or with improvements in the barrio? or higher wages to gain upward mobility in the system?

When will we boycott imperialism? When will we boycott the system? When will we be free?

In 1965, wages in the table-grape industry were a miserable \$1-an-hour. Growers got richer and richer from the sweat and blood of workers. Now we have a union and make \$2 an hour with extra benefits. But prices have doubled since 1965, the higher wages will be passed on to other oppressed consumers, and the growers will still get richer and richer from the sweat and blood of workers. The higher wages will allow Chicanos to buy air-conditioners requiring strip-mined coal for power, will buy bananas picked by 10-cent-an-hour Guatemalans, and we become able to oppress the natural world and natural peoples.

Now that we have money, we too can send our parents to an old age home — actually, often we must because we are so busy making that money we don't have time to care for them.

America — a fictional state of mind and time not created by the people of this land.

Indians — a clear case of mistaken identity, a false category of race.

Spanish-surnamed — the identity of the conquerors of the natural world.

The Creator of earth and sky and life gave us our birth and our place in the natural world. It is the Creation which gives us our rights. But we have abandoned our birthright attracted to the glitter of the European world, struggling to find our place in it.

We are Xicanos, placed in the natural world by the Creator, a nation of people among peoples. We were not made a state or a label. We were not given money, but food and air and water and earth and medicines and each other.

How can we be Spanish? We are not from Spain, even though that may be the language we express ourselves in now.

How can we be mestizo? The Creation does not half-way make things. We are

either natural people — or unnatural people.

Whether we will survive or not does not depend on our place in the United States ways, for it too is artificial. Our survival depends on our ability to co-exist with the natural world, a way which most of us gave up or lost when we became "Chicanos."

Are we serious when we say we will lose our culture if we lose the Spanish language? Why do we not struggle for the ability and right to speak Nahuatl & Maya?

Why do we not struggle for our identity as Olmec and Zapotec instead of an identity as "La Raza"? Did the Creator make "La Raza" or did someone else make it to alter our minds from our natural ways?

We must remember that there is little to gain from "being proud of our Indian heritage." We must be a natural person,



a natural people, to be recognized by the Creation, to have the cosmic knowledge of the beginnings.

Was La Raza created at the expense of my people, the natural peoples of Mexico?

Can we complain of our suppression as "Latin Americans" and "Spanish" by the North Americans when we apply exactly the same kinds of oppressions to the natural peoples of Central America? If Mohawks and Hopi and Lakota do not wish to be identified as U.S. citizens, why do we as Chicanos demand our "constitutional rights"?

The system allows us to "preserve" our culture in museums or commercial prostitution, by writing and filming degrading, romantic, or idealistic notions. I, for one, do not want my culture "preserved" — I want to live it.

Only the Red spirit, the spirit of the people of this land, can give life and meaning to this part of the world. Red. Red as in life. Red as in natural. When human beings now on this land can be comfortable with the Red Spirit, then we can be united as natural peoples. It is only our oppression as natural peoples that is worth struggling against.

As a Red nation, we are a majority of ourselves. We can relate to each other as a people. Our Red nation is like the natural creation — life-giving, the thirst-quenching rivers, the beautiful birds. Like the trees, some of us are tall and some short. Like the rivers, some of us live in North, South, East and West. Like the birds, we differ in dress, color and song.

Still we unite as one, with the Red spirit, with this part of our mother earth.

As Red people, we can unite to protect and defend our mother earth. We can defend our red people in Brazil, Chile, and Canada. As Red people, we can be one under the sun, under the moon, known to the corn and beans and medicines.

We cannot be natural people in the barrios of Denver and Los Angeles. We will not become natural people through federal subsidies, job-training programs, counseling services.



If we are to find Atzlan, we will find it as it was before the Conquest, as a Red people, not "bronze".

If we are to find the natural world, we will not find it on our knees, saying "I believe in God the Father Almighty" and proceed to destroy his Creation.

"Man, you are crazy," they tell me. "How can we go back?" We don't "go back" — the natural world still lives. We are so wrapped up in our European state of false reality that we cannot see our place in the natural world as Red People.

Why do we persist in looking across the ocean for our salvation? Will Karl Marx help me to find the natural world?

It is not enough to merely glorify our schools with huge murals of Aztec and Mayan design. To do that, we will just re-enter the highway Rivera and the others did. With all those murals, what is the state of Mexico like today? And what of its natural peoples whose creative insight made the murals possible?

Perhaps we are too mixed up to ever become natural again. But perhaps we can see that our children are raised in natural ways. Perhaps they will find their way home.

Living in the Red world will not take away our pain, sorrow and death. We will not become perfect. But while we live, we will taste life!



Some say we really are the Red People. We just wear the mask the Spanish gave us so we would not die. Now it is our time to remove the mask. The mask has to go.

I show you my face. It is Red.

"I am Joaquin.

I must fight and win this struggle

For my sons, and they must know from me

Who I am.

I am the masses of my people.

And I refuse to be absorbed.

I am Joaquin.

The odds are great

But my spirit is strong,

My faith unbreakable

My blood is pure

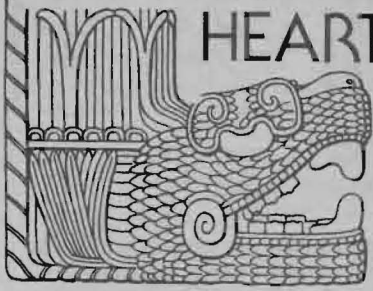
I am Aztec prince and fully dressed

I shall endure.

I will endure."

[This essay is by Juan Reyna, an Aztec man born in Houston, Texas, who for the last year has been strengthening AKWESASNE NOTES/White Roots of Peace.]

JOURNEY TO THE HEART



(The next four pages are by Rarihokwats, editor of AKWESASNE NOTES, explaining the trip to Mayan country — as he saw it.)

The group was composed of a basic core from the Mohawk Nation at Akwesasne: Orenrakowah, a chief of the Wolf Clan; Kahratohen, a gardener; Karonhianoron and her two sons: Kanaratio, 13, and Nikraha'a, 12, students in the Indian Way School, and Rarihokwats, editor of AKWESASNE NOTES. There was Phil, Andres and Roberta from El Teatro Campesino, a Chicano theater group finding their way back to their natural roots, plus Marcos, a Chicano from the Servants of the Tree of Life, another cultural/theatre group. David Campbell, an Arawak folk-singer from Guyana, Coyote of the Ylaki Nation, Tsewaa of the Tewa Nation at Tesuque Pueblo, Vernon of the Anishnawbe People at Rankin Reserve in Ontario (Crane Clan), and Juan Reyna of Aztec heritage with his Lakota son, Juanito from Standing Rock Reservation.

Two Mohawk young men, Junior and Spook, rounded out the group.



We had not known what the trip would be to us. It was a journey into the unknown, and our reactions were equally unknown to each of us. But we knew each other as traditional peoples, or those trying to find the way back to their People, and the opportunity to visit a Mayan nation living in the Old Way was a once-in-a-lifetime chance.

As it turned out, for some of the group it was simply a holiday, a journey to an exotic spot to see the sights. For some it was an educational experience — they learned something about the land and the people as one would do on a geography class field trip. For others, the journey was an emotional experience — confirmation that a natural way of life was not only possible, but that people existed who truly lived it. For these ones, their identity was made more firm — they were strengthened as human beings who are a part of their land and life.

Still, for a few others, the reverse was true and they were badly shaken. They had thought of themselves as "Indians" — and yet could not adjust to life in a nation almost totally Indian. The style of dress or attitude that marked an Indian in the U.S. was often meaningless here, and suddenly some of our group found they no longer knew just who they were.

Before that powerful experience of being in Guatemala with our Mayan relatives, we were a compatible group of people on a common road. After, we were only a group of friends who had shared much together, and who now must split into three or four groups at this junction point.

For all of us, things would never be the same.

The announced intention of our group was to live in the way of natural people, but each of us seems to have his compromise. One insists the "Indian way" dictates washing clothes by hand — and does so faithfully, but irritates others by a persistent craving for chocolate bars and American-style candies. Another sends his clothes to a laundry without any bad conscience, and yet refuses to touch soda pop because he believes it contrary to the "Indian way."

For the Chicanos among us, the contradictions seem more difficult, at least from an outside viewpoint. South of the Border means Mexican restaurants seeing inexpensive 'extravagnzas, vapor baths in exclusive clubs, shopping in the many botiques and small souvenir stores in the cities. For Chicanos limited to the Anglo-Saxon fare and commercial outlets of the U.S., Mexico and Guatemala must be real treats. Yet, the treat is one not pursued by nor available to the Indios. Thus, to enjoy what the Chicano has come to believe is his culture means in Guatemala that he behaves as a ladino — the Indian lives in another world.

What, then, are Chicanos to the ways of natural people? Are Chicanos just ladinos living north of the border? There in the U.S. there is a certain romantic appeal of the "Indian image", and it becomes possible there for Chicanos to say they are Indios or mestizos — Metis or half-bloods. Below the border, "Indio" is somewhat of a bad word. But is a Chicano admitting to Indian heritage much different than the hoarders of "I'm part Cherokee" people we meet so frequently? How many people do we know who affect an Indian decor in their suburban homes — but who basically are middle-class Anglo-Saxon consumers?

So many questions, so few answers. Who are we to judge? We know the prophecy. We know our instructions. We know our Grandfathers' ways. Those are the things which seem to bind natural peoples together all over the world — those are the ways which truly make us "human beings." Perhaps the degree to which blacks, Chicanos, socialists, even Indians, will survive a purification, will be able to relate to natural peoples, will be able to form human societies, is the degree to which they themselves become human. People who talk about "unity" might keep this in mind.

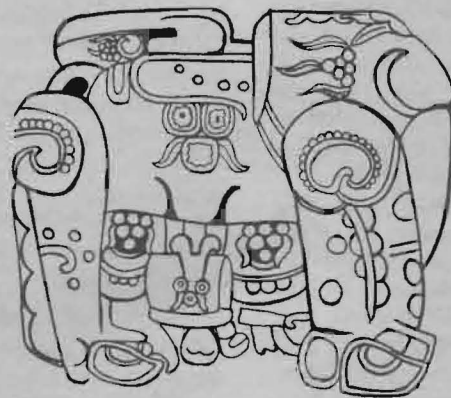


Unfortunately, assimilation is usually a one-way street, moving natural human beings from earth-oriented cultures into the Western world of "progress"-oriented patchwork pseudo-culture. It is easier to make a ladino from a natural man than to make a natural man from a ladino.

Western culture offers ease, convenience, tempting pleasures. Its disadvantages and destructions are indirect, invisible, often in the future, and easily rationalized verbally. The quick flush of a toilet is a "sanitary convenience" — the lowering of water tables, the pollu-

tion of rivers, the cost of water mains and sewer pipes are problems for the farmer, the fisherman, the taxpayers — not the flusher.

For the natural man, the "Indian", the cost of participating in his culture is immediately visible and personally direct. A tree must be cut and wood hauled on his back to heat his home and cook his meals. He pays his price in his own sweat, day-by-day. No man is his servant, nor is he servant to any man. His economic marketplace is the Creation itself, which offers fair trade, but no bargains, no shortcuts. The style of trade is giving — you give, the Creation gives. For those willing to work to keep the cycles of life moving, the Creation gives everything necessary for life.



It is when the Indian or other natural beings enter the Western marketplace that his assimilation begins. So long as he persists in maintaining his allegiance to natural law, he will always lose in the Western market, where the standard of business is taking, not giving, and where competition overcomes cooperation. Initially, he must be willing to exchange his sweat for money. He picks coffee, hauls wood, hoes crops — not to supply his family, but for a pittance of money.

For a time, he can survive. His stocks of corn and the chickens in his yard supplement his income. But soon they are gone, and his income is not enough to maintain his standard of living. Furthermore, he is now so busy working for his daily wage that he does not have time to plant and cultivate for his family. He can only work harder — and his children can beg while his wife sells souvenirs and oranges to tourists.

capital of the department, the mayor already has ideas of how to advance tourism. Standing on a slope overlooking Lake Atitlan, he points to the fields below, small plots of beans, strawberries, onions. "This would be a good place for a major hotel," he points proudly. "We're attempting to have it rezoned. What do you think?"

Trapped. But there are a few loopholes available, each with further assimilation as the admission price. He can move to the city, where wages are higher. A child might go to school and learn to become a clerk. He might give up his native dress to become more acceptable to urban employers.

Or he can sell his culture, or at least those parts of it ladinos and tourists are willing to buy. He need not worry about advertising it — the tourist commissions, the governments, the airlines and hotels will do that for him. The Anglos will pay good money to the corporations and ladinos for a comfortable trip a la Sheraton/Pan Am. They will eat foods available in any Detroit restaurant, sleep on queen-sized beds between fresh sheets, and be chauffeured in air-conditioned luxury to see the spectacular, colorful, picturesque Indio.

The Indios who decide to capitalize on the presence of tourists can expect to receive only a few pennies, a small fraction of what others make by exploiting his very existence. The Indio can beg. Or he can join in the hustle to sell colorful handicrafts with "Guatemala" woven into the design, or any other item which the tourist will purchase to liven up living room or den or as gifts to placate Aunt Emma in Peoria and others left behind. Some of the "handicrafts" will be replicas of sacred masks or religious emblems. Some may, in fact, not be replicas, but small ancient carvings dug from eroding hillsides — items intended to be left with the dead, sold for a few dollars eventually to end up in a New York gallery or as a curious paperweight on an insurance agent's desk.

Sacred things, sacred people, become secular in the marketplace. The religious experience becomes a performance. Those who wish to "perform" are rewarded as they display their "folklore". Those who object are branded as "un-cooperative" as they retire to more distant hills, leaving behind those who will become professional tourist attractions, actors who give the tourists what they want to see.

Occasionally, the whole relationship produces humor. At Chichicastenango, for the benefit of tourists, the Danzas de la Conquista are done for the benefit of tourists. Originally designed as a means of controlling and mocking the invading Europeans, now the Mayans can have the double pleasure of not only doing the dance, but of watching unsuspecting Europeans enjoying the spectacle of seeing themselves mocked.

Tourism has another disadvantage. It requires land for development. Up the hill from Panajachel, at Solala, the

TODOS SANTOS CUHUMATON, HUEHUETENANGO



Had we known the kind of roads which led to Todos Santos, we would not have attempted them — once on them, a vehicle might as well go ahead as back, both directions seeming equally as impossible. But had we missed Todos Santos, we would have missed an unforgettable stay with a very friendly, hospitable people.

To reach Todos Santos meant a long climb on dirt roads to a treeless summit of 12,000 feet, and then a harrowing straight down descent along a bare trail into a wide canyon. Fields of corn and potatoes checkered the steep slopes, with thatched adobe homes spaced along footpaths. Clouds funnelled in from the west into the valley, fogging out the last rays of the setting sun.

A group of volunteer police stood along the tiny plaza as we entered. Like all the men, they wore red-and-white striped pants, black breechclothes of a unique cut, brilliantly embroidered shirts, bandanas tied on their heads, topped with straw hats with curious hat bands. Colorful sashes were tied around their waists. Only a foot-long billy-club with a whistle attached marked their authority. Otherwise, they were outfitted like every boy and man in the community.

One policeman crocheted absently while we presented ourselves. Young boys who gathered around to see the caravan, even stranger than the usual car or two which blundered in from "the outside" each week, listened politely while we chatted. To see people dressed like their fathers and grandfathers in the style of their village presented a picture of great strength and unity.

Certainly, they said, we could pitch our tipi on the small dusty yard in front of the church, the only flat area in town.

No, it would not be necessary to ask the priest, they said. So in front of a rapidly-gathering crowd, up went the poles and canvas. There was much talk — the people were not shy of us, and yet they were quiet, satisfied to let a few of their number ask questions while all listened. If youngsters became bored and started noisy horse-play, the elders would silence them with a cold pause, a disapproving "tsk" of the tongue delivered with a hard stare. The response of

the children was instantaneous and complete. Truly there was respect here, for throughout Guatemala, we did not see a parent strike a child, nor did we see even infants crying.

nominal degree, and the religion of their grandfathers.

A roofed bell platform stood a few yards from the tipi, its ancient timbers still strong. But we noticed the following day a new modern stylish cement



Three friendly guides wait for their charges to catch up as they climb high to a sacred place above Todos Santos.

That evening, about 50 Mayans sat around the fire in the tipi for several hours to hear singing on our small water drum. More milled about outside, hearing through the canvas. They told us they were known as "Mam" people, the grandfathers. They said they had no songs of their own, just the usual drum and flute. A guitar was used to lead a funeral procession, they said, but singing, no — just when a man had too much to drink were songs heard.

The people here speak Mam, mostly, with some Spanish. They refer to themselves not as "Indios" or "Indigena" but "Naturales" — natural human beings who utilize the gifts of the Creator, respect the earth mother, care for their children and future generations, look after the elders, and live together in harmony with all things. They followed two religions — Catholicism to a

bell platform was under construction nearer to the church. The person working the hardest, hauling mortar and lifting rocks, was the American priest, his black shirt dusty and sweaty, but his clerical collar firmly on display. Yes, he usually worked like that, the men lounging in front of the church said. And yes,



the old tower seemed quite adequate, they added in a tone which indicated their indulgence of these whims of an industrious American. The priest did not approach us, nor we him, during our visit.

During the day, just one vehicle came into the village over that torturous trail. It was a brilliant orange Volkswagen bus with Illinois license plates. A family spilled out to take photos, absorb local color, make a few purchases, and hurry on to do another village. They didn't seem to know what to make of the tipi rising in front of their very eyes, but the father recovered from his surprise to take advantage of this opportunity for an unusual photograph. Boldly, he strode into the tipi, his garishly-colored poncho somehow clashing with his English snap-brim hat, and without asking or speaking, he snapped the shutters on his expensive cameras. The local people enjoying conversation and song with us looked at him, more with amusement than annoyance, and he left without a word being exchanged.

Todos Santos was one of the few places in Guatemala where we saw young native men. In others, men aged 15 to 30 seemed absent, apparently away working on distant plantations, in the cities, or the Army. Here, however, men went out to work only for a month or two before All Saints Day fiesta when the Deer Dance is done. Several months work earned hardly enough for a few new clothes and a good time at the fiesta. Men trying to save a hundred dollars for a gift to the family of the woman he wished to marry might have to work for half a year or more to save up that sum.

Work "outside" is not very glamorous. Buses transport men and sometimes their families down from the healthy mountain air onto the low coastal plain

EL TULE, OAXACA

"Who owns the Tree of Life?" one of the boys travelling with us asked. The tree bearing that name here is 160 feet in diameter, several thousand years old, a truly impressive sight.

There seemed no answer to his question. The Roman Catholic Church here has a fence around it and the tree, a claim which seemed audacious. A few dozen vendors of tourist zerapes, ash trays,

and soft-drinks circled the area around the tree, but surely neither seller nor tourist could pretend to own the tree.

Where were the sacred custodians to protect this tree? Where were the people to whom it had given life? What does the tree mean today?

Who owns the Tree of Life? Such a big question for a child.



MOMOSTENANGO

We pulled in over the mountains to this friendly community, where we were immediately taken to a place near a small stream and a crossroads where we could pitch our tipi.

Parades of young women balancing large striped pots carried water from the river to their homes. The pots were colorful — and made of plastic, lighter in weight, cheaper, not very fragile compared to the earthenware pots. Is a young bare-foot woman, her baby slung on her back, her water vessel so beautifully carried on her head, any more or less "traditional" because the pot is plastic?

There are persons who still have the knowledge of how to make earth into useful dishes. For them, abandonment of the art for goods which are made by machines, not craftsmen, and which are obtained with money, not with skills and labor, is a loss of tradition and the natural way of life. But for those who are accustomed to buying pots, why not buy the best? Only the outsider with romantic notions will decry that the bearer of plastic pots is "losing tradition."

Momostenango is high in the mountains, with winters of warm days heated by an unrelenting sun, and nights cold enough to freeze pails of water left outside. Here craftsmen work with wool, an

entire household engaged in converting raw virgin wool into yarn, then warp and woof on looms, finally attractive blankets, ponchos, capes.

Many of the sheep here are skinny with straight black hair, not kinked like the familiar northern variety. Once on the looms, three days labor might be required for a skillful craftsman to make a handsome poncho, which will go to the market for \$15, a price ridiculously low, and yet too high for most local persons, whose children wear ragged store-bought sweaters and shiver in the evening cold.



A neighbor grows corn and sweet squash, which at the market is worth only \$8 for a hundred pounds. He must work long hours to save up enough cash to buy a blanket for a bed. Somehow, if the ill-fed weaver and the cold farmer could simply remember their original ways of working together and simply share, both would be the more prosperous. The marketplace has come to command more than our economies — it seems to have replaced even our families and our ways of sharing.



SOLALA

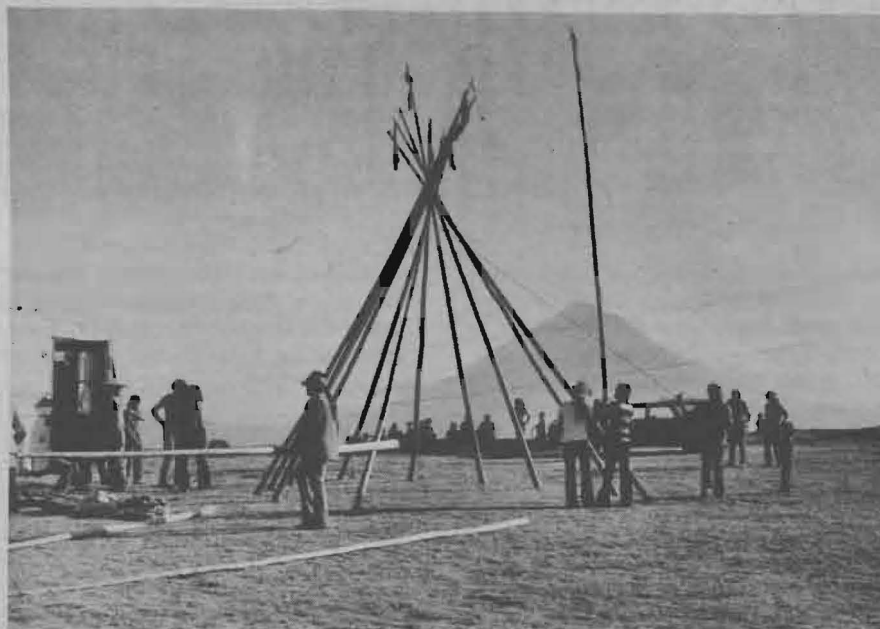
There are two city halls in Solala — the municipalidad, and the municipalidad-indigena. The former is the colonial beachhead, backed by the national police. The other is a grudging recognition of the traditional government, transformed now as the "confradia". Officially, the confradia has only religious functions, but the throng of Indians in the office seeking help for problems, settling of disputes, or on other business indicated the importance

of the old system. The ladino city hall was tranquil, virtually empty of people.

The confradia has seven steps. A young man begins after a few years of labor so he can save up a small amount of money. At the end of the line, as the most senior of official, he is the poorest in the community, a progression completely opposite that of Anglos, who often enter public service without a cent, and who end up their careers as wealthy people.

Leaders spend their lives in the service of their people — and at their own expense. After a long and dedicated career, the people care for them with love and respect. The custom is not unlike that of other traditional natural communities.

Native leaders in the U.S. and Canada, hoping for government grants, salaried positions, and who profit from their terms of office, would not make it far in the confradia.



The tipi going up at Solala, its cone framing the volcano in the distance, while village youngsters watch the curious event.

PANAJACHEL

Our tipi is up on the shores of Lake Atitlan, its cone framed by the cones of volcanoes rising from the opposite shores. We did not have the canvas up ten minutes before we had visitors — tourists from Illinois. Now Illinois people we can see anytime back home; we had come to see the Mayans.

Panajachel is full of tourists, their flashy cars speeding past native people loaded with wood or vegetables or grain, trudging to some distant market. In the village, the turistas squat picturesquely in the plaza, trying to look as native as possible, but constantly betraying their intentions with their every move.

For the first time in three weeks, we meet Los Americanos, the gringos. Some of us are repulsed even more than usual by what we see — the decadence, the aggressiveness, the lack of culture. Others of our group seem happy to see

"home folks" and to talk in English about "Indian ways" to the curious. Strange, too, that the gringos, surrounded by Mayans, should come to us to talk about "Indians".

For all of us, though, there is the unspoken question: how much like the tourists are we? Are we too the Ugly American?

Perhaps it is true. The native people of the North have assimilated so many European ways that maybe we are more comfortable with the gringos, the Anglos, than we are with the native people of this land. We are saddened even with this thought. And yet with the distaste which some of us feel for these tourists, how will we survive Phoenix and Chicago, where they come by the thousands, when we return home?

The tourists coming to our tipi in an unending chain complain about their aches and pains and the many inconveniences they have suffered. They note that "the Indians here are wonderful people." We wish they would leave us alone.



Villagers gather to talk with Phil Esparza of El Teatro Campesino and Coyote, a Ylaki. Everywhere there was gentle friendship and wonderment.

ZUNIL, QUETZALTENANGO

A sharp east wind swept down the valley, whipping the dust of the plaza into brown clouds. A procession of a hundred or more women moved up a trail toward the church. They stopped on the plaza as they rounded the bend, wrapping their faces in their red shawls and turning their backs against the stinging grit.

The men following them soon caught up, six of them carrying a plain wooden coffin. An orchestra of six more men brought up the rear — a snare drum, bass drum and cymbal, a trumpet, a tuba, and a saxophone playing a not-too-mournful air.

The coffin was placed on the ground in front of the huge Roman Catholic church which dominated the plaza. Only one man entered the building, his purpose soon made evident by the tolling of the church bells. When the clanging stopped, the orchestra played again briefly before the coffin was again hoisted on six shoulders and the entire entourage moved in the same order up the hill to the cemetery.

Only one woman cried out in grief, her hands distraughtly rubbing her hair, not paying any attention to the two women who supported her, one on each arm.

The few tourists present had walked in and about the mourners as if they were in a market place, their inevitable cameras snapping away first from one angle, then another. They seemed oblivious to the coffin and the event, just as the mourners seemed not to notice them.

After the procession left, the tourists regrouped near their cars, including a "Hotel Continental Taxi." With annoyed looks, they scattered for cover as one of us came close — to take pictures of them.

Villagers of Zunil in a funeral procession pause for a few moments to allow the coffin to rest in state in front of the Roman Catholic Church. Pall-bearers stand to the right, the orchestra is to the left.



— Marcos/AKWESASNE NOTES photo



Their cameras full of close-up shots of the mourners, bold tourists moved out of the sun and gritty wind after the funeral procession passed. They turned and scattered for shelter as our photographer, Marcos, snapped this photo.



This Trip And Others

The trip of White Roots of Peace/AKWESASNE NOTES to Central America was made possible by the efforts of many people: those who remained at home and did our share of the work, those who extended hospitality, beds and food en route; Turismo Kim Arrin in Guatemala City; the Instituto Indigenista Nacional in Guatemala and particularly Prof. Jose Castaneda, Jeronimo Camposeco Rojas, and Patricio Ortiz Maldonado; the many officials of the Mexican and Guatemalan Governments; the people of the many villages who gave us a place to camp as well as their friendship; plus a variety of mechanics, direction-givers, and the thousands of children who waved as we passed them on the roadways. We are grateful to them all.

Whether another trip to Mexico or Guatemala will be taken in 1975-76 is uncertain. However, so that any potential participants can be involved in the planning, we would like to hear from persons who would be interested in travelling with AKWESASNE NOTES on future expeditions.

Basically, we do not want to invite people to arrive just in time for such a trip and then leave us as soon as we return home. On such a long journey under difficult and new circumstances, it is important to know our companions — it is hard to predict how people will respond in such a new situation so far from their homes. It also means that when people return from Guatemala, we have an obligation to share our insights with others as we travel through the U.S. and Canada and put out this newspaper. Thus we are interested in hearing from people who are interested in helping and travelling with AKWESASNE NOTES for an extended period, including a trip to Guatemala.

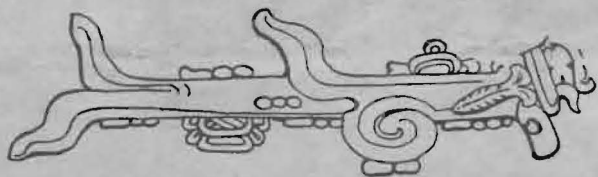
We are particularly eager to have photographers, writers, artists, craftsmen, medicine people, spiritual leaders, singers amongst those human beings who apply.

Sister Communities

We are also interested in hearing from native communities in North America who would be interested in an exchange program leading to a close association with a sister village in Guatemala. As it might shape up, a couple of young people or a married couple from a reservation here might, after an orientation period, spend a number of months learning in Guatemala, as well as sharing their experience and skills there. Similarly, a pair of Guatemalan native young people could visit a community here in the north, or tour a number of communities.

From such an exchange, the two communities — North and South — could then develop other material exchanges, spiritual sharing, friendships as neighbors separated only by miles.

Details and arrangements are still being made, but interested individuals and communities should contact AKWESASNE NOTES as soon as possible so they can participate in the planning.



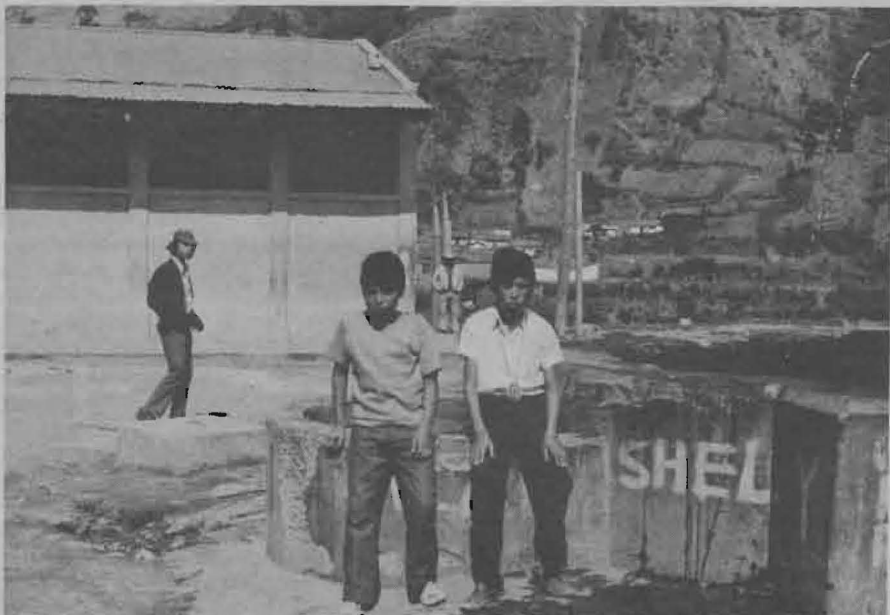
AKWESASNE NOTES has a need for native people and others with a good knowledge of Spanish willing to help us in a variety of ways.

First of all, we need readers and translators to look over materials in Spanish to judge its usefulness to NOTES, and to then make summaries, condensations, rough draft translations, excerpts, or complete translations according to their evaluation. We need a senior-sort of translator to coordinate all of this.

Second of all, those persons who will be travelling to Central America in another year will need further instruction in Spanish, and people willing to come to Akwesasne for a week or a month or longer for intensive instruction in conversational Spanish of an idiom appropriate to Central America would be welcome guests.

Third of all, we are interested in Spanish-speaking/writing people who can assist in developing Spanish language publications, posters, etc., in assisting us with correspondence in Spanish, etc. Such work could be done in their own communities, or at Akwesasne.

We believe that if we are truly of one family, we have an obligation to develop our ability to communicate with our people to the south, and assistance to complete this commitment is welcomed. Please write to offer whatever skills in this area you might have.



A wood-cutter pauses to allow a dusty AKWESASNE NOTES/White Roots of Peace camper pass on the narrow road into Todos Santos near a steep downgrade. The fog covers the slopes.



Children at Momostenango gather around the tipi to win friends. This village is famous for its woolen weavers.



Young Mayans gather to look at beadwork held by Rarihokwats, NOTES editor. (photos by Marcos)

Gabriel "Oscar" Coxaj Saquil and Victor Angel Pelico Xiloj. So that we would have family in Guatemala to give us ties there, some of our group adopted Oscar as a son. He is 12, and self-supporting as a shoe-shine boy, although unable to buy things like clothing. Wearing the clothes we bought him, he stands beside his friend whose parents have bought him the school uniform so he can attend classes. In the background are the steep slopes of Zunil's mountainsides with gardens right to the top. The word "Shel" on the water tank is election advertising and refers to the current president of Guatemala. Persons wishing to help AKWESASNE NOTES in the financial cost of raising up its Guatemalan son — or who would like to send a regular sum to go directly to a Mayan child — may send their contributions to NOTES marked: "to help a Mayan child". Unlike other "adopt-an-Indian-child" plans, 100% of all moneys received will be sent to aid children whose families are attempting to become self-sufficient.

We miss our friends, Oscar and Victor (left).



GUATEMALA: "A SOURCE OF GREAT LESSONS"

Guatemala's vital statistics show part of the picture in the stark way of numbers. The land area is slightly smaller than the state of Tennessee, and the population is about 6 million. But 1% of the population owns nearly 80% of the land. 70% of the population receives an average annual income of \$42. The average pay for agricultural workers is 80 cents a day.

Mortality rates are the highest in the Americas at 16 per 1,000. Over half the deaths are of children under four years. There is one physician per 3,600 people, but they are located primarily in the capital city. In the countryside, there is one doctor per 23,000 persons. 75% of all Guatemalan children under 5 years of age are said to be malnourished. The illiteracy rate is 63% of all persons over 7 years of age, and much higher for indigena.



From some distant time until about 900 A.D., the classic Mayan lifestyle was the way in the state now known as Guatemala. One of the main centers of this area and era was Tikal in Peten, now being boosted as the country's major tourist attraction. But something happened in about 900, and the Mayans abandoned their major cities. Population groups shifted, and the Quiche and Cakchiquel Mayans moved down from the north into the Guatemalan Highlands. There were conflicts, but the Quiche seemed to hold some political sway and built a capital city at Utatlan.

The Mayans had — maybe still have — one of the most advanced civilizations that the world has known. The records of the high culture of the Mayans is incomplete because of the gross destruction and book-burnings by the Spaniards. Sylvanus Morley, a North American archeologist, catalogs some of their accomplishments: "When we consider the material conquests of the ancient Mayas in architecture, sculpture, ceramics, and paintings, and on a smaller scale their work in carved stone and feathers, their weaving and cotton dyes; together with the intellectual progress in the field of the abstract — the invention of writing and of positional arithmetic, and their development of the concept of zero; the construction of a complicated calendar and a chronology that stemmed from a fixed starting point, both of them as exact as our Gregorian calendar; a knowledge of astronomy superior to that of the Egyptians and Babylonians, and we undertake to analyze the product of their civilization in the light of their known cultural limitations, we can without fear of contradiction proclaim the Mayans as the most brilliant indigenous people of the planet."

In 1524, Pedro de Alvarado commenced the Spanish Conquest. Over 2/3 of the Mayan population died. Most of the others became landless. Guatemala became a Spanish colony, exporting cacao back to Europe.



Before the Spanish came, things were different. Mayans enjoyed diets far superior to the average European. But the Spanish viewed Guatemala not as a country to be developed, but as a source of wealth for foreign interests. The conquistadors didn't find the gold they were seeking, and so had to base their fortunes on the land — and the cheap

labor to make the land produce. Thus the first act of the conquerors was to appropriate Indian lands for their own use, and to institutionalize forms of conscripting Indian labor.

The land was divided by the Spanish into large haciendas organized for commercial production of a large export crop. Indians cultivated some of the land, the Spanish sheep and cattle pastured on other parts, and some fell unused. Haciendas needed large land holdings — not because they wanted to farm it themselves, but to deprive the Indians of land so that they would be forced to leave their own holdings and become dependent on the hacienda for land and work. As Eric Wolf describes it, "Like the slave plantation, [it] was a system designed to produce goods by marshalling human beings regardless of their qualities and involvements as persons."

Labor: An Unnatural Resource

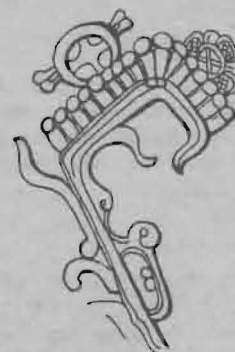
The original inhabitants of Guatemala had one valuable resource that the Spanish settlers badly needed: labor to make the land produce. Landowners today need that same valuable resource. Since the Indians, if left to be self-sufficient, would not volunteer to work for meager wages, institutions and laws had to be designed to force them to do so.

Although slavery itself was outlawed, these exploitative relationships between those of Spanish blood and those without Spanish blood were institutionalized by the Roman Catholic Church. Through the *encomienda*, the Spanish Crown granted the resident of Spanish descent both land and a certain number of Indians to work the land. Through conscription, Indians were forced to perform certain types of labor for designated masters. Through the *mandamientos*, a village was ordered to supply a certain number of laborers to work for the Spanish at low pay.

So great was the death rate among native workers that the Spanish had to import black slaves. The Spanish Crown became alarmed at the loss of its labor force, and to conserve it, Indians were made Spanish subjects so that they would come under the control of Spanish law. The *encomiendas* and other forms of pseudo-slavery were abolished, but the Indians were forced into *reducciones* or special communities controlled by the Church for the benefit of the landlords and the Crown. By 1700, the Church owned 5 of the 8 large sugar mills, and was active in the "pacification" of the Indians so they would work peacefully on the plantations. The new communities were heavily taxed and proved an efficient means of controlling the Mayans.

During this period, the basis for

labor for a master, or to sell produce at a pittance. Then came the *mandamientos*, under which a certain number of Indians had to be produced by a village to work in construction of "public works" or for criollos, all at a very low pay.



These businessmen of Spanish descent had difficulty when the indigo export business suffered from British competition, heavy Spanish taxation, and regulations prohibiting the total exploitation of Indian labor. Spurred on by British and French interests, they began to think of independence.

The Mayans, too, were revolting against the heavy taxes they had to pay to a Spanish king, and there were violent uprisings in different parts of the country. The merchants and growers simply proclaimed their independence.



Mayan women trading in a Guatemalan marketplace

NACLA's Guatemala

Throughout Guatemalan history, there have been several forms of exploiting Mayan labor, each one being abandoned for one "more efficient". Until about 1720, the system was the *encomienda* under which a certain number of Indian villages or a certain number of inhabitants were obliged to cultivate land, work the mines, or carry loads in exchange for Christian instruction and training in Spanish habits. While the Indians didn't lose their lands completely under this system, they were virtual slaves to be inherited, sold, or even exported. The aristocracy was thus granted by Spanish royalty not only lands, but a certain number of Mayans who were to be obliged to work the land.

Guatemala's current situation was established. Guatemala sent raw materials to Spain, and was forced to buy manufactured goods in exchange. The Crown prohibited its colonies from producing goods which would compete with Spanish merchandise. A group of middlemen controlled the national and international commerce.

In 1784, legislation in Spain abolished *encomiendas*, making Indians direct subjects of the Spanish Crown, much to the objection of local landowners.

The next system was the *repartimiento* or conscription system. Indians were compelled to perform a certain type of

An Indian uprising in Totonicapan ushered in independence from Spain, which was officially proclaimed September 15, 1821. The British moved in economically on the weak new nation, and Belize, which the English call "British Honduras", slipped away to become peopled by workers of African descent. Major concessions of Mayan land were granted to British interests.

Despite independence, the colonial structure remained intact. The regime of President Mariano Galvez from 1831 to 1838 attempted to modernize the economy by pressing more land into production, and legislation was passed expropriating lands formerly held by the Church. Large plantations were left

undisturbed. The main group to suffer were the Mayans, for they were deprived of their communal holdings. Small ladino landowners and foreign interests benefited. British interests gained access to vast amounts of land and took the best timber.

With the collapse of the dye export business in the 1850s, the Guatemalans turned to coffee for export. Under President Justo Rufino Barrios, more communal Indian land holdings were nationalized for incorporation into large plantations — coffee could be grown in the higher elevations which until now weren't needed by the land-barons.

By 1871, under President Justo Rufino Barrios, church and Indian lands were confiscated and distributed to latifundistas or plantations for coffee production — Barrios planned to make coffee the main export crop of the country. The British domination was slipping — and the Germans began to move in. Under that influence, forced conscription of Mayans into the Guatemalan Army began.



The "liberal reforms" of the late 1800s didn't help the Mayans much. The main beneficiaries were the foreign and local land-barons. Now the laws weren't passed in Spain, but in Guatemala City. Church lands, as well as Indian communal lands, were nationalized, with the Indians "contributing to national progress" by losing their lands, making them willing to "volunteer" for cheap labor on the coffee plantations. Debt slavery was revived in the form of *colonos*, peons tied to plantations through hereditary debt. The *habilitacion* system provided for the contracting of Indian laborers through the advancing of loans that were to be paid back in labor during the harvest.

Thus the situation of the Indians, which had already been desperate, became intolerable. To give one example, the Guatemalan Government received this declaration from the Highland Nahuala in the 1890s: "You have ordered us to leave our lands so that coffee can be grown. In exchange you have offered us 600 caballerias on the coast. We know how to grow coffee — we do this for the landowners in their fincas [plantations] — but we want our fathers' land for corn. They have always been ours."

By 1901, the Americans began to eye Guatemala. Contracts were given to United Fruit Company, which began its banana-railroad empire. After the First World War, the Americans increased their economic grip during the decline of German influence. United Fruit established a monopoly over electrical power, and it was given large tracts of land.

The dictator Ubico who ruled Guatemala for over a decade before the Revolution of 1944, abolished the practice of debt peonage in 1934, but replaced it with the more efficient plan: the vagrancy laws, under which anyone who was poor had to prove that he had worked a certain number of days or be arrested as a vagrant. The owners of plantations would help those who did not fill the quota of days worked by advancing them wages before they came to the farm — once there, Indians were kept in almost perpetual debt. Workers who failed to fulfill their work obligations could be arrested and returned to the farm, or sent to the Company of Zapadores to work off the debt. The Company of Zapadores had a special set of army battalions composed of Indians.

These measures were considered necessary for "modernization." In effect, the government became no more than a police force for landowners. And foreign interests were the main beneficiaries. Ubico was overthrown by popular pressure in 1944, and a military t umvirate took over. In October of that year, Mayans recall the Patzicá uprising

by their people. The next year, under President Juan Jose Arevalo, a new constitution abolished the vagrancy laws.



The Revolution of 1944 did bring some change. The Constitution of 1945 called for "laws, regulations, and special dispositions... for indigenous groups, taking into account their needs, conditions, practices, usages and customs." Education — a double-edged sword for Indians — was given special emphasis and rural school construction and literacy programs flourished. One of the first groups of teachers to be trained were drawn from the Cakchiquel. But more importantly, forced labor was abolished and communal properties were declared inalienable, indivisible, and unexpropriable. The law stated that disputes between municipal lands and indigenous communities were to be resolved in favor of the Mayans.

Despite the limitations for the Mayans, the Revolutionary period did cause some important development — Indian communities became politicized as a result of government reforms, starting to participate in national politics on a scale never known since the Conquest. In the municipio of San Juan Sacatepequez, a rural Indian group beat out an urban slate put up by ladinos, placing an Indian mayor in a slot always held by a ladino, as one example.

In 1950, Jacobo Arbenz was elected president by a strong majority. Three years later, his government seized United Fruit Company railways for non-payment of taxes, and 400,000 acres of unused United Fruit land was confiscated and distributed to 100,000 families. Arbenz did not last long: his government was overthrown in June, 1954, by the Central Intelligence Agency of the United States. CIA planes bombed the capital city, and a force of mercenaries invaded from Honduras.

On July 8, 1954, Castillo Armas was installed as president. The land which had been distributed to the landless families was returned to the landowners. A McCarthy-style witch-hunt began. Unions were disbanded. Armas granted subsoil mineral rights to foreign oil companies, mostly American, under the New Petroleum Code.



In the repression that followed the Counterrevolution of 1954, many Indians were jailed or killed in the anti-Communist hysteria that accompanied the rise of Castillo Armas to power. The Church has always been a tool of ideological domination of Indians since the days of Bartholemew de las Casas. Castillo Armas also turned to the Church, this time in the name of anti-Communism. In a major shift of policy, the country was again opened up to foreign missionaries and clergy who eagerly accepted the challenge of eliminating religious practices which Christians had long regarded as frankly pagan.

True, some of the European and North American missionaries had philosophical views encouraging the Church's involvement in social development, but many others reflected the traditional Catholic view of "charity and religion" while the Protestant fundamentalists emphasized "sin and salvation." The Church was invited to do what the government could not do: pacify the Indian through

"brotherly love." Most foreign missions are concentrated in areas of high Indian concentration.

Armas was assassinated in 1957, and the next year, Miguel Ydigoras Fuentes was elected president. In 1959, the Cuban Revolution was successful, but Ydigoras broke relations with the new Castro government, and allowed the U.S. to train Cuban exiles on Guatemalan land for the unsuccessful Bay of Pigs invasion.

Ydigoras survived a major army uprising in 1960, but to contain a restless population, a "civic action" program under U.S. military advisers was begun. In



1965, International Nickel and Hanna Mining Companies received a 40-year mining concession, but unrest continued. There was a state of siege in which the chief of the U.S. Military Mission, Colonel Houser, was killed. A new Constitution was adopted and elections were planned to replace the military government which abrogated the constitution in 1963.

Julio Cesar Mendez Montenegro was elected president in 1966 and agreed to accept increased military and financial aid. A well-planned counterinsurgency campaign was started to put down any opposition to the status quo. There was heavy repression throughout the country, but still the guerilla movement survived, although severely weakened. In 1968, two U.S. military aides and the U.S. Ambassador to Guatemala were killed by gunshots on the streets of the capital.

A one-year state of siege commenced in 1970 under newly-elected President Carlos Arano Osorio. There were house-to-house searches, curfews, censorship — and assassinations by right-wing groups.

The dependency upon the American economy began to show in 1972 as severe inflation began to show. The International monetary crisis affected the government severely — and on top of this, a severe drought brought near-starvation to millions of people in the countryside. In 1974, Gen. "Shell" Laugerud became president, although large demonstrations accused the government of election fraud.

But with the evidence of U.S. intervention and dependency over the last decades, perhaps this makes little difference — the real power of the country lies with foreign interests who are content, seemingly, to let the people do their thing as long as the status quo is not disturbed.



For some, the fundamental struggle in Guatemala is a class struggle to overthrow the capitalist system. For the natural people, the Mayans in the Highlands, however, the fundamental struggle is to restore enough land and enough control over their own lives that they can continue in the way of the Creation. Some of the Mayans, particularly the more educated people, want to get the Mayans into the electoral process — they will have an Indian president in 15 years, they say.

Ultimately, the question is not how "progressive" the Mayans can become in political thought, but rather how to make any government in power more Mayan, more natural. Unfortunately, neither a socialist government nor an Indian president necessarily can offer this.

And in the face of all this, the Mayans continue on. First the Spanish, then the British, the Germans, the Americans; the right wing against the left wing, faction against faction — all for control of the land of the Mayas.

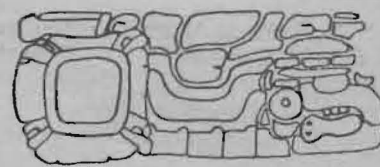
One of the consequences of the Spanish Conquest was a class system based on blood lines. There were the *criollos* or native born Spaniards, the *ladinos* or children born of an intermarriage of Spaniard and native, and the native population itself, referred to as *Indios* by the Spanish, and as *naturales* by themselves.

Today, there are still similar distinctions, but they are along cultural lines, rather than blood lines. Aside from a distinctly Spanish-appearing upper class, the rest of the people look physically the same. Culturally, however, there are differences in dress, language, and customs that cause discrimination against the indigenous people. Despite the official census figure of 43% "Indian" in 1964, experts argue that well over half of the Guatemalan population are of the indigenous culture.

There are, of course, many individual differences within these groupings. And there has been some exchange: the ladinos have incorporated customs and words into their ways and languages from the Mayans. But despite the forced and voluntary assimilation that has occurred over the last 400 years, Mayan communities have managed to retain a certain degree of cultural integrity to the present time. The cultural portion of the Conquest has still not been completed.

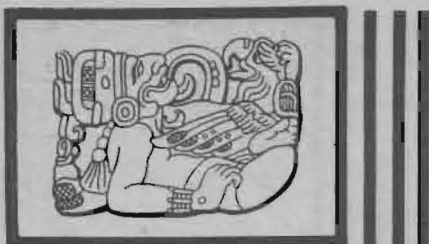
The Mayan population is almost entirely rural, with a small urban group in places like Quetzaltenango. There are at least 22 different dialects, with four of them used by 80% of the native population: Quiche 35%, Mam 18%, Cakchiquel 17%, Kekchi 13%. Then there are Kanjobal 4%, and Pocomchi 4%.

The majority of the Mayan population is concentrated in the section of the Sierra Madre mountain range known as the Western Highlands.



Teachers often consider the Indian students, especially the girls, as capable of learning much. They maintain control of their classrooms by legalistic punitive measures. The orientation of the schools is national, not Mayan, and culturally ladino. Fortunately, the message is hard to get through to Mayans, although ladinos learn it well.

(continued on next page)



In one highland community, 88% of the Indian graduates have remained at home, while 73% of the ladinos have headed for the larger cities to find white-collar work. "The ideal education in Santa Eulalia would be to have 25 typewriters for students, so they would be able to get good secretarial jobs in the capital," says the school director in Santa Eulalia, an isolated village far back in the Highlands.

Understand, though, that very few people in the rural areas are being educated at all. Literacy programs and school construction barely keep up with the population increase. Some village schools only have grades one and two, and fewer than six children from the village might be attending school on the outside. While the successive governments have emphasized the importance of an education, as long as the plantations need a large unskilled labor force, there is the mixed blessing of few available schools.

A strong community life is still obvious among the Mayans, but for some individuals, that cohesive force no longer holds sway. These are the ones who have left for the cities or coastal regions looking for work. There, they may try to remain Indian, but they are more likely to become ladinos. The criteria for acceptance as a ladino are speaking Spanish without difficulty, dressing in Western clothes, adopting ladino manners, and perhaps changing to a Spanish surname, perhaps even marriage to a ladino. With this combination, acceptance as a ladino is likely, particularly in the anonymity of the city. The person who has just become a ladino thus must conceal his identity, and the well-established ladino looks elsewhere than to the Mayans for his historical roots.

In some villages, each person wears the clothing of that village and can be identified that way. There are pressures to give this up though — until a protest by local families finally got the rule changed, Indian girls who entered the Normal School in Totonicapán were required to take off their long traditional skirts and wear shorter ones. To maintain their identity, some girls carried the shorter skirts to school, changing just before class, and back into Indian attire at the end of the day.

poverty, even if at Indian expense. Ladino parents often admonish their children, "No seas puro indio!" (Don't be so Indian) or "Ya le salio el indio" (He's acting like an Indian).

Sometimes government officials, trying to explain their country's poverty, point out that it has a large Indian population. With unusual frankness, Colonel Oliverio Casasola, a former official of the Peten development corporation, FYDEP, explains in his book *Grandezas y Miserias del Peten* why it is important to have the northern jungle region populated with non-Indians: "Let us speak clearly. It is not a question of settling the Peten at any price and thus contaminating from its birth an organism that must remain imperatively healthy in order to communicate its health to the whole country... No matter how much sympathy we may have for the Indian problem, they are not the human contingent that Peten needs to progress." Colonel Casasola complains that recent increases in illiteracy statistics in Peten are due to Kekchi migrations to the municipality of San Luis when their crops failed.

Some land reform programs begun in the 1960s are still under development in the Peten, a low-lying jungle area covering one-third of the country's land. The process seems to be to award the best land to people of means for development as a plantation, leaving room for marginal plots around the outside edge to be awarded to poor ladinos who will provide the labor base for the plantation. Scattered groups of Indians presently occupying the lands are driven off and their homes are destroyed. Appeals to military officials in the area for protection are useless — often it is the army itself which has driven the Mayans away. Some have gone to Belize [British Honduras] for sanctuary.

Officials claim now that there are too many Indians, and that the malnutrition which takes the lives of their children is caused by over-population. From the Mayan viewpoint, too much of the land which could be feeding their children is controlled by agro-export land barons whose plantations ship coffee, cattle, and bananas to fatten the children of the United States. The plantations generally are on the most fertile of lands, such as those on the Pacific Coast slopes — the Indians are crowded higher and higher up on the steep mountains.

Only 31% of the land is currently used — much of the large landholdings lie idle. There are 417,000 farms. 20% of them have less than 1% of the land and average .38 hectares, not even an acre. 67% average 2.17 hectares. But 3% of the farms control 62% of the land, with an average size of about 5,000 acres each.

Today, the best lands are not controlled by the Mayans. Instead, they have been crowded into small near-subsistence plots which they supplement with wage labor. Although the work is hard and unhealthy, some 300,000 workers — mostly Mayans — must migrate seasonally to work on the latifundios at an average salary of 60 to 100 U.S. dollars for three months work.

The communal form of landholding that existed in pre-colonial days still exists in some places, but many lands have been taken over fraudulently or illegally by ambitious individuals, taking advantage of the lack of a formal title with which the Indian community could prove ownership. Sometimes the Indians were forced to buy their own lands to obtain title.



The income from the seasonal migration to work is crucial for survival as things stand now. Usually the whole family is involved, and children might start working at age seven to help meet their work quota to pay off the landowner or labor contractor. Many families have to have an advance payment to get through the year, and then are obligated to work off their debt the following season. Work conditions are unpleasant, and most workers return not only with their small check, but with malaria, dysentery, parasites, and other tropical disease from their stay in a climate very different from the Highlands.

Because of the maldistribution of land and low wages, the majority of the population suffers from malnutrition. 80% of the caloric intake is corn, which is a healthy enough food in a balanced diet and in adequate quantity. Nutritionists generally believe that malnutrition during the early years impairs mental development. The high childhood mortality rate is evidence enough that something is wrong.

The average family of five uses almost one hundred pounds of corn a week. Two hectares, or about 5 acres, are needed to produce this much corn — far more land than most families have. Corn and beans are actually imported into Guatemala.



Rewriting History

U.S. AID has distributed through Central America 10 million copies of school textbooks such as the one in this picture. In the third-grade textbook, published in 1969, ROCAP Book Pro-

gram 2, there is a discussion of the arrival of the Spanish to Latin America:

"The Indians lived where there was gold, but did not know its value. A Spaniard came looking for gold. The Indians showed him where it was. The Spaniard, to show his gratitude, taught the Indians to read and write. He also taught them to believe in one God. The Indians, in turn, were grateful to serve him. Thus they lived happily in their village mining gold and cultivating the land. Then other Spaniards came and attacked the village. The Indians fled. The son asks, 'Why did the Indians not return?' 'Because they found a place to live better,' answered Mama. They realized that they had found a very beautiful place. The Indians felt grateful to those who made them flee."

[Thanks to NACLA's book, *Guatemala*, for this item.]

The U.S. Agency for International Development has set up pilot education projects in areas of political unrest — but fortunately, these are in areas where there are few Indians. Thus the hidden agenda seems to be not only ladino domination over Indians, but pacification of poor restless ladinos.

The following incident illustrates how ladinos and Indians come into conflict on the local level: a progressive Spanish priest in Quiché had successfully organized a series of cooperative organizations — a store and agricultural, weaving and credit cooperatives. They were so successful that they cut severely into the usurious money-lending and credit operations of the local ladino storekeepers. When the ladinos protested, the governor had the priest removed. The Indians, in turn, successfully petitioned for the removal of the military governor.



The strong communities are having trouble resisting the increasing competitiveness of the society around them. Even the fiestas are used now to indebted laborers for the seasonal harvest. In some communities, cooperatives seem to flourish. In others, the co-op building stands idle and locked. And since most of the social movements to change the poverty of the people of Guatemala have been organized and conducted without Indian participation, the Mayan continues to be a spectator.

For those who choose to remain Indian, social mobility is almost completely blocked, as is the possibility of acquiring wealth. The only roles open to the few Indians who pass all grades of elementary school have been those of local political figures, contratistas (labor contractors) and occasionally, teachers — roles of mediation between colonialists and subjects.

One of the characteristics which separates Mayans from ladinos is individualism and competitiveness. Economically, the Guatemalan society is constructed to need "individuals" — people willing to leave their communities and go where the jobs are. The dream of upward social mobility has to replace the bond of the land. It is the Protestant missionaries and the schools which create these conditions in the minds of the Mayan children — when they go to school. The values of the school deeply contradict the values of the community, and present a real dilemma for Indian parents: do they send their children to school and lose them, or keep them home for them to suffer the consequences of being an Indio?

To be Indian usually means to be poor and with very little or no land. Those who are wealthy and own property are almost all non-Indians, excepting for a very small group of about 100 Indian families, concentrated in Quetzaltenango, who own business establishments.

This does not mean all the poor are Indians. There are many poor ladinos, who while sharing common poverty, have different goals. Often, the immediate hostile force around the Indian is the ladino who seeks a way out of his



Women in the market at San Francisco el Alto preparing food.

In the Highlands, where the land is scarcest, poorest, and most eroded, there the Indians farm. The area is the most densely populated in the country. Some of the gardens are at a 60-degree incline; it is common to see people farming right to the mountain peak.

Some officials claim that the answer to the food problems is to have even larger farms, saying the small holdings are "inefficient." However, the Indian gardens use 90% of available land while the large landowners are using only about 30%, and the Mayans plant on

plots that can be farmed only by hand tools. Studies show that the large holdings produce only one-fourth the yield per acre produced by the small farmers.

87% of the Guatemalans are subsistence farmers. They grow corn, beans, squash, potatoes on their depleted small plots, but they cannot support their families. Their only alternative: work for the plantation owners at a very low wage. That system is cheap for the large landowners: they do not have to keep workers excepting at peak demand. The Indians have just enough land to keep alive until the next time they are needed for work, and yet not enough land to encourage them to feel they do not need to work.

It is no wonder that governments which have supported land reform are not popular with the landowners. Strangely, most of them are not Guatemaltecos: they are anti-Castro Cubans, Americans, American firms, Germans, Belgian. Somehow, the country seems like a large reservation, peopled by Indians, the land and power held by outsiders, controlled by a "tribal council" that does not have the support of the Indian people, with the U.S. stepping in with force whenever there is trouble.

Naturally, there are conflicts. The Pacific Coast lands are the scene of frequent armed incidents between landowners, managers and police on the one hand, and poor ladinos and Indians on the other. Kidnappings and murder are commonplace. Landlords are legally empowered to carry guns whereas workers are not. Many landowners are afraid to live on their holdings, and some areas are completely controlled by the military. As Christian Democratic Congressman Húlio Celso de León Flores says, "[With] 82% of the agricultural land held by a few exporters, 90% of the population live on a subsistence economy, with only 6% of the agricultural capital... the violence is in the system, which denies the majority of Guatemalans access to power, wealth, and culture."

Guatemalan land is generally very mountainous. It is said that when Cortez was asked by royalty what the country was like, he wadded up a piece of paper, threw it on the table, and said, "That is Guatemala." But there are a variety of soils, a temperate climate, and enough variety to make many different crops possible.

But because the land held by the Indians is limited, it must be used intensively and production seems to be constantly declining. While corn production falls, coffee, cotton, bananas and cattle exports are increasing. About 80% of the country's trade balance comes from these four products. The maldistribution of land is continuing. In just one generation, the size of the average small farm has been cut in half. Each generation of farmers gives their land to their children, who must subdivide it.

While on the books, Guatemala is becoming more prosperous, for the Mayans things are getting progressively worse.

The problem, then, is land — not overpopulation. But outside agencies are proceeding with sterilization programs, apparently with government sanction. And for "population control" to be effective, it must be massive.

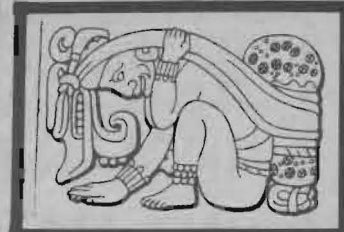
Exactly what is happening is not fully known. Villages are rampant with rumors about vaccination programs which cause women to become sterile, or to produce still-born children. "I know that genocide is taking place," some officials of conscience whisper. It is known that the Population Council, backed by the Rockefeller and Ford Foundation, funded an experiment using poor Guatemalan women as subjects of a new sterilization technique. The project, which was completed in the first half of 1974, consisted of injecting a toxic paraformaldehyde solution into the uterus of women at the Hospital General San Juan de Dios in Guatemala City. The theory is that the chemical causes scars on internal organs

which cause sterility, an easier procedure than the tying of tubes, which requires surgery. For the women in the experiment, however, there were hysterectomies so that their reproductive parts could be examined. While one can assume that all of this involved women for whom hysterectomies were a necessity and who had given consents, this is not stated in the experiment plan. The proposal simply said that Dr. Rodolfo Robles Herrera, head of gynecology at the hospital, would select the patients and two Denver doctors would oversee the project.

There are these nagging questions: why was a poor people's hospital in an

San Martín Cuchumatanes, Momostenango and Ixtahuacán in 1813, Totonicapán 1817, Santa María Chiquimula 1818, Totonicapán 1820, Juyam 1838, Ixtahuacán 1839, San Juan Ixcay 1898, Totonicapán 1905, Patzún 1944, Comalapa 1968.

The known rebellions have stemmed from common injustices: oppressive treatment by local officials, encroachment on Indian lands, and exploitation by nearby farms. In 1820, for instance, a Quiché rebellion against the Spanish was led by Atanasto Tzul, a Quiché of rank, and Lucas Aguilar. It took Spanish troops to put it down. Before they were



number of ladinos were killed. On April 15, 1971, an uprising in Xejuyu (on the border between Solola and Suchitotepeque) had its origins in widespread resentment of brutal treatment by authorities, especially police agents. Over 300 local residents participated.



"... Just enough land to keep alive until the next time they are needed for work."

Indian nation picked for the experiment? Why not a private Denver hospital? What was the procedure for gaining consent of the women involved? Were the hysterectomies a medical necessity?

In 1972, a report was made in a Central American social anthropology conference in Costa Rica that Guatemalan women are being unknowingly sterilized in rural health centers, just as in the famous Bolivian film, *Blood of the Condor*. The report was denied by the Guatemalan Ministry of Public Health. But with increasing numbers of Indians, and a declining number of laborers required on the plantations, sterilization or "family planning" is an increasingly tempting alternative.

There is the myth of the passive Indian who allowed the Spanish to walk over their land. However, a more careful reading of history shows that the Indians had to be "pacified" over and over again, and the task is still not completed. Pedro de Alvarado, Cortez' lieutenant, had been instructed to control the territory with as little bloodshed as possible. He met with a fierce resistance by an alliance of tribes headed by the Quiché. They tried to defend their territory in bloody battles and almost succeeded — but ultimately, Alvarado captured all of the Quiché notables and burned the entire capital.

The legendary Maya chief, Tecun Uman, then led the first guerrilla war in Guatemala. In those places where the Indians were left unpacified by the army, the Church helped out. In places like Alta Verapaz, the Dominican friars did not use arms like the soldiers — but the end result was the same. The Mayans were under Spanish rule.

The list of Mayan rebellions against domination and exploitation has been continuous. There was Chiapas 1708, Ixtahuacán 1743, Santa Lucía Utatlán 1760, Tecpan 1764, Cobán and Rabinal in 1770. Cobán erupted again in 1803,

defeated, the Quiché adopted a new constitution and abolished tribute. In 1898, at San Juan Ixcay, representatives of nearby plantations tried to lay claim to Indian lands and force the Mayans into working as tenant farmers at low wages. The K'anjol revolted, killing 30 ladinos. Eventually, troops not only put the rebellion down, but confiscated Indian lands as punishment.

Two more recent incidents have similar origins. In Patzún in 1944 the Indians protested the stealing of their lands. A

[Most of this information is adapted from the North American Congress on Latin America's publication, *Guatemala*. This 264-page book is a radical analysis of Guatemalan society and politics emphasizing anti-imperialist struggle. The book is \$5.50 postpaid from NACLA, PO Box 57, Cathedral Stn, New York, N.Y. 10025. We are grateful to NACLA and the many people who worked on this impressive volume for their research and writing.]

APOLITICAL INTELLECTUALS

One day
the apolitical
intellectuals
of my country
will be interrogated
by the simplest
of our people.

They will be asked
what they did
when their nation died out
slowly,
like a sweet fire,
small and alone.

No one will ask them
about their dress,
their long siestas
after lunch,
no one will want to know
about their sterile combats
with "the idea
of the nothing."
No one will care about
their higher financial learning.
They won't be questioned
on Greek mythology
or regarding their self-disgust
when someone within them
begins to die
the coward's death.

They'll be asked nothing
about their absurd
justifications
born in the shadow
of the total lie.

On that day
the simple men will come,
those who had no place
in the books and poems
of the apolitical intellectuals
but daily delivered
their bread and milk,
their tortillas and eggs,
those who mended their clothes,
those who drove their cars,
who cared for their dogs and gardens
and worked for them,
and they'll ask:
"What did you do when the poor
suffered, when tenderness
and life
burned out in them?"

Apolitical intellectuals
of my sweet country,
you will not be able to answer.
A vulture of silence
will eat your gut.
Your own misery
will pick at your souls
and you'll be mute
in your shame.

— Otto René Castillo

[Otto René Castillo, one of Guatemala's leading poets, was killed in 1967 while fighting in a guerrilla movement. Our thanks to National American Congress on Latin America for its book, *Guatemala* from which this poem is reprinted.]

THE SITUATION OF INDIAN PEOPLES IN GUATEMALA

[This article is by Antonio Pop Caal, a Kekchi man from Coban, Alta Verapaz, in the far northeastern corner of the Guatemalan Highlands. His essay is written in response to a symposium presented by three non-Indian (ladino) intellectuals on the so-called "Indian Problem" in Guatemala.]



In the world of the ladinos, it is not only stylish but nearly a business to speak, write, paint, and even dramatize themes of Indian life. To begin with, I am certain that those persons preoccupied with such themes are ignorant of the places where each one of the several Indian groups in the national territory are located. Further, I am sure that they do not speak nor know a single Indian language that is spoken in the Republic.

In order to know and speak about the character of a people, it is necessary in the first place to understand that most unique form of spiritual communication which is a people's language. Those who are ignorant of an Indian language, and even more, those who are prejudiced by the belief that everything which the Indians possess is of little value, have no reason to discuss themes of Indian life. As Indian people, we are the only authorities in such matters.

Some persons, for example, claim that an Indian culture does not exist in Guatemala. They argue that there is only a mestizo culture, historically formed by conditions of domination, and through four centuries of colonialism the role of the Mayan element was destroyed in present-day Indian life. These misconceptions, however, merely reflect the ignorance and prejudice of those who make such statements. We would be greatly pleased if these people would speak with the linguist Andrian Chavez, a Quiche Indian who has dedicated himself not only to the study of Mayan culture and its consequences, but above all, to a faithful translation of the most ancient of Mayan documents, the *Pop Wuj*. Further, we would be pleased if these same persons would read some of the works about the Mayas written by the European ethnohistorian, Rafael Girard: *The Eternal Mayas; The Mayas: Their Civilization, History, and Continental Relations; The Mysterious Olmec Culture*, etc. These works can be found in the bookstores of Guatemala City. In them, one gains a glimpse of the least understood aspect of the Mayan Indians, their spiritual aspect, and proof that these Indians maintain the essential characteristics of their ancient culture and at present continue living in continuity with their past.



Our psychological attitude and style of life have not essentially changed throughout the centuries, despite certain tragic historical contingencies, such as the Pipil invasion and the impact of the Spanish Conquest. For the outsider, with his superficial view, this extraordinary conservatism and belief in tradition is seen as "fatalism" and "apathy", as resignation to our sad condition of inferiority in the present system. But this is not true. To the contrary, our attitudes obey a culture which is characterized by certain immutable mythic molds. These myths form the subconscious base of our thought and traditions, and fully satisfy our spiritual and material cravings.

From Christianity, for example, we have only taken those values which interest us, adapting them to our own manner of being and thought. Hence, ladinos who contemplate with curious observance the Rites of Maximom are scandalized and angered because they are incapable of profoundly grasping the meaning which these ceremonies represent for us.

[The Rites of Maximom refer to one part of the Easter Week ceremonies in the Indian municipio of Santiago Atitlan. Outside observers have called them scandalous because Judas Iscariot is made the hero of the Holy Week ceremonies. In the early 1950s, the Church became so outraged by the Indian custom that the Bishop of Solola tried to ban the carrying of the image of Maximom through the streets of Santiago Atitlan.]

To understand the Indian without prejudice is a difficult task. One must observe our way of life, and the social relations in our communities. One must come into our homes, see us in our reunions or meetings, and observe the spirituality in our moving orations to the divinities and our ancestors. Only in this way can one understand the profound faith that fortifies our thought and the strong ties that exist between the domain of our spirit and our human actions.



Some anthropologists who have lived close to us have described our traditional qualities in the following manner: harmonious way of life, self-sufficiency, altruism, love of justice, truth, work, respect for strangers, completion of obligations, discipline, obedience, and veneration of people of age (elders, village leaders, parents and grandparents), not only for reasons of hierarchy, but mainly because they are the educators and transmitters of our heritage.

Edith Recourat claims that "...on observing the Indian, we notice above all the unity of his behaviour from birth: their babies do not cry, their young children help those who are older, their adults are clean, modest and polite. The elders are respected and the *principales* (village leaders) are living proof of the power exercised by age and hierarchy. In every situation, the Indian family is discreet, dignified in manners and behaviour. In summary, what we call 'education' without knowing how to obtain it in our civilized world, is constantly applied at all ages in the Indian family. These statements are common ones of investigators and ethnologists."

Dr. Jorge Garcia Granados, a well-known Guatemalan, internationalist, and student of the social reality of the country, despite being ladino himself, also recognizes that: "It is an error to *ladinoize* (assimilate to ladino or Western ways) the Indian, who with his admirable respect for men of age and his ancient institutions, is capable of acting with a constructive projection for the future, and who is far above the cultural superficiality of the ladino."

If we speak of our culture and its qualities, it is absolutely not our inten-

tion to invert the moral terms of the ladino-Indian dichotomy. It would be a stupid game to transfer those virtues which are supposedly possessed by ladinos onto ourselves. To the contrary, this is not our intention. Our intention is only to let the world know who we are and what we value. Our intention is to counter the denigration of the Indian by [cultural] discrimination in the national consciousness.

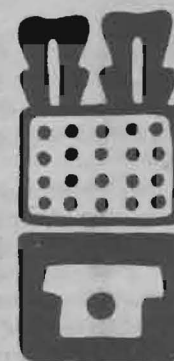
And when we treat of [cultural] discrimination in Guatemala, we have a clear knowledge of its causes, through a detailed historical analysis of the colonial process. We do not assume that Guatemalan sociologists and anthropologists have invented racial ideologies to either destroy or liberate the Indian. Nor do we believe that these same social scientists are able to free themselves from the weight of racism which exists in society. Every ideology elaborated by a social group is part of the superstructure of a society, and it is well known that this superstructure is merely the explanation or justification of phenomena that occur within social reality. Thus, these racial ideologies of sociologists and anthropologists must arise *a posteriori*.

The Spanish Conquest and the permanent colonial situation in Guatemalan society were not simply a form of

latifundia/minifundia structure was established in this way and continues up to the present in Guatemala, producing

the extreme polarization between large ladino landowners and landless Indian peasants. As a result, many Indians have been forced into what is known as the "refuge zones" of the western and northern Highlands in order to escape from the iron hand of the colonizer, and these "refuge zones" are nothing less than inhospitable lands which the colonizer does not want.

Presently, because of demography and land pressures, neither their subdivided and overused plots of land, nor agricultural labor at miserable wages, nor craft or petty trade can satisfy the vital needs of Indian peoples. Thus the Indian is forced to seasonally migrate to the plantations of the coastal and piedmont regions in order to survive. In a period when the Constitution proclaims justice and equality for all Guatemalans, approximately 400,000 such workers (among them women and children) are ferociously exploited on the plantations of the coast. Constantly, hundreds of these migrant workers die of intoxication from insecticides or return sick and abused to their places of birth. Of these massive deaths of Indians caused by the greed of the latifundistas, the national conscience remains totally insensitive.



contact between two heterogeneous cultures. They consisted in the establishment of a total system of domination — political, administrative, religious, cultural — by a minority dependent on certain metropolitan centers over an aboriginal majority. This colonial situation has remained permanent from the arrival of the Spanish until our own day, with only successive changes in the locus of metropolitan dependency from the Spanish to the English, French, Germans, and finally, the North Americans.

Because of this situation of dependency, Guatemalan society has been in a constant state of crisis, so much so that the country has become a virtual business venture for a small group of landowners, bankers and merchants, who at the same time have expropriated the national wealth from the hands of Indians and poor ladinos and passed this wealth into the hands of foreigners. Consequently, this handful of ladinos finds itself in the ambiguous position of being "intermediaries" in a colonial economy.

There are several distinct aspects which characterize this total system of domination that has been and continues to be exercised by the dominant group over Indian peoples:

I. A System of Agrarian Exploitation

One encounters a system of agrarian exploitation that was initially realized in the violent dispossession of land from the hands of the Indians by the conquistadores. Then came the parceling of large estates among the vassals of the King and various elements of the Church, for these were the spiritual agents who helped to maintain and justify such exploitation. The

II. A System of Political Domination:

Another aspect of colonialism in Guatemala is the political domination of the Indian population, carried out by the military, by legislation, and through the administrative apparatus and education. This political domination was begun by the Spanish through the violent establishment of *reducciones*, which consisted in the coercive groupings of native peoples into the so-called *pueblos de indios* (Indian towns). These towns later gave rise to many of the municipalities and departments of the Republic. They were organized for the sole purpose of maintaining a ready supply of Indian labor and hence have continued always under the control of the colonizer.

At present, the most faithful and continuous representative of this system of colonial control in Guatemala is the ladino "municipal secretary" who functions in towns which are often composed of populations over 97% Indian. The mission of these "secretaries" consists in maintaining a permanent form of espionage by the dominant group over the Indian majority. From this arises the vicious nature of administrative and

political procedures in rural Guatemala, through which the labor of Indians benefits a ladino minority.

Guatemalan legislation, created by liberal/capitalist parliaments, is founded upon the immutable rock of "private property" and also serves to maintain the position of the dominant class. Article 468 of the Civil Code, for example, reads: "A property owner has the right to defend his property by legal means and cannot be disturbed in it, if he has not been previously cited, heard, or defeated before the law." This is what the law says. Now, I ask, who are the owners of the national wealth and who are those that apply this legislation? It is not us, the Indians. Yes, it is true that there are also a significant number of impoverished ladinos, but their poverty is not caused by us. Ladino poverty results from their own [collective] stupidity, for they do not know how to protect the national wealth and they have ceded it so that foreigners may become rich.

Another monstrosity of Guatemalan legislation appears in Article 2 of Decree 1762 of the Law of the Judicial Organism, which reads: "Against the observance of the law, one has no right to allege ignorance — disuse, custom, or practice to the contrary." This article openly contradicts the legal principle of *nullem crimen, nullum poene sine lege*. In a country where several indigenous languages other than Spanish are spoken, this law should not exist. Nor should there be criminal sanctions which go hand in hand with this law. Nevertheless, the law does apply against Indians, simply because against the observance of the law they are not able to plead ignorance as such. For a discussion of this point, see the miniscule analysis that Rolando Lopez Godinez presented in his thesis to the Faculty of Law entitled, *The Ignorance and Incomprehension of Criminal Law Among Indians of Guatemala*.

Education in Guatemala is also based on discrimination, ignorant of and with the intent of annihilating the native cultures. The major example of this in Guatemala is the unfortunate policy of *castellanizacion* (the teaching of Spanish as the national language), which has been followed by every government. This policy is the most genuine proof of violent racial discrimination in its cultural form. The equality of rights stated in Article 43 of the Constitution was not written for the Guatemalan Indian. Nevertheless, just as the national Western culture is maintained in ladino areas of the country, so our Indian cultures have the right to be maintained in the regions where we live. We have and demand the right to use our native languages in the schools, churches, and courts where the Indian majority lives.

III. A System of Ideological Domination: Finally, one can justifiably speak of a form of ideological domination that is nothing less than the mental justification for racism and for all the insults realized by the conquistadores and colonizers upon the Indian group.

From the time of the arrival of the Spanish, it was well known that the policy of "pacification" was merely a means through which the European Church justified the cruelty of the Conquest and the colonization. Ideas arose to "convert" and "civilize" the "savages" and "idol-worshippers" and the human reality of Indians was even put in judgment by theologians who wrote philosophic discourses on this difficult problem. "We found among them a great number of books in their own letters, but because they possess nothing but superstition and lies, we burned them all." This fragment from the work of the Spanish monk, Diego de Landa, in his *Relacion de las Cosas de Yucatan*, is very significant. Not only does it provide proof of the high level of Mayan civilization, but above all, it reflects the stupidity of the Spanish in destroying these valuable written documents.

All of Guatemalan literature from then to the present has only served as a justification for racial discrimination.

The usage of the term *indito* is an eloquent example of how racism on the part of ladinos has pervaded our national language.

The conceptual contraposition ladino/Indian has its roots in society, but has obscured real life so much that it has been converted into a "fetish" that influences our national consciousness in alienated form. This explains, for example, the anxiety that arises in the ladino when he realizes the contradictions in his own identity. That is to say, the ladino realizes that his own identity is ambiguous, and searches desperately for support in the deep historical roots of a Mayan past. Lacking an historical tradition, the ladino comes to us for an identity, but we are not disposed to cede a single bit.

The Indian has also suffered from this estrangement created by the "fetish" of the ladino/Indian distinction. But it is important to realize that this traumatization has only taken place among the ladinoized Indian — the person who cannot support the weight of racial discrimination and hence feels incapable of rising above his inferiority complex. This person enters into and loses himself in the ladino mass in order to forget his condition as an Indian. He tries to forget the language of birth. He changes his name. He breaks with the tradition of endogamy, and even goes so far as to undergo plastic surgery in order to change his skin color and physical features. This Indian is the one who has experienced trauma, but he is not the real and pure Indian.

We do not have any problem before those that call us *indios*. We know that this is a word which is applied with intent, and which reflects a "fetish" of slanderous character by those who use it. But we have accepted the word, and

is the same unconscious fear that was felt by the Spaniards, who were obsessed with the idea that someday the Indians would come down from the mountains and massacre their oppressors. This sensation of fear within the ladino leads him to look desperately for the magic formula to pulverize the Indian. Decrees are proclaimed for the massive ladinoization of Indian communities. Integration policies are espoused. Programs of *castellanizacion* are created. Vulgar programs of family planning are introduced in order to destroy the Indian race.

The national census of 1964 provides significant data which reflect the ladino's eagerness to destroy the Indian. The census catalogued the Guatemalan population as follows:

Total Population	
Non-Indian.....	56.7%
Indian.....	43.3%

Like previous ones, this census lacks a scientific base, as it rests upon a racist ideology. In order to ascertain, for example, whether a person was Indian or not, it utilized a totally arbitrary system of criteria. Thus on page 62 of the Manual for Census Takers, it says, "... one should make a social estimation from appearance", and for Indians, the document has such aggressive and insulting phrases as, "... one should question the owner of the house concerning the ethnicity of individuals in domestic service." In other words, in order to avoid a dialogue with persons, and out of fear of creating a conflict between parties, many Indians were never interviewed by the census-takers. Another method utilized to discern the ethnicity of a person consisted in a judgment of external appearance. If one wore shoes, spoke Spanish, or did not wear native clothing, that individual was classified as being ladino. Obviously,

[A reprint of this article, co-published by NOTES with INDIGENA, an information center on the native peoples of the Americas, is available in pamphlet format from AKWESASNE NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683 for 25 cents, postpaid.]

ization which various national governments have coercively imposed upon us through their repressive and ideological apparatus.



To insist that the ladino is a species of cultural patterns to which all of the Indian populations must adapt is a very coarse and unintelligent way of posing the idea that only the ladino has value and that he is culturally superior to the Indian. Anyone who analyzes this cultural entity of the ladino with sincerity and scientific exactitude, however, must conclude that this idea has nothing to offer the Indian. The ladino was born out of the violence of the Conquest, in the rape and violation of Indian women. His political organization is at the service of foreign metropolises. He is an intermediary for foreign economies. His legislation is based on the codes of strangers, and his educational system is imported from abroad.

For too long, we have dreamed of being ladino. Not only is this an error, because we understand their mediocrity, but above all, because we are convinced of our own value and of our own origins.



it brings us honor, rather than denigration. Every people has a special expression to denominate other distinct peoples. We ourselves, within our own race, have created special words to denominate distinct groups. Thus we say, for example, Quiches, Kekchis, Cakchiqueles, etc. The term *indios* was mistakenly applied to us as an American ethnic group, but we have accepted it and such an identification signifies nothing less than a challenge before the ladinos in our midst.

Likewise, we are unafraid of speaking clearly about discrimination in Guatemala. It is the ladino who wants to conceal and place a veil over this problem, not because he is convinced of the non-existence of discrimination, but because he is afraid that if he puts his finger on the national wound, there will arise conflicts between ethnic groups. It

thousands of Indians were classified in the ladino mass without being questioned on their own identity.

According to the 1964 census, the Indian population has declined. Nevertheless, it is necessary to insist that this reflects a conscious policy of annihilating the Indian rather than an actual statement of fact. We hope that the census of 1974 will be realized with scientifically objective methods and that the Government will not continue with this discriminatory policy.

For more than four centuries, Indian peoples have resisted the destructive tendencies of the colonial process. We have survived, and will continue to endure, because we conserve, despite oppression and poverty, our sense of human dignity and worth. Irrefutable proof of this is in the fact that we have constantly rejected the myth of ladino-

Yes, it is true that many of us are disguised as ladinos, but we have done this against our wishes. If we had not accepted this disguise, we would not have gained access to the centers of instruction, employment, and public office.

In conclusion, it is necessary to insist that Guatemala, as a political fiction created by the ladino, is a country made up of an Indian majority, and that this population, despite the census, is in a process of progressive growth, not only in its biological aspect, but above all, in the taking of consciousness of its own identity.

[This essay first appeared in the Guatemalan magazine, *La Semana* under the title, "Replica del Indio a Una Disertacion Ladina" in March, 1973. Illustrations here are by Miguel Sague, Jr.]

THE BERRY BEAN.

[This could be a children's story, and then again, it might not be. It's written to be read aloud, written while White Roots of Peace was in Guatemala, by Rokwaho, a Mohawk man.

[And since you'll be reading this aloud, you'll want to know how to pronounce "tsiktsire're" - it's jeik-gee'-lay-lay.]

A Seed From the North

This is the story of the Berrybean. It is not necessarily a story of the past, although it may have happened, or may yet happen. It is a story in Time, not necessarily our own.

The story takes place in Guatemala, around the area of San Juan Chamelco. The area is very hilly, very beautiful, and very magical. Dawn is magic on these hills. The golden light touches first the tropical hilltops, then the warm glow spreads slowly down into the rivers and valleys. When the sun sets, the glow rises and drifts upwards to the very tops where it began. The day leaves in lingering patches of goldengreen as dawn follows the morning spirit west. The strength and power in these ancient hills manifests itself most at these times.

This whole story happened because of one sneeze by a little brown bird. "Tsiktsire're" was the little brown bird who sneezed. Tsiktsire're sneezed because he had a cold and he had a cold because he was in a climate that suited only hardier birds. Tsiktsire're was a very curious and adventurous tropical bird. He had taken to sampling different berries, which incidentally was his favourite food, and he had wandered further and further north away from his native climate. Tsiktsire're fed and wandered until he suddenly found himself in Canada and with a very severe cold. His cold and the cooler climate slowed him down, and he finally decided that it was time to go home.

So Tsiktsire're started south again, feeding along the way on one particular kind of berry that was very seedy and that he had taken a great liking to. As I mentioned earlier, this whole story happened because he sneezed.

Tsiktsire're had discovered one bush that was very abundant with his favourite berry. He was in the process of devouring a huge amount of it when his cold caused him to sneeze violently. He sprayed his mouthful of seeds all over the bush. One seed, however, went up his nose, and there lodged very tightly. No amount of sorting or blowing would dislodge it. And so there it stayed for the duration of his trip home. He tried many times to blow it out but it wouldn't budge.



Tsiktsire're's cold had long since disappeared when he reached the area of San Juan Chamelco. It was just that time of year, during the planting season, when there's a lot of pollen in the air. The over abundance of pollen in the air started Tsiktsire're sneezing again. He sneezed and sneezed until the seed that was stuck in his nostrils became dislodged and went shooting out onto the ground. Tsiktsire're delighted to be rid of this chronic irritation and he resumed his merry way and thought no more about it.

He had no way of knowing that he was responsible for the events that were about to take place.

The Berry Bush and the Bean

The single berry seed that Tsiktsire're had unwittingly carried from the North and unwittingly planted in the tropical hills of Chamelco soon germinated and took root. The golden glow of the morning spirit warmed the tiny seed until the miracle of life stirred the germ within. Then the life-giving rain came and together with the fertile earth, nourished the new infant born so far from home.

The seed from the north thrived in the tropical soil and rapidly flourished into a handsome berry bush. It soon became the wonder of the land. This very strange and beautiful bush of another world was admired and complimented by all who came to see. Animal and bird people came from far and wide to greet and welcome this unusual bush from the north. The berrybush soon felt quite at home among such friendly neighbors.

The berry bush became particularly friendly with a pretty bean plant that grew beside it. They both grew on the north bank of a good humoured brook that chuckled his way through these hills. This unlikely three - the berrybush, the bean, and the brook - got along famously, friends of the highest order.

brought many beautiful flowers from the different parts of the land. The Animal People brought all the different herbs and spices. The Water People brought each one pebble from the bottom of the brook and cast it on the north bank.

Our eldest brother, Sun, reflected his love from the pebbles, creating a sparkling Rainbow against the Tree People's leaves. Our grandfathers, the Four Winds, then breathed gently upon the trees, making them rustle and sway, stirring and blending the fragrant smells and mixing the pigments into swirling drifts and waves of natural colour.

The hills burned with every conceivable colour that day, the air perfumed with the intoxicating fragrance of a million flowers, two million herbs, and three million spices. Everyone who heard and everyone who saw failed not to realize that this was no ordinary day and that this Berrybean was no ordinary plant.

The Berrybean, like its father, flourished rapidly, maturing in its first year. It looked in every way like its father, the Berrybush, although somewhat smaller. It did not bear fruit the first year. The first year was a learning year.



The brook kept them in good spirits with his tall tales and comical anecdotes. The brook always had some new story that he had heard somewhere or other in his travels. He had many wonderful tales of far-off lands that were told to him by the Cloud People. The Cloud People were the ones who traveled over the entire world and always had something new to relate to the brook, who in turn kept all the earth-bound informed.

The berrybush soon bore fruit, much to the delight of the bird population. The bush was so happy to provide food for his friends and to contribute in this way to the Creation.

The berrybush soon fell in love with the lovely bean that grew beside him. So much so that they vowed to be life-long mates. Their closest friend, the brook, heard their vow and so the marriage was complete.

The Berrybean

The very next spring, an offspring was born of this unusual marriage, much to the delight of the parents and even more so to the brook. He bubbled with excitement and spread the news of the birth everywhere he went. Soon everyone who came within earshot knew of the birth and came from the Six Directions to congratulate the parents. Many came bearing gifts for the newborn and for the proud parents. The Bird People

Some of the herbs and medicines that were brought by the Animal People took root and grew around the Berrybean. The Berrybean was literally surrounded by spice, herb, and medicine people. These were to be its teachers. For here was all the wisdom and knowledge of these Plant People. All the necessary elements for properly raising and educating the Berrybean were close at hand.

The Brook was always around too, cracking his silly jokes. A new link was added to the bond of friendship and love between the Berrybush, the Bean, and the Brook. Now there was the young Berrybean. The Brook took on the responsibility of an uncle. He would be the Berrybean's second father, its advisor, and its friend.

The Berrybean learned quickly, asking a thousand questions every day. Each question was patiently answered by one or another of its resident tutors, its parents, or its uncle, the Brook.

The Medicine People often remarked among themselves about the increasing power that they felt from the Berrybean. It was already wise beyond its years and already knew much of the secrets of the earth and the cosmic elements. The Medicine People could sense an enormous spiritual strength radiating from the Berrybean.

They could sense this power growing each day, for although physically stunted, it grew stronger in this way.



The Medicine People hoped and prayed that the Berrybean, with all its positive strength, could somehow renew the growing disharmony they felt around them. They had been observing this for some time now. The disharmony could be heard from the Human People, who were more and more often fighting among themselves, fighting long wars that devastated and tore up the earth. Each war seemed more destructive than the last, as the humans became increasingly powerful. Now the humans had the power of the sun on the earth and were using it for destructive purposes, for war. They had forgotten the Creator's teachings and were now following the War Lords. They would surely destroy the earth if they fought even one more war.

The disharmony could be felt also in the weather which was becoming more violent and unpredictable. It was a retaliation by the elements against the Humans who had upset the delicate balance of the Creation.

The Cloud People brought back news from the human cities and settlements. The news was always bad. It seemed that the humans were incapable of doing anything good. They were constantly burning and digging up the very earth on which they lived. They had no consideration for other lives. They poisoned the waters, making the Water People flee before them into the oceans and lakes that the humans had not yet touched. For everywhere they touched our Earthmother, a sore would appear and all the plant and animal people who lived anywhere near there would die off.

The Cloud People who passed over their cities often took sick, so they took to avoiding these places as much as possible.

But as the Medicine People felt the Berrybean's power growing, they became convinced that the Berrybean was here for a very special purpose.

During its second year, the Berrybean sprouted a single bean pod at a crotch near the ground. This astonished everyone, for they had expected it to yield berries, if anything. The birth of a plant such as the Berrybean was unusual in itself, but the one solitary bean pod growing on a Berrybush seemed most extraordinary. The bean pod reached the full size of a regular bean, but it did not mature. Instead, it remained green. Even after the third year, the pod remained green. The fourth, the fifth, the sixth year passed since its birth - yet the pod stayed green.



By this time, the Berrybean was a most powerful spiritual force on earth. Its strength and its goodness could be felt everywhere. The humans were senseless to this power, and were unaffected by the great Love everywhere. They were a mad race. Only a few of them could feel the Love, but they were ignored when they tried to reason with the majority. These people fled in groups into the hills and mountains far from the cities of the mad. They feared the power of the Sun when it was possessed by such a barbaric people.

The Berrybean knew what was happening and became very sad, as there was nothing it could do to help. The Berrybean began to grow physically weaker, its leaves were dropping - it was clearly dying. It seemed no longer the Berrybean. It did not joke with the Brook as it became sadder with each passing day. Its enormous power, however, did not weaken in the least - but its physical form was wilting and dying.

The Brook did his best to cheer up the Berrybean, but the Berrybean did everything solemnly and half-heartedly. Everyone was frightened, for it appeared that there was nothing they could do to save the Berrybean. The Berrybean was dying of sadness.

The seventh year was drawing to a close and the Berrybean was all but dead. It began to weep. The Berrybean wept from the clouds and from the earth. It rained over the entire world. The rain came down harder each day, it seemed, and showed no signs of letting up. Some thought that the eternal rain had come.

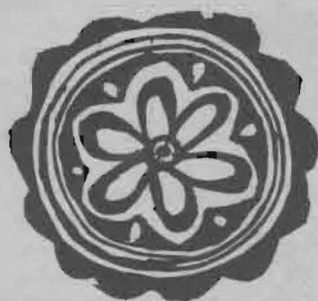
The world sensed that the Berrybean would soon die.

The Great Winged Serpent

The Brook made one last desperate effort in the hope that somehow the Berrybean might be saved. He sacrificed himself.

His spirit left his body and rose upwards into the heavens, even beyond the Cloud People. He cried to the mightiest warrior, our eldest brother, Sun, for help. He cried three times before he could go no higher. His strength failed him and he drifted back to earth where he was caught by the Cloud People. There he stayed, exhausted from his noble effort. From here, he would witness what was soon to happen.

The last cry of the Brook had been heard by the Great Winged Serpent, a child of the Sun and Stars. The Great Winged Serpent lived between the Sun and Earth, and fed on the tiny particles of light from the Sun.



The Great Winged Serpent began the journey earthward, accompanied by his father, the Sun. As they approached the Earth, the long rain stopped and the skys were soon clear. The Berrybean had stopped weeping.

The Sun could be seen approaching nearer and nearer. The Sun grew steadily larger until it filled a quarter of the sky. The sounds on earth stopped one by one as each creature sensed the coming of the Sun.

The air was still, the waters ceased bubbling, the birds stopped singing, the crickets stopped creaking, the frogs stopped croaking, until... the last sound - the "scream" as a spider

tightened a loose know in his web. Then the silence fell like a blanket over the world. The last sound - the "scream" as a spider tightened a loose know in his web.

Then the silence fell like a blanket over the world.

The Sun now filled half the sky. The Earth grew hotter as it approached. Soon the Sun filled the entire sky and the Earth was almost unbearably hot. The Earth steamed from the tremendous heat and was bathed in a great steam bath.

Then - the bean pod of the Berrybean ripened.

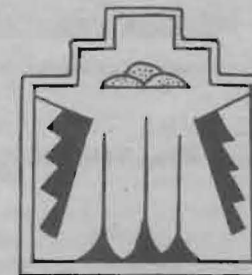
A huge fluttering shadow blocked the sunlight. The Great Winged Serpent was coming to earth. The thundering of his wings could be heard far off in the sky, growing louder as he neared the earth. His fluttering shadow diminished and the sunlight slowly reappeared. The thundering of his wings was so loud that the Earth shook.

Then there was silence. The Serpent had landed beside the Berrybean.

The Serpent glittered in the blinding sunlight. His wings were of satin, his body a silky turquoise, his eyes sparkling black. The Great Winged Serpent had manifested into physical form. His tongue shot out and plucked the now-ripened bean pod from the Berrybean.



The Berrybean wilted and died as the thundering began again. The spirit of the Berrybean had gone with the Serpent. The sky grew darker as they neared the sun, the thundering growing fainter. The Sun moved from the Earth, and as the heat was removed, the steam rained upon a New Earth, a purified Earth.

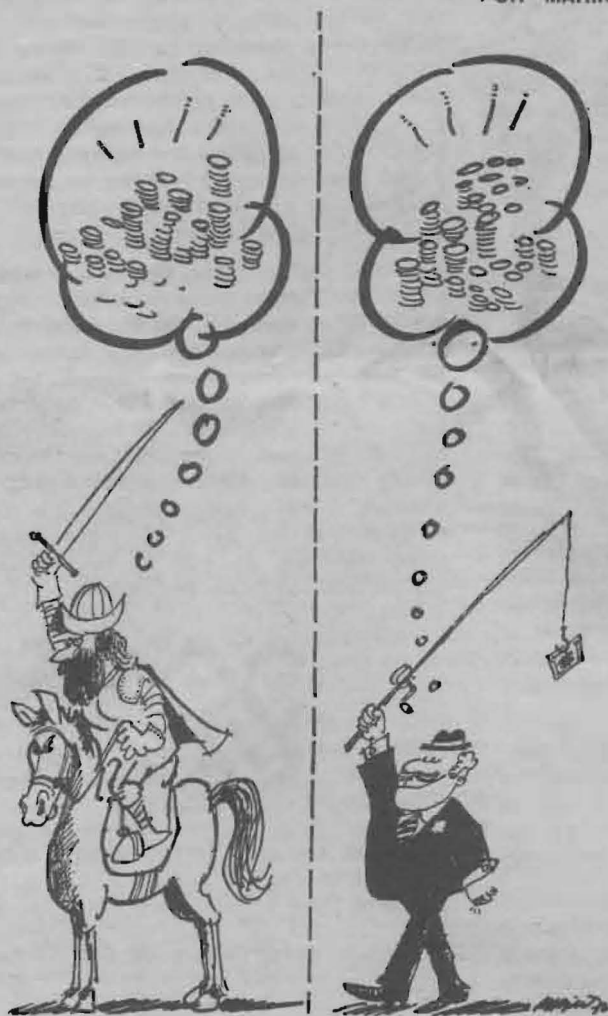


The Spirit of the Brook returned to Earth bit by bit in the rain drops that filled the oceans, the lakes and the rivers. The sounds of perfect harmony began again.

The Berrybean was fulfilled, having made the greatest contribution.

Conquistadores

POR MARINO



A WALK ALONG CORTES' ROAD BEYOND MEXICO CITY

The royal road
To Cuernavaca;
The rocks where his strong horse
Stumbled towards the palace...
Charged with glory...
Thick with history...
Now ruins of crumbled walls
And broken stones
Showing the spilling bloody heads
Of a few scarlet weeds;
Now again, the trails
Of bare-footed Indians
And skinny burros.

— Maurice Kenny



Vuelta y a la Derecha

Pasale!
Gracias madre!
Gustan comer algo?
Bueno no quisiera que se molestara.
No es ninguna molestia!
Maria! Maria! Calienta los frijoles y las tortillas!
Esta muy bonito el pueblo, madre.
Si, muy bonito.
Viven muchos indios por aqui?
Si muchos indios viven aqui...
Esto parece una escuela, madre?
Es escuela.
Aqui traemos a los indios, de diferentes aldeas.
Por tres meses los tenemos aqui.
Oh, que interesante!
Aqui hay 20 madres religiosas
1 padre y 3 gringos
Antropologistas.
Que interesante!
Aqui le enseñamos
a cantar!
a cocinar!
a plantar!
y un poco de alfareria!
Si, madre, y que mas?
Bueno, nuestro proposito es...
Si, madre...
Meterles la religion Catolica.
Hacerlos Cristianos.
Si, madre, ensenales!
Que estos pobres indios no saben cantar!
Que estos pobres indios no saben plantar!
Que estos pobres indios no saben bailar! Cantar! Amar!
Ensenales, madre! Ensenales!
A ver si aprende Ud. algo!
de lo que es sufrir!
Amar! y trabajar...
Ensenales, madre!
Ensenales...

Turn & To the Right

Come in!
Thank you, sister.
Would you like something to eat?
Well, I wouldn't want you to trouble yourself.
It's no trouble at all.
Maria! Maria! Warm up the beans and the tortillas!
The town is very beautiful, sister.
Yes, very beautiful.
Do many Indians live around here?
Yes, many Indians live here...
Is this a school, sister?
It's a school.
We bring the Indians here, from different villages.
They come here for three months.
Oh, how interesting.
There are 20 religious sisters here,
1 Father and 3 gringo anthropologists.
How interesting!
Here we teachal indio
to sing!
to cook!
to plant!
and to do a little metal work!
Yes, sister, & what else?
Well, our purpose is...
Yes, sister...
To teach them the Catholic religion,
To make them Christian.
Yes, sister, teach them!
Because these poor Indians don't know how to sing!
Because these poor Indians don't know how to plant!
Because these poor Indians don't know how to dance! sing! love!
Teach them, sister. Teach them!
See if you can learn something of what it's like to suffer!
to love! and work...
Teach them, sister!
Teach them...

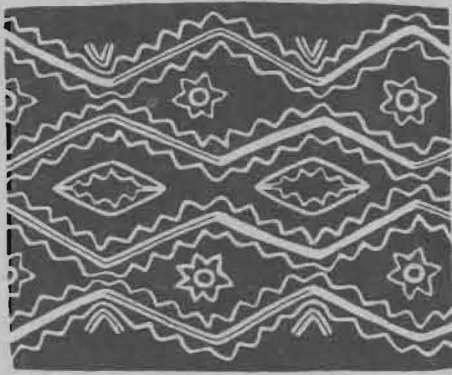
— Marcos Contreras

BRACERO

Driven by the belly's machete teeth
He scrambles under fence, across the wild river
To be netted, nuzzled from the water by rifles
And sleek faces fat on steak and ice cream.
If lucky, he makes California lettuce,
Or Idaho potatoes, to sweat, broken from daybreak
To sundown... his hands deep in muscled earth;
The farmer pays off in bills of bitter smiles,
And phones the immigration people.
At the fence, his children's empty eyes
Face him down, crunch his manhood
In the bite of poverty's pain.
Dreams crushed, spirit barely holds,
He ducks under the fence again
And again into the water.

— Maurice Kenny

Canada



NATIVE EMBASSY: A SAD FAREWELL TO A BUILDING — THE WORK GOES ON

Ottawa, Ontario — On February 17, some sixty Ottawans struggled through wet snow to hear a sad farewell from two of the remaining members of the Native People's Embassy which has occupied the old Carbide Mills building on Victoria Island in the Ottawa River, just a stone's throw behind Canada's Supreme Court building.

John Graham and Kelly White, speaking for the Embassy, stressed that because of the harassment and rising tensions between native people and the National Capital Commission in recent weeks, the Embassy will be shut down and re-opened at a place yet to be decided.

Perhaps that is what made the farewell so sad.

While it was recognized that the Native People's Caravan and Embassy had served a valuable purpose when it dramatically cut through the "quiet diplomacy" by taking the cry for justice directly to the doors of Parliament, the sense of direction and purpose which had filled the early days of the Embassy had evaporated by the time the first snow came to Ottawa. A few brave souls whose hearts could not admit what their eyes could plainly see, stayed on. And on. And on.

No sooner had the announcements been made, however, but other Embassy occupants announced six of them had no intention of leaving. Cliff Osam said his group did not accept the decision to close the structure, saying that "outside groups" had manipulated the announcement, perhaps as a form of mercy-killing. "A number of us remain. We know that many more are with us in spirit, will work with us, and will return when they can."

Osam says the old building will become an "integrative communications and friendship centre, an embassy of peace," rather than "a separatist nation."

The brief five-month history of the Native People's Embassy reflected in miniature the entirety of the three centuries Europeans have related to native peoples. Not once did forces representing Canada concede to recognize that members of the native community speaking through the Embassy were anything but unskilled youngsters out to raise Cain at the taxpayer's expense. The media too regarded the group as impetuous renegades, rather than a task force of a new era.

When the first caravan reached Ottawa last September 29, the NCC promised to let them stay in the mill. The National Indian Brotherhood had already commenced negotiations to turn the mill and the east half of the island into a Native Friendship and Conference Centre. At that time, J.E. Kirchner, assist-

ant general property manager of NCC, told the native people they could remain "as long as they had business in Ottawa", a move which Ottawa editorials praised as "wise, humanitarian and cool."

A day later, members of the caravan marched up the stairs to the Peace Tower with the intention of addressing Canada's new Parliament about the situation and vision of native people throughout the Dominion. A brutal confrontation resulted when the previously-dormant RCMP special riot squad joined hundreds of RCMP regulars in evicting the caravan and its supporters from Parliament Hill.

Seven people had been charged with criminal offenses after the Parliament Hill fracas. In their hearings in January, only one, David Deerhouse, a Mohawk from Caughnawaga, was found guilty. He was sentenced on January 22 to one years probation, and was prohibited from entering the Parliament Hill grounds for one year "unless invited by an MP or other government official."

The next day, MP John Rodriguez, NDP member for Nickel Belt, sent Deerhouse a standing invitation to Parliament Hill.

Deerhouse was convicted on testimony of three RCMP officers who said he had struggled to escape from the custody of a fourth officer who had arrested him, although the fourth officer was never identified nor did he testify.

Cindy Anderson, 21, of Regina, Saskatchewan, was acquitted on charges of obstructing police — but not before she told of how she was beaten in the head, kicked, thrown on the floor of a paddy wagon — and eventually hospitalized for a fractured skull. Judge Robert Hutton said he had "reasonable doubt" that she willfully obstructed police. Only two of the four arresting officers appeared at the trial, and both denied using any force during the arrest.

Sakowentetha of the Mohawk Nation at Akwesasne, also known as Archie Boots, was acquitted of charges that he punched RCMP officer Bernard Ward. He told the court, "I recognized these policemen as human beings and I didn't want to hit any of them." He said he was between the native group and the police lines when everyone started pushing, and he was bounced around "like a ping pong ball." Ward said of the alleged punch, "It didn't break the skin, but it hurt." The judge said there was reasonable doubt, and dismissed the case.

A second caravan came in November. At that time there was talk of holding a victory celebration followed by a mass exodus for Ganienkeh, the Mohawk settlement in the Adirondacks. Other plans were tossed about which also might have re-kindled the vision which first brought the Caravan across the country.

But instead of these plans clicking into action, the Embassy began a steady decline like an unfed fire or an unwinding clock.

During the Embassy's tenure, Clarence Endugeezick died. He had been arrested, and a few hours later, police said, he hung himself in his jail cell. Native people suspected foul play. A coroner's inquest in March decided that there was no evidence to support that contention, and said Clarence had himself ripped his blue jeans to fashion his noose.

Mostly, the Embassy was a come-and-go type communications center. Some 6,000 native people are said to have signed in over the weeks it was in operation. But as numbers started to dwindle, the NCC prepared the groundwork to shut the place down.

The NCC demanded the return of the building at a time when it was certain there was no longer enough attention focused on the Embassy to bring any dramatic support for those they might evict. The

strongest leaders had long since left. The excitement and fun for local church groups had left the food and clothing collecting. Novelty-seekers were bored. Nothing came to replace the vitality of the early days and to mask the chemical feeling of the mill building, a fitting symbol of the earlier days of Canadian colonialism.



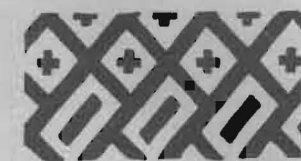
Clifford Osam

"... we know many more are with us in spirit, will work with us, and will return when they can."

First, it explained that some of the native people there wanted to go home, and it would provide travel and accommodation funds. When the trials of those arrested in the Parliament Hill episode concluded in mid-January, Kirchner then announced that since the Indians had no unfinished business in Ottawa, it was time to go home. Then he sent them an eviction notice telling the group to clear out by February 5 at 6 p.m. When February 5 passed, the NCC commenced a slick public-relations campaign about the dangers of the building which it had to repair, about faulty sprinklers and broken pipes. Soon it said it had condemned the building for human habitation. On February 11, the heat was shut off — it was ten degrees below zero outside.

Young children were evacuated, along with those whose health was not good. The next morning, the electricity was cut off. As the building chilled, water lines burst, spraying icy rivers across the floor. Like the American generals in Vietnam, the NCC seemed willing to destroy the building in order to save it.

In February, at a national conference on native people and the criminal justice system held in Edmonton, Alberta, native delegates passed a resolution demanding a federal public inquiry into the Parliament Hill riot, as well as a Quebec Government inquiry into the death of Clarence.



Postscript: any plans for use of the Embassy went out the window March 21, when the Embassy was reduced to a shell from a fire starting from "unknown causes."

[Thanks to Walrus Oakenbough and the Eye of the Bear Community News Service for information and analysis used here.]

JOHN MCGILP PROMOTION STIRS OPPOSITION BEFORE IT HAPPENS

Ottawa, Canada — The possible promotion of Indian Affairs Branch Operations Director John McGilp to an even-higher position in control over the lives of Indian Peoples has caused a rising tide of concern among native groups.

McGilp is identified with the collapse of the popular community development program in the mid 1960s when he was regional director of the Branch's Ontario office. Before that, as a school teacher in the Northwest Territories and Saskatchewan, the doughty Scotch immigrant aroused the ire of local residents because they felt his attitude condescending.

Too, McGilp is identified with the promotion of the now-discredited "White Paper" of 1969 which aimed at ending the special status of native peoples, and he is also associated with a series of disastrously unsuccessful attempts to get individual Indian bands to agree to land settlements which were opposed by regional or national native organizations.

Viewers of National Film Board of Canada's bridge-blockade film, *You Are On Indian Land*, will recall McGilp as the arch-typical bureaucrat sent down from Ottawa to cool things off. He also appears in the same

role in *God Help The Man Who'd Part With His Land*.

Native leaders cite numerous cases in which McGilp represented former minister Jean Chretien on "exploratory discussions" when he somehow managed to convey the impression that he was the bearer of final and non-negotiable offers. In 1972, eight band councils passed separate but identical resolutions refusing "to have any discussions with Mr. John McGilp". On that occasion, McGilp had settled a claim with the Hay River Band in the Northwest Territories in an attempt to split up the growing unity of native peoples in pressing land claims, and to set a precedent on the type of settlement Ottawa hoped to make.

More recently, McGilp headed a team of federal representatives meeting Indians from the Island Lake district in Manitoba. That meeting took place last August, ending with the federal team literally being held captive until McGilp would agree to sign a paper saying he would tell Chretien the proposals made were not acceptable and that the band leaders wanted a meeting with the minister.

McGilp's superiors in Indian Affairs have backed him up, describing him as "strong-minded" and "not given to procrastination." They say he follows departmental instructions well.

While Indian Affairs often is able to promote inefficient or difficult officials safely out of action in higher but innocuous offices, native people are worrying that McGilp will gain greater powers, leading to



high-handed actions and thus an increased sense of outrage by Canada's native people.

On the other hand, that might not be such a bad idea. [Thanks to Frank Howard for part of the information contained here.]

ALBERTA

Calgary, Alberta — The three-day occupation of the Indian Affairs Branch offices here was "unnecessary" according to Minister of Indian Affairs Judd Buchanan, and in December, he ordered the Calgary police to lay public mischief charges against two native men who took part in the November incident. The new get-tough mood was a change from previous attitudes to avoid criminal suits against Indians involved in sit-ins.

On February 21, Buchanan was in Alberta, and told representatives from the Treaty Seven area that "there was no necessity for a demonstration to get me to come and visit Alberta — all you had to do was ask me." He alleged that he had not even been asked to visit Alberta before the sit-in occurred.



Roy Littlechief

Roy Littlechief and Ed Burnstick dispute Buchanan's contention. "We never even got to talk with him on the phone," they said. "All proper channels were exhausted." Littlechief said he had been trying to get government funding for the Calgary Urban Treaty Indian Alliance (CUTIA) for two years now. The two men were making their fifth court appearance in the matter, and the case was again postponed.

Buchanan isn't likely to act favorably on the funding request, one of several demands which prompted the sit-in. "I think the Indian people have to increase their independence and decrease their dependence on Ottawa," he said in February. "The problem is money," he believes, and yet he doesn't believe that money should come from Indian Affairs. "I imagine we could spend \$1-billion a year and not solve all the problems on Indian reserves," he opined. He suggested that the Indian People should look "elsewhere" for the necessary funds.

[Thanks to Canadian University Press Service and Canadian Press for this information.]

Picture Butte, Alberta — Early on a clear cold morning during the Christmas Holiday season, a 12-year-old native boy demolished a liquor store here in a rampage of rage.

The youth's father is jobless. Both parents had been drinking heavily before the incident. While his name was withheld since his action was classed as juvenile delinquency rather than heroism, his people everywhere know why it all happened.

The liquor store which vended booze to his people was broken in, hundreds of bottles were smashed, tiles were ripped from the ceiling with a crowbar. Over \$4,000 worth of liquor was splashed on the floor amidst broken glass. The boy himself had been drinking — apparently for the first time in his life — before he headed for the store. When he was arrested, he was ranting about what he had seen alcohol do.

[Thanks to William Borders of the New York Times News Service for this information.]

B.C.

Nazko, British Columbia — Carrier Nation people of the Nazko and Klaskus bands are girding for the possibility they will have to take strong actions to prevent lumber companies from building roads through their area this spring.

In February, 1973, a consortium of five Quesnel sawmills, 65 miles to the east, proposed building a logging road from their timber stands to the mills. The area is inhabited by Carrier people, and the road would, among other things, cut off the water supply to Nazko village from Michelle Creek watershed.

Complaints were registered with B.C. Resources Minister Bob Williams, who allowed the roads to be started just the same. In May, 1974, Carrier people camped in front of a bulldozer to make their point a

little more clear. Williams agreed to a three-month moratorium, and shelled out \$25,000 for two studies.

The first study, coordinated by Walter Taylor, was encouraged by the native people to expand from consideration of a 17-mile-wide strip on either side of Michelle Creek to considering the entire Blackwater watershed. The creek flows into the Nazko River, which in turn flows into the Blackwater. That study concluded that an environmental planning board involving both native and non-native residents of the area should decide how the Blackwater region should be managed.

The second study, done by UBC anthropology professor J. Michael Kew, agrees with other experts that the Carrier people know what they're talking about in pointing out the bad effects the road will have from indiscriminate development of the area. Kew says the Carriers are determined to have control over their resources. Road blocks and sabotage are "forms of resistance that have been contemplated and informally discussed at Nazko," Kew reported to the province.

Meanwhile, John Ernst, president of Ernst Forest Products, one of the companies that wants the road built, thinks opposition is all the work of "agitators" being supported by federal grants. He hints that the road could be started anytime now.

Ernst says he doesn't see where the Nazko people have "a snowball's chance in hell" of stopping the logging. Besides, he says, the Nazkos "are the wealthiest people in the Cariboo, yet they live the poorest life. They are not making use of the land that is reserved for them, so why should they be given more when they don't use what they've got?" he says.

Len Marchand, member of Parliament for the area, says he thinks the native people should gain control of the area — providing they agree to log it off themselves. "The Indians should take out licenses to harvest the timber," he says. "The Federal Government would be very willing to set up a training program through Canada Manpower."

At present market prices, the area west of Nazko holds about \$1-billion worth of timber. Much of the land involved is claimed by the province.

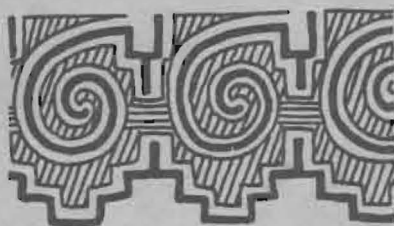
The lumber companies have attempted to stir up feelings against the native people by saying that if the road doesn't go through, there will be widespread unemployment. I.K. Barber, vice-president of Trip-Pac, another consortium member, says he will have to lay off 400 employees.

Dennis Patrick, Carrier band manager, explains that his people "know what has happened to other Indians across Canada when their old way of life gets smothered by someone else's progress and the Indians end up with nothing but booze, welfare, and despair."

The lands involved have never been ceded in any treaty. Reserves were set up unilaterally by a commission in 1876, a rather meaningless gesture when the country wasn't even surveyed. Then a gold rush brought settlers and diseases and the population almost died off. When the McBride/McKenna Commission came around four decades later, there was only a small population and the size of the reserve was diminished even more.

Victoria, British Columbia — The president of the British Columbia Association of Non-Status Indians (BCANSI) said February 4 that he expects violence this summer and in 1976 unless some action is taken by governments on the Indian land claims issue in B.C.

Fred House said he wasn't sure how much longer the young people can be held in check. "I hate to see it happen," he said, "but the native people are getting sick and tired of talk. We keep talking and nothing is done. I'm peaceful, but I'm afraid many will take the violent route and somebody will get hurt."



The following day, a committee met for many hours in Vancouver, emerging to announce that the B.C. Government had one more month to seriously discuss their demands. In a last minute effort to stave off action by native people demanding the return of lost lands, the New Democratic Party government, Canada's socialist party, agreed to sit down and talk it all over.

A cabinet committee headed by Welfare Minister Norm Levi will meet Penticton band chief Adam Eneas, chairman of a 23-band special committee, and others, to discuss 36,000 acres taken illegally from native people by a federal-provincial commission between 1913 and 1916. The NDP agreement came just one year after Osoyoos band chief Jim Stelkia and 200 of his people mounted demonstrations on Highway 97 at Okanagan Falls in order to protest the loss of 71 acres from their reserve.

There is, of course, the larger question of native lands taken by the colonists. But this dispute centers in on arrangements between former B.C. Premier Richard McBride and a Dominion of Canada Commissioner named McKenna who gave themselves the job of redistributing Indian land in the province. In the process, the commission chopped off 36,000 acres, including such choice tidbits as land now in downtown Penticton.

In that 1916 era, native people were nearly wiped out by disease and poverty. Today, says Adam Eneas, "Our people are frustrated and fed-up. They are prepared to go any lengths."

The provincial government has ignored the cut-off lands question for years, using the excuse that native claims are a federal matter. Now that the Liberal Party have a majority government in Ottawa, however, and the NDP no longer needs to be courted, Indian Affairs Minister Judd Buchanan has abandoned the province in mid-stream. The recently-appointed Buchanan seems to be creating a Mr. Clean image, first taking a cross-country "goodwill" tour of reservations, then in November announcing that the McKenna-McBride Commission had been a "fraud" and announced his support of the native position for a negotiated settlement with the province.

[Thanks to Stan Persky and the Western Voice and Canadian Press for his information.]

OTTAWA

Poplar Hill, Ontario — The entire Indian Affairs educational establishment has been driven out of this Cree settlement and all that remains is a destroyed school — a \$500,000 monument to something not quite right.

The five-room school, nearby teachers' quarters, and several construction trailers have been systematically destroyed. No children in the community, 180 miles north of Kenora, have gone to school since last year. That's when five teachers fled the settlement at the end of the school year, taking audio-visual equipment and whatever else of value they could pack in the plane out.

They knew what was going to happen next. No sooner had they left, but the school was gutted and scattered. "The school's two years old, and cost about half a million — now it's a salvage job," moaned William Henderson, an Indian Affairs official. He blamed alcohol for the situation — although what the alcohol can be blamed on is another matter.

Henderson said the idea was to give the native community a brand-new school, "something they could be proud of." But apparently, a building with rows of desks manned by outside educators wasn't quite what the community needed to boost its pride.



The destruction had been thorough: classroom floors are ankle-deep in glass, library books, teaching aids. Holes are punched in the walls big enough to walk through. All lighting fixtures have been pulled down or shot out. Stoves, refrigerators, and a furnace have been wrecked. Aluminum siding has been ripped free. Hockey equipment has been set afire.

Once before the teachers had left for a few days, actually to go to Red Lake to testify in court about vandalism. When they got back, they entered their apartments to find their clothing torn to shreds.

Not too long ago, Poplar Hills was a fairly quiet self-sufficient community. Family units were common in the bush, hunting, fishing and trapping together.

Guess what changed that? Schooling. Parents were forced to stay at home so their children could attend school. Not only was the trapline life impossible, but the things the children were taught tended to undermine community, identity, and the entire social fabric.

Indian Affairs wants to get the school started again. William Rhee, regional IAB official, says the least the community could do is to clean the wrecked school up. But so far, no one has been inclined to do that.

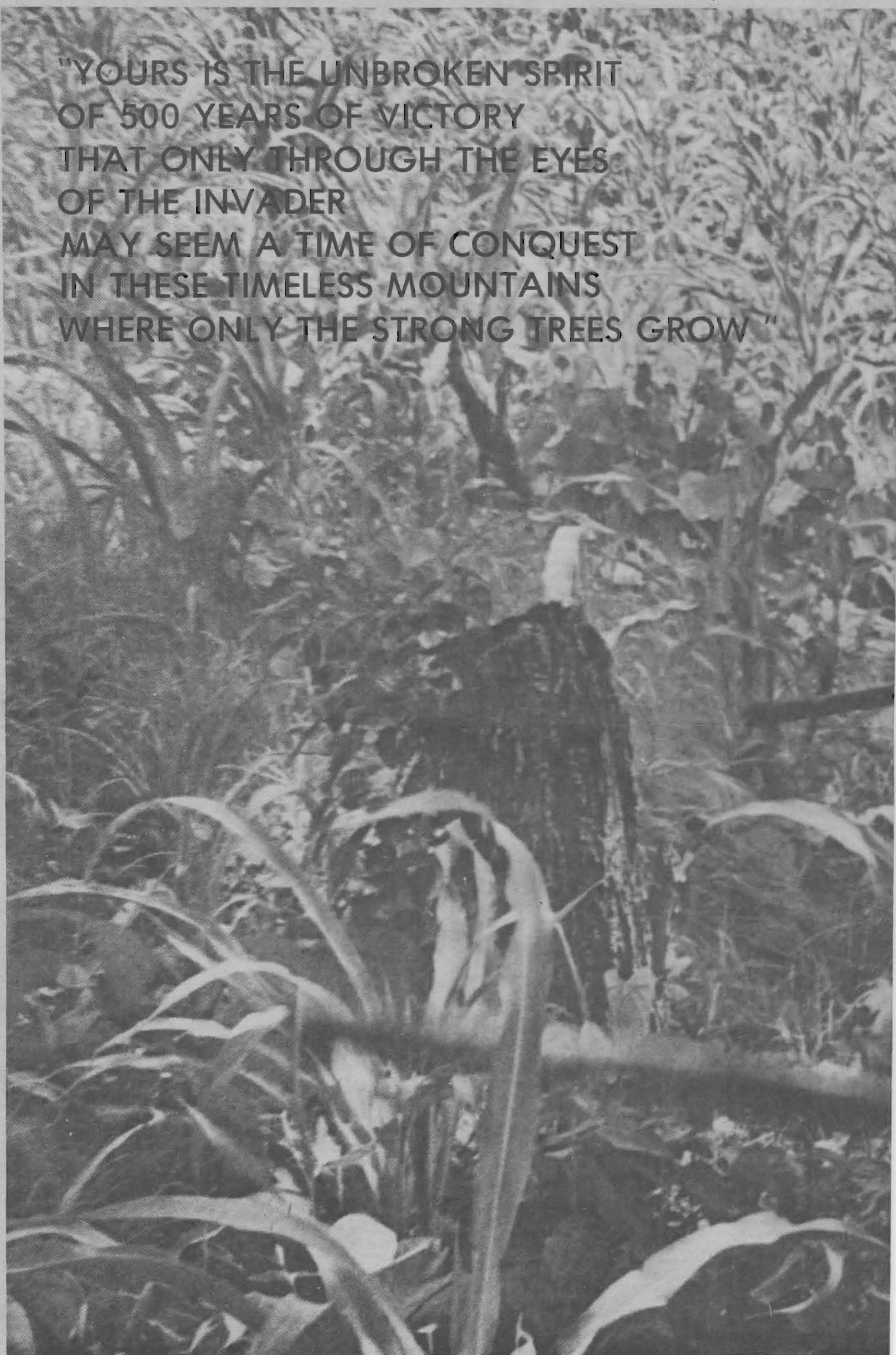
[Thanks to Derik Hodgson, writing in the Toronto Globe & Mail, for this information.]

Ottawa, Canada — The National Indian Brotherhood, under the active leadership of president George Manuel, is sponsoring an International Conference of Indigenous People to be held this Autumn in Canada, perhaps on Vancouver Island.

The idea developed during Manuel's visits to the Maori of New Zealand, the Aborigines of Australia, and the Same in Scandinavia during 1971-72. A planning conference was held in Georgetown, Guyana, last April.

The conference will be for the exchange of information, to strengthen voluntary associations of indigenous people, and possibly to set up a permanent international organization of indigenous people. The hope would be that such a group would be able to combat racism, eliminate genocide, and to strengthen concepts of indigenous and cultural rights.

"YOURS IS THE UNBROKEN SPIRIT
OF 500 YEARS OF VICTORY
THAT ONLY THROUGH THE EYES
OF THE INVADER
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IN THESE TIMELESS MOUNTAINS
WHERE ONLY THE STRONG TREES GROW "



Thanks to David Campbell, whose words appear here. They are quoted from his book, *Mayas*, published by Scrimshaw Press and available from AKWESASNE NOTES for \$6.95. This postcard plus 25 cents for mailing, or 50 cents each, all of one kind, or a mixed set. Order



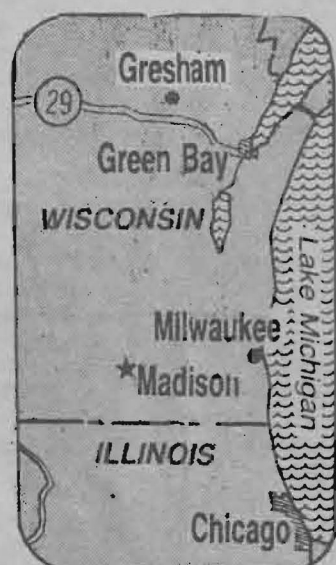
poem, Momostenango Shoe-shine Boy, which appears in this issue. Thanks too to Frank
otos in his book, "Another Place: Photographs of a Maya Community," published by
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om: AKWESASNE NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Rooseveltown, N.Y. 13683.

ALEXIAN BROTHERS RETURN LAND TO MENOMINEES

Gresham, Wisconsin — A group of armed native people evacuated a monastery here February 3 after a 34-day occupation. Although the Menominee Warrior Society claimed victory, members were taken immediately in handcuffs to the Shawano County Jail where they sat in their cells quietly singing tribal songs.

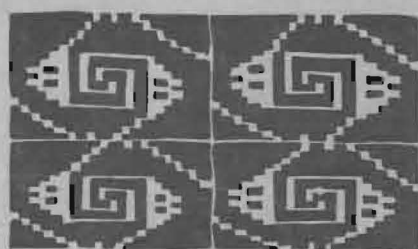
As the arrested persons were taken off to jail, about 200 state policemen guarded key points along the snow-covered roads for the eight-mile trip to Shawano, in order to prevent a repetition of the unidentified gunfire which had broken out earlier and threatened Indian lives.

Robert Bryan, a lawyer negotiating for the Menominee Warrior Society, had demanded assurances of safe conduct for the native force, and had accused local white residents of staging armed raids in snowmobiles. The end of the occupation had been delayed until protection from marauding whites could be arranged.



Fifteen men, fifteen women, and nine teenagers were charged with criminal trespass. Felony charges were laid against five considered to be the leadership, who were held on \$25,000 bail for four men and \$5,000 for one woman.

Mike Sturdevant, 30, of Neopit, who seemed to be in command of the occupation, was charged with armed robbery, armed burglary, and false imprisonment. Identical charges were filed against John Perote, 28; Robert Chevalier, 24; Doreen Dixon, 18, all of Neopit; and John Waubanasum, 26, of Green Bay. The five are accused in a sheriff's complaint of stealing cash, rifles, and clothing from the caretaker and his family, and of illegally imprisoning them temporarily.



One court subpoena was issued to Owen Luck, a freelance photographer who spent three weeks inside the abbey. He said he represents Gamma Presse Images, a French newsgathering organization. He was ordered to take into court all photographs, film, and written material that he possessed dealing with the occupation.

A week later, an explosion, evidently caused by a bomb, shattered windows in Shawano, but there were no injuries. The blast was in a business district alley, and there were no arrests by police or FBI.

The 225-acre estate is owned by the Alexian Brothers. The Menominees wanted the 64-room monastery as a social/medical/educational centre. When Alexian officials commenced negotiations with the Menominees, they said they wanted \$750,000 for the estate. However, the final agreement signed two days before the occupation ended called only for "fair reimbursement."

The Alexian Brothers order came to the U.S. from Aachen, Germany at the end of the American Civil War. The order had evolved from the needs of victims

of the Black Death in 14th Century Europe, and has been primarily connected with medical services. It operates 4 general hospitals: Chicago, Elizabeth, N.J.; San Jose, California; and St. Louis. It is also affiliated with Boys Town, Nebraska, and has a residence for retired men and women at Signal Mountain, Tennessee.

The novitiate had received the property in 1950 from Mrs. Jennie Peters, heir to National Biscuit Company fortunes. Then, in 1962, Vatican Council II decreed that all Roman Catholic orders provide college-level training for their novices. For a while, the Alexians started sending their trainees back and forth from St. Norbert College in DePere, a 110-mile round trip. Then it was decided to move to Chicago.

The site was proposed in 1971 for a State Patrol Training Academy, but legislation was not enacted. Brother Florian Eberly, national president of the Alexian Brothers, said his order and an Indian group had been negotiating a lease for the purchase of the estate so it could be used as a rehabilitation center. He said there were no prior indications of a takeover. Lorena Webster, a representative of the Green Bay, Wisconsin, Alcohol and Drug Abuse Council, a native organization, said the program had virtually completed arrangements for the lease of the building and had a federal grant to run the program.

"We have done this because the building and the land is needed for the poor people of this area," a spokesman for the Warrior Society said. "This should have been done long before now. We did it on this date because we wanted to start the New Year right for the poor people. We had to take this action because the government of this country has forced us to sell our heritage. It is the government's fault that we have had to become poor just to live and pay their taxes. White people have been talking about using this for other white people, for white uses. We are here now to claim it for our people — the people who originally lived on this land."

The Warrior Society took over the monastery shortly after midnight on New Year's Day. Caretaker Joe Plonka, his wife, and their two children were held hostage for about two hours until officials of the Roman Catholic order agreed to talk. Sheriff Robert Montour said the native force was heavily armed, but Warrior Society spokesmen claimed the takeover group had only "hunting equipment."

FBI agents were on the scene to determine if there were any violations of federal law.

Alexian Brothers monastery in Gresham

... ironically, the order was named after Alexius, a Syrian saint who gave away all his wealth and became a beggar

In the early days of the occupation, the Warriors Society rejected an offer of immunity from prosecution and demanded to negotiate directly with the Alexian Brothers instead of the police. No food or other supplies were permitted inside police barricades.

Circuit Court Judge Gordon Myse of Appleton entered the monastery soon after the takeover to attempt negotiations. He left, commenting only that he had been unsuccessful. Others said he had told the Warriors group that he would guarantee they would not be prosecuted if they would leave peacefully.

Isaac Jacobs, a member of the tribal council, said the majority of the Menominees supported the takeover,

although there was a faction who did not. Ada Deer, chairman of the Menominee Restoration Council which is organizing the tribe's return to reservation status after years of termination, said the Warrior's Society was a splinter group acting without the blessings of the tribal council. Jacobs said the abbey was on tribal land, but Deer said it was not.

The Menominee Restoration Committee, the official tribal government of the Menominees, had urged the Warriors' Society to leave the building. "We do not condone unlawful taking of property by anyone, be it Indian or white," the committee said.

Jacobs, 64, blamed his generation for the problems of the Menominees. "We've let the whole deal go too long, the restoration, the whole mess," Jacobs said. "I feel as though much of us older people are to blame for what's taking place here."



Deer was critical of the occupiers. "We almost had the whole thing worked out before they came in and messed things up," she said. "We've had twenty years of incompetence, deprivation and neglect under termination, and that's not solved instantly. It needs sustained community involvement."

The Warriors' Society, in turn called Deer and the committee "establishment figures," insensitive to tribal needs, and interested only in maintaining positions of power. Ironically, five years ago when Deer and other committee members were leading the drive for restoration of federal recognition for the Menominees, they were considered the "radicals" and called "renegades" and "anarchists" by local whites and the tribal leaders of that time.

In 1970, the Menominees held protest marches and demonstrations against the U.S. policy of termination. In 1961, the 250,000-acre reservation had been dissolved, becoming an ordinary Wisconsin county, losing its tax-exempt status, its schools and federal health services. The Menominees had been considered prosperous, but after termination, they became impoverished, financially crushed by taxes, and forced to sell their



land to eager real estate developers. Congress reinstated the Menominees last year, and Deer's group won enough tribal support to take over all of its elective offices.

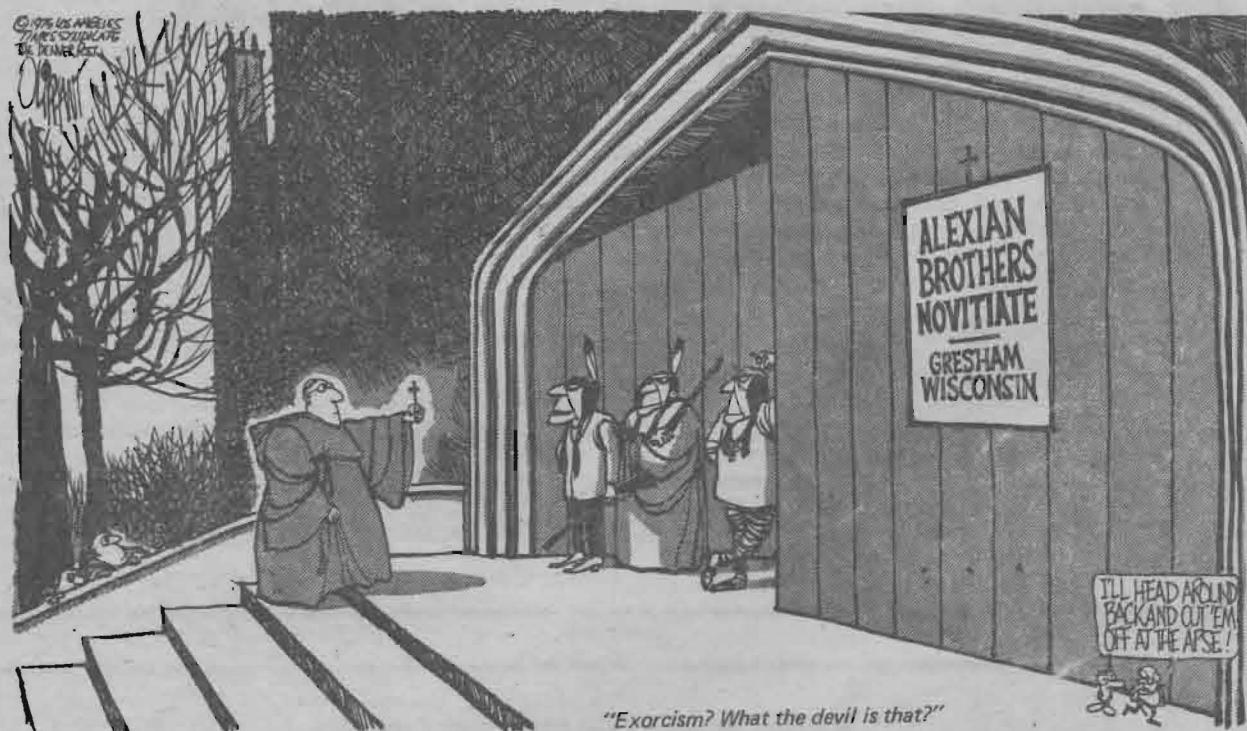
Most of the recent Menominee tribal leadership came from tribal women, with women holding five of the nine seats in the tribe's governing body. That fact led white residents to view the struggle as a men vs. women situation, claiming that the Warriors' Society members felt it was time for some strong male figures to step into control.

The restoration committee felt the same way, accusing the young militants of staging the takeover in retaliation

tion for their 3-to-1 loss in the recent tribal elections. It says the Warriors' Society just wanted to sabotage the proposal the tribal government had endorsed for conversion of the monastery to an alcoholic rehabilitation center.

Two events which preceded the takeover — but which had no direct connection with it — had charged the atmosphere on the reservation. On Thanksgiving Day, The Rev. Marcellus Cabo, a Catholic priest who had been at Neopit for 20 years, was found stabbed to death. John Latender, 28, a Menominee, turned himself in before the body was found. It is alleged that he broke into St. Anthony's Catholic Church to take money collected from a rummage sale, he was discovered by Father Cabo, and he stabbed him.

Then on December 13, the reservation branch of the Shawano National Bank at Keshena was robbed by two armed men. The FBI thinks the two participated in the occupation of the novitiate.



Some observers felt the political atmosphere and those incidents provided the climate for the takeover. "This latent feeling was just ready to blossom," one observer said. "I don't think they had a goal in mind when they took it over. It was a place to take and identify with and to say something with."

Early in the occupation, Dennis Banks and Russell Means had arrived in the area. Banks participated in the opening negotiations. When white snowmobilers threatened to disrupt the meetings, Banks called them off, and left for Seattle.

The next day, the negotiations got moving again, but without AIM participation. AIM members inside the novitiate said they didn't even know negotiations were going on, and the following day, they left, saying the situation inside was deteriorating — the people were squabbling and leaders were not keeping the group informed.

That same day, a committee appointed by Ada Deer to represent the Menominee Restoration Committee joined the negotiations. They took with them a proposal that had been put together after she called in representatives of other national Indian organizations "to come here and help us."

Although she initially was bitter in opposition to the occupation and after called the novitiate a "white elephant," she seemed reconciled to the situation during that January 19 press conference before negotiating. "I accept my share of criticism," she said. Mike Chosa had been sent in by the National Congress of American Indians, and Rick Backer of the National Tribal Chairman's Association responded. Citing the racism which was engulfing them as "one of the chief causes of this occupation which has been conducted by frustrated Indian people with the best of motives," she jabbed at the inequalities of justice which caused "large numbers of Indians to be arrested and jailed," judges who weighed the scales of justice, adoptions of Indian children by non-Indians, and other similar situations.

"The pressure by white citizens on our lands and treaty rights is unrelenting. The churches have failed us because they have not taken these moral issues to their members," she said. She called on native groups for change, too. "It is time for all tribes to examine their governmental structures to be certain that all tribal members are represented." All tribal members at the novitiate would be welcomed to participate in tribal government, she said.

A white/Indian committee took over clean-up and maintenance tasks during the transition period to Menominee ownership. They complained of "despicable lack of cooperation" from sheriff Sandy Montour and feared the return of vigilantes who say the Indians will never get to occupy the structure. Committee members charged that the sheriff's department was responsible for the mess they found after the takeover, caused by officers looking for weapons. "I think it was left that way deliberately," said Gordon Dickie.

Ada Deer, Shirley Daly, and Sylvia Wilbur, members of the Menominee Restoration Committee, say they would rather resign than to accept the property. "My name is never going on that thing," Ada Deer says.



"It remains in question whether or not the tribe wants to accept the gigantic building," Al Fowler wrote in *Aq-u-a-chamine* the Menominee Restoration Committee newsletter. "It is cited that the acceptance of the property may pose a tremendous financial burden on the tribe. In a recent feasibility study done by the Wisconsin Department of Transportation, it was estimated to cost \$344,000 to renovate the monastery and convert it into a training academy for State Police. The cost would be similar for converting it into an educational facility. The Alexian Brothers are quoted

"Exorcism? What the devil is that?"

— thanks to Oliphant/Los Angeles Times Syndicate/Denver Post

as saying that it costs nearly \$40,000 per year for heating and general maintenance."

Fowler charged that the tribal lumber industry lost customers and had to lay off employees, and that the takeover caused merchants in Shawano to place signs in the stores saying, "We don't cater to Indians." "Many tribal members feel that nothing has been gained as a result of the takeover," he said in his article.

So, while the occupiers felt it was a victory, Ada Deer called it an exercise in foolishness and futility. The final agreement called for the Alexian Brothers to sell the property to the Menominee Tribe, but tribal officials want nothing to do with the abbey. She said that the buildings and land were virtually useless to them, and that she and many other Menominees are deeply embittered over the way AIM people came in to negotiations while the council was excluded.

Regardless, there is no doubt that many white people in the area are outraged, and the delicate social balance between Indians and whites was totally polarized. Menominees said they were afraid to enter Shawano to shop. Everyone wondered when the white vigilantes would pick up their guns again.

In Shawano, two carloads of men attempted to firebomb a nightclub belonging to a member of the Shawano County Concerned Citizens Committee, a group of white men who have criticized the "coddling" of the occupation force. The bomb shattered a plate glass window, but there was no fire. The incident happened after the nighttime attacks on the monastery.

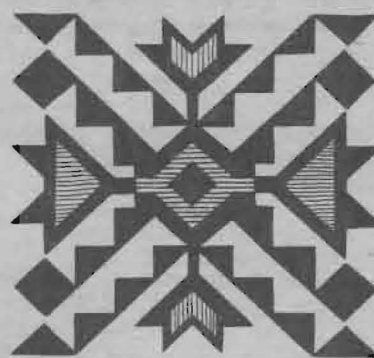
The day before, a white snowmobiler was shot in the head by an unknown assailant who eluded police in the dense woods near the abbey. The victim was in satisfactory condition in the hospital.

Arthur Kriewaldt, town chairman for Richmond, the municipality in which the abbey sits, said the Menominees couldn't use the building even if they did own it. He said the zoning called for residential use only, and that wasn't about to be changed. "After all the trouble this thing has caused," Kriewaldt said, "do you think we'd be so crazy as to let them use that place? No way."

Telephones and electrical service to the building were cut off. On occasion, cease-fires between occupiers and police were negotiated, although they were later broken by outbreaks and had to be reinstated.

However, after a few days, Col. Hugh Simonson of the National Guard said he would restore food, heat, power, and telephones as a show of good faith to aid negotiations. The Guard replaced local police officials on January 7. Simonson described the tone of the negotiations as "strictly cordial." "I trust the people I'm dealing with," he said. He allowed Neal Hawpetoss

to re-enter as chief negotiator after the local officials had caused negotiations to break down by preventing him from passing their blockade. Guardsmen carried unloaded rifles, but ammunition was close at hand.



The attitudes of white townspeople in the Gresham area concerned police and state officials as much, if not more, than the occupation itself.

"They ought to be shot," one man told newsmen. "That's what they do to white students who take over buildings."

A rally of about 100 residents gave three cheers to Sheriff Montour for his handling of the situation. "We can't hunt on the Indians' land. We can't even snowmobile," one woman at the rally complained.

"If they won't follow the law, we won't either," said Darwin Drake of Gresham. Meanwhile, more than 200 law enforcement officials from 16 counties swarmed the motels and restaurants of Shawano, boasting about the new scopes on their rifles.

After the initial mobilization of the National Guard, Gov. Lucey ordered reinforcements in on February 1. The mile-long convoy including 14 armored personnel carriers and support vehicles, escorted by the Wisconsin State Patrol, would not only prevent reinforcements from reaching the occupiers, but would "make impossible the penetration of the guard perimeter by those who wish to assume the role of meddlers, vigilantes, or self-appointed law enforcement officials," Lucey said. He boosted the number of guardsmen from 400 to 750 in the face of vigilante threats to move in on the occupiers.

"They're all sacred souls in there. I want them to come out with their heads up," Simonson told newsmen during the height of the occupation. He said that he operated from the premise that "war is hell" and was to be avoided. He is a native of Wisconsin.

Local people didn't seem to agree with Simonson's views. "If they get this, there'll be no stopping them," said Bess Reible, the proprietor of an old-fashioned hotel and bar.



— AP photo

Doreen Dixon casts a look back as she is led into the Shawano County Courthouse for hearings.

"It makes me so damn mad to see someone just be let go in and take over someone's private property. I have to work for everything I have," another woman in Shawano said as she advocated letting the sheriff have a go at the occupiers with tear-gas.

The National Guard allowed several mediators to leave the abbey under immunity from arrest, including Dr. Herbert Carr of the Indian Health Service, a nurse, two clergymen including civil rights activist the Rev. James E. Groppi, and native rights supporter Marlon Brando. Brando headed for Los Angeles to raise bail funds for those in jail.

"I regard the men inside as prisoners of war and they should be treated as such," said Brando, his eyes red from lack of sleep. He said he could see no point in the

(continued on next page)

United States talking about self-determination in Vietnam if it wasn't prepared to guarantee it for native peoples at home.

Brando had come under gunfire in the three days he was at the abbey. "We were up there on the roof and the bullets started to fly all around us. Then there was a certain kind of reality," he said. "It's the first time I was ever under fire." During the last days of the occupation, the monastery had come under heavy gunfire on a number of occasions in the nighttime. Brando praised both the National Guard and the people in the monastery saying they had behaved with admirable calm during the attacks by the unknown assailants.

Authorities estimated the cost of the siege would amount to more than the \$750,000 the Alexian Brothers had originally asked for the estate. The National Guard said its costs would be over \$500,000, the state said it had 50 troopers on the scene costing \$87,000, and county officials said they estimated costs would run about \$300,000.

Colonel Simonson ended up a white scapegoat because he said the abbey wasn't worth risking a single life for. For this, his own people nicknamed him "Simple Simonson." Confronted by several hundred angry white people on the 12th day of the takeover, Simonson agreed he could remove the intruders in an hour with a bloody armed attack which would virtually level the building. "But do you think the penalty for the takeover should be death?" he asked the crowd. "Yes!" many of the jeering audience shouted back.

After the occupation was over, Simonson said white pressures on him to oust the Indians represented a "barbaric mentality." "They expected us to come in here and solve 300 years of inequities," he said in an interview with the Milwaukee Journal.

Father Groppi, who had been active in Milwaukee civil rights activism in the late 1960s, said he went because to join the occupiers at Gresham because "if there was going to be blood spilled, I thought, it should be church blood, my blood." He also noted the racism implicit in the arrests after the occupation: white people leaving the monastery were passed by, while all Indians were charged.

During a preliminary hearing on February 14 for the five persons charged with felonies, the defendants barricaded themselves in a jury room for three hours. The lock-in had started when several armed guards grabbed women relatives of the defendants, man-handled them, and forcibly prevented them from sitting in the front rows of the courtroom which had been reserved for the press. The defendants rushed to the aid of the women.

County Judge Frederick Fowle, who was still in his chambers, simply ordered the courtroom cleared of Indian supporters without even bothering to survey the scene. Police shoved the supporters into the outside corridor. Meanwhile, the five defendants locked themselves in the jury room adjacent to the courtroom, barricading the door, saying they would not come into the court until their relatives could be there. The judge then ordered police to subdue them, and a dozen officers smashed down the door, wrestled the struggling defendants into handcuffs, and brought them out into the courtroom.

Almost simultaneously, the police assault on the Menominee supporters began. Shawano County Sheriff Robert Montour had given them five minutes to clear the hallway. Ninety seconds later, he ordered his men to attack and they charged forward, flailing rifle butts, and Macing men, women, and children indiscriminately.

When the noise subsided, Judge Fowle ordered the hearing resumed as though nothing had happened. When the defendants hollered at him, he ordered them bound and gagged.

"More people were hurt within a ten-minute span in the courthouse than during the entire 34-day period of the occupation," lawyer Robert Bryan of Birmingham, Alabama said. "There were split heads, busted hands, children even sprayed in their faces with Mace. What happened was a mockery of justice."

While some observers billed the conflict as the men vs. the women, a significant number of the female Menominees have supported the males in their drive to get rid of the women on council. On January 19, 200 tribal members, including many women, denounced the presence of women in tribal government.

Some Menominees believe the whole restoration is a gigantic hoax. The Restoration Act does not provide for the restoration of Menominee treaties, which were terminated at the same time the Menominees were terminated, for instance.

Persons wishing to support the defense of the arrested Menominees can write: Menominee Legal Defense/Offense Committee, Box 152, Keshena, Wisconsin 54135.

[Thanks to Harlan Draeger of the Chicago Daily News; the Green Bay Daily News; William Mullen of the Chicago Tribune; Leila Pine of the Wisconsin State Journal, United Press International, Associated Press, Runa Simi, the Madison Capital Times and Reuters; also William Farrell of the New York Times News Service; Dennis Cassano of the Minneapolis Tribune, Jeffrey Kay of the Los Angeles Free Press, The Guardian, and the Wisconsin Patriot for information used here.]

Early Spring, 1975 / AKWESASNE NOTES / Page 28

"Gunfire need not be automatic recourse for a challenged society."

[This editorial is by national communist Tom Wicker and is reprinted from the New York Times.]

The settlement by which a Menominee Indian force peacefully evacuated a Roman Catholic novitiate in Wisconsin, and under which the 262-acre property is to be deeded to the Menominee nation for \$1 and "future considerations" appears to have been a triumph of good sense and humanity. Nobody was killed on either side, the forces of law and order are being officially served, and the Menominees will regain possession of a property they regarded as historically their own.

The Menominee settlement, moreover, may signal an easing of what American Indians consider the hostility of the Roman Catholic Church toward them and their claims. At the peak of the Wisconsin siege, when it appeared possible that the National Guard would storm the novitiate and the Menominee warriors holding it, the Alexian Brothers sought the counsel of the Apostolic Delegate in Washington. His advice was sensible and crucial — an empty novitiate was not worth a single life.

At about the same time, Governor Pat Lucey of Wisconsin was putting a hard question to the Alexians. Did they really want him to order force used to regain a property they had all but abandoned? Particularly when Col. Hugh Simonson, commanding the National Guard units surrounding the novitiate, had said, "There are dedicated people in there who are going to stay until they get an honorable agreement. I know there are people who will die for this cause."

The Alexians did not want to force that issue, and in the end, they participated in the necessary "honorable agreement" — as did the occupying Menominee warriors, who dropped their demand for amnesty, and who have now been charged with misdemeanors except for five felony counts against the leaders. Title to the novitiate, however, will be deeded to the whole Menominee nation.

Governor Lucey and Colonel Simonson seem to have handled this prickly matter with intelligence and firmness toward both sides. Bringing in the National Guard at the appropriate moment enable the Governor to supersede hostile local authorities without appearing weak; and Colonel Simonson's handling of the Guard — including ordering them to patrol with unloaded weapons — won praise even from the Menominees. The lesson — too late to prevent Kent State, Jackson State, Attica and other atrocities — is that gunfire need not be the automatic recourse of a challenged society.



Some more militant Indians may continue to consider the criminal charges unwarranted, and many whites in the vicinity of the novitiate are apparently angered by the settlement on grounds that the Menominees, in effect, seized the property and were rewarded with its ownership. But that raises questions no white American ought to consider without shame — to whom did these disputed lands originally belong? By what disreputable means did non-Indian property owners first take title to them?

Those are questions that some American Indians are determined to press to a remarkable conclusion — the renewed recognition by the United States of the sovereignty of the 300-odd Indian nations. That sovereignty would include the ownership of lands originally recognized in solemn treaties with the Indian nations.

Wiping Clean the Trail of Broken Treaties

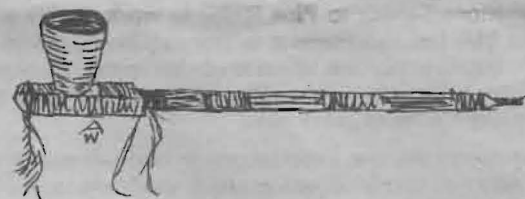
[This editorial opinion is by Chuck Stone, columnist for Philadelphia Daily News, a black advocate of native and human rights. It is excerpted from his column for February 4, 1975.]

Indians can turn to the wisdom of Woodrow Wilson in justification of their occupations: "We have forgotten the very principle of our origin if we have forgotten how to object, how to resist, how to agitate, how to pull down and build up, even to the extent of revolutionary practices, if it is necessary to readjust matters."

Gresham, like Wounded Knee, are consciousness-raising political statements which seek to "readjust matters"...

In Indian spokesman Vine Deloria Jr.'s latest book, Behind the Trail of Broken Treaties, he brilliantly outlines the historical events that led to Wounded

Knee. "The idea that Indian problems are some form of exotic domestic disturbance will simply not hold water in view of the persistent attitude of Indians that they have superior rights to national existence which the United States must respect."



To wipe clean that trail of broken treaties, the U.S. must first recognize the Indians as a sovereign people...

"The Alexian Brothers did no one a favor by caving in."

[A contrary view to Tom Wicker and Chuck Stone is expressed by Andrew Greeley, a columnist for Universal Press Syndicate. These excerpts come from his January 23 column in the Denver Post.]

The Alexian Brothers did no one any favors by caving in to Menominee Indian terrorists. Suppose the IRA takes over the Brothers' hospital in Chicago and holds it until prisoners at the Long Kesh concentration camp in Ulster are released?...

Eventually, someone is going to get killed in such takeovers. And the blood will be on the Alexian Brothers' hands. Of course, the Brothers were under pressure. Publicity-seeking clowns like Father Groppi

and Marlon Brando were on the scene as were the busybodies from the National Council of Churches.

Tom Wicker, the moral paragon of the New York Times, thinks it would be great if each of the Indian tribes becomes a separate nation again — like the black enclaves in South Africa. Of course, such nations would not be politically or economically viable, and there is no sign that the majority of "native Americans" want to be anything else but Americans. And they must live and work in peaceful coalitions with their white neighbor to right the wrongs of the past. Taking over buildings by force and blackmailing owners simply postpones the possibility of such coalitions...

Following The Sermon on the Mount

[This opinion is excerpted from a longer column by Dr. James P. Shannon, copyright 1975 by the Minneapolis Tribune.]

... Our national policy for two centuries has systematically worked to deprive the American Indians of their land, their culture, their identity and their personal integrity. The Alexian Brothers, acting formally and deliberately on the premises of The Sermon on the Mount, have decided to cast their lot with the Menominees.

Just think what might happen at Gresham if a few other believers decided to pledge their help, talent and money to build up whatever kind of native American health or educational facility the Menominees are finally able to bring off. The Alexians have a clear

concept of what it means to follow Jesus Christ in these tough times. Their decision could be a turning point in our childish national game of cowboys and Indians. It may also be an occasion of grace for persons who are genuinely concerned about finding new paths of reconciliation between native Americans and society at large.

[Time Magazine also was upset by the settlement at Gresham. This editorial appeared in its February 17 edition, reprinted here in part.]

The American Indians are winning some battles with the white man these days, and while at first glance that might seem only a just historical retribution, the rule of law is suffering in the process... The price of compassion in this instance will be to encourage any group in U.S. society with real or fancied grievances to take the law into their own hands.

Special Grand Jury To Investigate The Pine Ridge Scene....

Pine Ridge, South Dakota — Killings, beatings, intimidation, property damage, and operation of a police state by tribal officials is an old story here. The repression was so great in 1973, the dramatic occupation of Wounded Knee took place, but even that failed to halt the U.S. Government's support of a corrupt regime.

Now, apparently, the situation has gone too far, "important people" have been hurt to the embarrassment of federal officials, and there is the appearance of action. On March 12, Assistant U.S. Attorney General J. Stanley Pottinger announced the convening of a special grand jury to investigate the goings-on, and BIA Commissioner Morris Thompson on March 17 announced he was taking "several steps".

Whether this will mean new repression and further reinforcement of a tribal government which Lakota people say serves non-native interests more than their own, or whether the U.S. has finally decided to clean up its act is yet to be seen.

Citing the number of incidents of violence and disruption "in recent weeks," Pottinger said the grand jury would look into the situation as a "fact-finding agency with the power, the authority, and the constitutional duty to seek the truth from sworn witnesses."

Despite the fact that persons injured in beatings have sought to lay charges against tribal officials, Pottinger said that it would only be after careful examination of the witness' testimony and "exhaustive analysis of the FBI reports" that "we can make any determination whether indictments charging violations of federal criminal laws may be sought against any person or persons."

One of the federal officials who Lakota people have often pointed to as a blockade in their campaign to get justice is William Clayton, U.S. Attorney for South Dakota. They say that he dragged his feet when it came to indicting tribal officials and members of the terrorist "goon squad", but that he is quick to action in ordering the arrest of American Indian Movement supporters. Clayton will be in charge of presenting witnesses to the grand jury.

Thompson says his plan will "help the Oglala Sioux Tribe find solutions to the causes which are disrupting the quality of life on the reservation." He detailed a BIA special officer and ten members of the Special Operations Service to Pine Ridge to work closely with local BIA law enforcement personnel there. He said he was also asking the Justice Department to assign additional judicial staff to Pine Ridge to eliminate the current backlog of cases there.

Thompson said he believed more well-trained police officers and upgraded jails would help somehow.

Rogers Morton, Secretary of the Interior, appointed a six-member commission from key offices within the Interior Department, including the BIA to do a study of the situation there, meaning "development of policies, programs and services to meet the needs of the reservation communities." The blue-ribbon commission will "work closely with the tribal government, staff, and Indian community leaders," Thompson said.

He added that his actions should "in no way be thought of as a 'takeover' of the Pine Ridge Reservation or its tribal government." Rather, he said, "they should be viewed as a positive action" to find "the best possible solutions."

This is what happened to cause all the attention:

Dick Wilson's Immunity

A Wounded Knee defendant, lawyers, and legal workers were assaulted and badly beaten on the Pine Ridge Reservation by tribal president Richard Wilson and about fifteen other men on February 26.

William Rossmore, a Connecticut lawyer who had volunteered to defend Bernardo Escamilla on charges stemming from his participation in the Wounded Knee occupation, had rented a small plane to fly from Rapid City to Pine Ridge. The plane landed at the government airport there, where they were joined by Eda

Dick Wilson, tribal chairman at Pine Ridge

... Washington might decide to pull the strings again — tighter



The legal team locked themselves in their vehicle, a convertible, but the thugs slashed the canvas top and smashed all windows to force the occupants out of the car. Finzel told the men there must be some mistake, and asked to see Wilson, who was standing in the background. He said that Wilson appeared at the side of the car and was asked, "What do you want us to do with him, Dick?"

"I want you to stomp 'em," Wilson replied, Finzel said.

The legal workers say they were then pulled from the car, stomped, kicked, and pummelled to the ground. Frinzel's face was slashed at with a knife, cutting Eda Gordon's hand as she attempted to shield him.

Eventually, the attackers let up, ordering the group to leave: "You'd better not tell anybody about this," they said. "Get the hell out of here — if you come back, we'll kill you."

The group had their wounds treated at a Rapid City hospital. All were released except Escamilla, who was kept in for further treatment.

Wilson is under a federal court injunction forbidding him to interfere with the investigative activities of legal workers dealing with Wounded Knee defendants.

"The so-called breakdown of law and order on the Pine Ridge Reservation is attributable to Dick Wilson and his goons, as it was in 1973," WKLDLOC said in a press release. "Wounded Knee 1973 happened because there was no other way to bring to light the tyrannical and murderous Wilson regime. Wilson retained his power with the collusion of the U.S. Government in 1973, and even though the Justice Department in July, 1974, and the United States Commission on Civil Rights in January, 1975, have declared his re-election a fraud and a sham, nothing is being done to bring freedom from tyranny to the Oglala people."

So far, law enforcement officials have not moved against any of those persons involved in the assaults at the Pine Ridge airport.

"Upcoming prosecutions should be halted until the safety of the defendants, their lawyers, and investigators can be completely guaranteed, and Oglala people on the Pine Ridge Reservation can be free to speak out about what happened at Wounded Knee," said Martha Copleman. She is from New Jersey, and a volunteer attorney aiding WKLDLOC.

Complaints were filed with the U.S. Attorney and FBI about the assault.

Other Goon Squad Activity

Pine Ridge tension continued to build with a series of incidents. Tribal elder Matthew King, a strong AIM supporter, had his home in Kyle shot up while the family was inside. After the March 3 night-rider incident, BIA police found 18 bullet holes in King's house.

Ellen Moves Camp, another Oglala active at Wounded Knee, had her home surrounded by goon squad members on March 10. She said they threatened to kill her and her family.

Violence is a way of life at Pine Ridge. On one not-too-untypical weekend, January 6, the 11,000-person community saw Leo Swift Bird stabbed and killed, Vincent Tilcher was shot in the stomach, Eugene Eagle Hawk and Melvin Richards were treated for knife wounds, two bullets were fired into the residence of BIA policeman Eli Conroy at Allen, and a woman took after three police officers with a butcher knife. Not all of these incidents were political, but the increased tensions and frequent violence has heightened even some mild family arguments to bloodshed.

In February, a policeman at Porcupine who had been one of the few who would give protection against the goons was himself shot and killed.

Crackdown on AIM Continues

If the police appear to be slow in moving against Dick Wilson or the goons, they are seemingly efficient when it comes to AIM. Two days after the goon attack, twenty persons associated with AIM were jailed in three separate incidents March 1 and 2.

Russell Means Charged With Murder

AIM leader Russell Means has been charged with murder in the shooting of a Kyle, S.D., man, Martin Montileaux, 28, at the Longhorn Bar in Scenic, South Dakota, on March 1.

According to AIM attorney Ken Tilsen, Montileaux told a government prosecutor that Means did not shoot him, but that one of Means' friends did. Montileaux was taken to hospital after the shooting, and did not die until March 7. Also held by police is Richard Marshall. Bail for Means was set at \$30,000, and for Marshall, \$20,000. The men are held in Pennington County Jail in Rapid City.

According to police, the shooting took place in the restroom of the bar. A small caliber weapon shot Montileaux in the neck. Means has denied knowledge of the shooting. He was dragged from a car after the event. AIM spokesmen say sheriff's deputies clubbed Means with a gun butt, causing a three-inch gash under his right eye that took twelve stitches to close. Five other persons with Means were also arrested and jailed, but have since been released.

Then in Denver, Means' brother, Bill, and five others were arrested on narcotics charges, apparently for possession of a small quantity of marijuana.

At Hot Springs, South Dakota, seven persons were held by a county sheriff on "criminal syndicalism" charges after tip-offs by an informer led police to set up a roadblock. Included in the arrests was Herb Powless of Milwaukee, who is a co-defendant with Means on other charges in Phoenix.

Ken Tilsen, speaking for AIM, said the weekend of arrests "smacks of the same kind of dragnet arrests that were used in the Palmer raids and at times against the Black Panthers. He charged the timing was designed to swing attention away from the goon activity at Pine Ridge.

In the Hot Springs bust, police say they found explosives and also were holding the seven on "suspicion of possible possession of machine guns."

The series of arrests also coincided with the second anniversary of the seizure of Wounded Knee.

U.S. Civil Rights Commission Alleges Fraud

In January, the U.S. Civil Rights Commission, citing "widespread irregularities" in an election held in February, 1974, recommended that the Secretary of Interior call for a new vote for Oglala Tribal Council positions.

The Commission issued a 28-page staff report, detailing "improper procedures used in conducting the election and concludes that the results are invalid."

Upon hearing of the recommendation, Dick Wilson charged that the U.S. Civil Rights Commission is "just a bunch of hoodlums" and said they had no power to cause an election to be held. Previous moves to cause a new election have been blocked in the Interior Department.

The report states that "almost one-third of all the votes cast appear to have been in some manner improper."

Although BIA Commissioner Morris Thompson had assured the public that the BIA would see that the election was conducted fairly, it turns out that there was no accurate list of qualified voters, poll-watchers and observers were not allowed to be present at any time during the official count of votes, ballots were taken from the polling station to be marked elsewhere and returned, and that the BIA itself refused to investigate the charges of irregularities and fraud.

Wilson defeated Means by a 1,714 — 1,514 tally.

Gordon and Cathy James, legal workers for the Wounded Knee Legal Defense/Offense Committee (WKLDLOC) and Marty Copleman and Roger Finzel, WKLDLOC lawyers.

After a two-hour drive around the Wounded Knee area so Rossman could get a view of the geography involved in Escamilla's case, they returned to the airport to find the plane riddled with bullet holes. As they began to unload the disabled craft of their possessions, cars drove in carrying Wilson and his supporters, commonly known around Pine Ridge as the "goon squad."

WOUNDED KNEE TRIALS GO ON



Lincoln, Nebraska — Federal District Judge Warren K. Urbom ruled in a decision released January 18 that despite an "ugly history" that included "treaties pocked by duplicity" on the part of the U.S. Government, that neither the Sioux nor any other American Indian nation has sovereignty.

Much activism by native peoples in recent years has centered around the sovereignty and treaty issues, and for them, Urbom's decision was a disappointment. It was one of a long series of decisions made over the decades which have progressively reduced the recognition that the United States legal system was willing to grant nations of North America with which it had once signed solemn treaties.

Urbom said that treaties — even though made by mutual agreement of two parties — had been superseded by law made by one of those parties. He said that the conquest of Indian tribes over the last century made the Indians subject to the legislative powers of the U.S.

The judge wasn't too happy with making a decision in accordance with his interpretation of the law. He said that a history of the national policy toward Indians might make United States citizens "retch at the recollection" — but nevertheless, that was the situation. He said that a change in that situation did not rest with the courts, but with the President and the Congress.

The ruling was part of the Wounded Knee criminal trials Urbom had been hearing for the past several months. He had reserved sentencing and judgment in some cases until he could rule on this particular point. The Lakotas had contended that the Treaty of Fort Laramie 1868 did not give the U.S. jurisdiction over crimes committed on the reservation, specifically during the Wounded Knee occupation in 1873.

John E. Thorne of San Jose, California, chief lawyer in the case, said he would appeal Judge Urbom's decision.

The decision is not expected to affect tribal governments now recognized by the U.S., since most of them were created by the Interior Department under provisions of U.S. law.

In disposing of the Lakota argument, Urbom said a "treaty is placed by the Constitution of the United States on no higher plane than an act of Congress, so if a self-executing treaty and an Act of Congress be in conflict, the more recent governs." He noted that the native people understood that their position on sovereignty was "squarely in opposition" with the developed law and Supreme Court rulings.



"They therefore attack that law and the reasoning behind it as being arrogant, and unjust," Urbom wrote.

"It cannot be denied that the official policy of the United States until at least the last part of the 19th Century was impelled by a resolute will to control substantial territory for its westward-moving people," the opinion said. "Whatever obstructed their movement, including the Indian, was to be shoved aside, dominated, or destroyed. Wars, disease, treaties pocked by duplicity, and decimation of the buffalo by whites, drove the Sioux to reservations, shriveled their population, and disemboweled the corporate body. They were left a people unwillingly dependent in fact upon the United States. It is an ugly history."

By persuading the court to hold the 11-day hearing on the treaties, the native nations have acquired a substantial body of legal material for their appeal. Urbom himself said he hoped the hearing would "make the citizenry of the United States more aware and more willing to grapple with the hard decisions that need to be made" concerning their relations with native people.

In his decision, Urbom said national policy should not be made by a federal judge, but by the citizenry of the United States. He indicated that if United States citizens were unhappy with Indian policy, they "may choose those [officials] who mirror their thoughts. Secondly, he said that legislative bodies have investigative tools for listening to a wider community than do courts. Third, he said, "the issues here have to do with

the methods of shifting power from one group to another — by war, threat of war, economic pressure or inducement, verbal persuasion, election, agreement, or gradual legislative encroachment. The acceptability of each method should be decided by the citizenry at large, which speaks directly or through its elected representatives."

Last of all, he said, relations with Indians, under the U.S. Constitution, are the exclusive right of the executive and legislative branches, not judicial bodies. "Perhaps it should be otherwise, but it is not... The defendants are addressing the wrong forum for gaining relief in their sovereignty grievances."

During the hearing, Urbom heard 51 witnesses. But at the end, he said "if I am to follow an unbroken line of decisions of the U.S. Supreme Court," he must draw the "irresistible conclusion" that native nations had lost their sovereignty. "In summary, the law is that native American tribes do not have complete sovereignty, have no external sovereignty, and have only as much internal sovereignty as has not been relinquished by them by treaty or explicitly taken by act of the U.S. Congress."

The U.S. called only one witness, Joe Cash, a professor of history at the University of South Dakota.

Cash admitted that the U.S. Government's method of obtaining Indian signatures on the 1877 agreement which is virtually a surrender was "a fake sort of thing" because there was "simply no way [the government negotiators] were going to ride into the Powder River country waving a paper and quill." He said there was little likelihood of getting signatures, and even less likelihood of getting back out.

Cash sat at the U.S. prosecutors' table throughout most of the 12 days of the hearing.

Cash testified that he had been on the U.S. payroll for some time at \$100 per day "studying Indian affairs." To test Cash's credibility as an expert witness, Thorne listed some titles of books on Indian history, and asked Cash if he had read them. One by one, Cash claimed to have read all but a few. In the process, Thorne slipped in the title of two imaginary books, but Cash said that yes, he had read them. He later changed his mind on one title, but continued to insist he had indeed read the other. But at any rate, Cash largely substantiated what the defense witnesses had said.



The defense had rested its case December 28. Thorne argued that federal courts did not have any more jurisdiction to try an Indian for a crime committed on a reservation than "to try a Brazilian in Brazil or a Canadian in Canada."

Earlier, Thorne had told the court that the case "could be as historic as that overturning the concept of separate-but-equal for public schools," and he called on the court to "act as the conscience of the United States."

Vine Deloria, Standing Rock Sioux author and attorney who appeared as an expert witness for the defense, had challenged the U.S. contention that it had authority at Pine Ridge Reservation. Noting that the U.S. was alleging that it had controlled the Sioux since the treaty was signed, Deloria said "if you go back in history to the time when the treaty was signed, there is no question that they did not have control, no question that they didn't think they were assuming control."

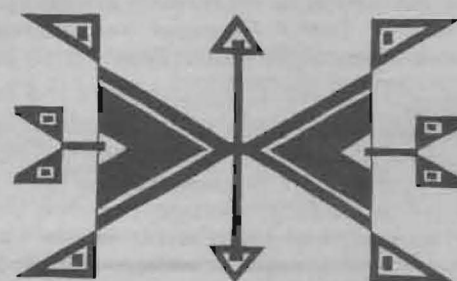
Prosecutor Nelson had raised numerous objections during the defense presentation on the grounds that their testimony was hearsay, and thus not admissible. Thorne said these objections demonstrated the difficulty in presenting oral history in a court of law. Deloria noted that there was an amazing correlation between what the Sioux say the treaty means and what the Peace Commission records show the Sioux were told the treaty meant. The oral tradition is hearsay if you apply [only] the strictest rules of evidence."

Historian Dr. Wilbur Jacobs had testified that he would probably consider an oral history version of an 1868 treaty to be more accurate than the U.S. Government's written version. Jacobs teaches at the University of California/Santa Barbara.

Professor Roxanne Dunbar of San Jose, California, testified that the U.S. Government had never been able to understand the concept of "perpetual use" without outright ownership. She is director of Native American Studies at California State University/Hayward, and a Cheyenne/Nez Perce woman. She alleged that the U.S. is fearful that if Indian sovereignty is restored, it would represent "a tremendous loss of power" to its government. She said if Indians were truly autonomous, they could determine how their land was to be used, "and

the U.S. doesn't want that" because it would prevent large corporations from extracting important resources such as coal and oil from that land.

Dunbar testified that this was a new era of history in which native sovereignty was again appropriate. She said the "conquest of the Indians" was part of a period of European colonialism "that is now coming to an end." European colonies have already gained independence, and new nations have been formed from former colonies. But because the U.S. is "newer, less decadent, it has more steam in its imperial thrust" and native people have yet to throw off United States imperialism. "I see the rise of European imperialism to power as a setback [to humanity] that will take a long time to overcome," she said.



Obviously, the Lakota hoped that Urbom would make a decision which would advance the inevitable date at which native nations would be free of the imposition of U.S. sovereignty, reversing a long chain of legislation including the Dawes Allotment Act, the Snyder Citizenship Act, the Indian Reorganization Act, and other colonial-type laws.

Lewis Bad Wound cited parallels that he said show confirmation of the Sioux view of life as a sacred hoop. One hundred years ago, he said, "a man named Lincoln set the black people free. Now we come to a city named Lincoln seeking our freedom. And when the white man came seeking freedom, we granted them freedom. The white men took away the same freedom, and now the situation is returning to the former state."

Many other witnesses testified there was "no way" signers of the treaty would have transferred criminal jurisdiction on their lands to the United States. Dr. Raymond J. DeMaille, Jr., of the University of Indiana, said a provision of the treaty giving Sioux a choice of turning wrong-doers over to the U.S. or simply making restitution, had been put in after hard negotiations. He said that Sioux were shocked at the way soldiers placed people in confinement in military forts, since the Sioux placed an emphasis on re-establishing harmony among the people by re-integrating the offender back into the social group.

DeMaille said the Sioux used restitution for the victim of the crime as a principle form of justice. He told the court that "every bit of available material in the National Archives" testified that the Sioux regarded all of their treaties as expressions of friendship and mutual cooperation between sovereign equals, despite language in some of those documents that might be interpreted by whites as an acknowledgement by the Sioux that they were subordinate to the U.S. For instance, an 1816 treaty says the Sioux were "under the protection" of the U.S., a situation which at that time would be absurd. An 1825 treaty says the Sioux acknowledge the "supremacy" of the U.S., a rather doubtful conclusion still to this day.

One witness, William Laughlin, testified that the first "discoverers" of the "New World" were Mongolian-type people who came across the now-submerged Bering land bridge from Asia — the ancestors of today's "Indians". However, that viewpoint was sharply challenged by a number of witnesses. Oren Lyons, a royaner of the Iroquois Confederacy, said the scientists better recheck which way those footprints were going.

Matthew King, 73, an Oglala, said the Indian people were always here — "they didn't come from nowhere." The Sioux Nation, he said, had "only one government, and the head of that government is God, the Great Spirit." The Sioux, he said, believe in nature, natural law, the Great Mystery. "We believe the universe is a creation of God," King said. "It's like an open Bible. We must study it. It took the Sioux 30,000 years to study it. The white man has a long way to go. You have to adapt yourself to nature to have the blessing of God."

Most of the case, however, seemed to rest on questions of law, not on testimony given by the witnesses. The U.S. argued that Urbom had jurisdiction to try the Wounded Knee defendants, but that he did not have jurisdiction to decide whether or not he has jurisdiction based on "political issues" such as sovereignty. However, Urbom was left with having to make a political decision no matter what he decided, and he decided to rule that the Sioux did not have sovereignty.

In an emotion-charged closing argument, Thorne told the judge that if he were to rule in favor of the Indians and then was reversed by an appeal court, "you would feel better" for having done the right thing. "I think

you are hurting with this decision because it's getting to your guts," Thorne told Urbom. He added that the judge was confronted with "one of the most historic decisions" ever to come before his court.

Thorne said in his opening statement that a simple reading of the 1868 treaty should in itself be enough to win the Indians' case.

Dick Wilson, tribal council chairman at Pine Ridge, was not happy with the hearings. He said that "federal judges have no business discussing tribal affairs." He said that "AIM was throwing a monkey-wrench" into council's efforts to get financial remuneration to land which was taken from the Sioux illegally.

With that decision out of the way, a week later Urbom passed the first sentence resulting from the occupation of Wounded Knee. He imposed the maximum 10-year sentence on Al Cooper, 35, who had pleaded no contest to a charge of assaulting a Federal officer by use of a firearm. But the exact sentence will not be determined until Cooper undergoes evaluation at a Federal medical center for criminal offenders. Cooper is a non-Indian from Albuquerque. He faced ten other charges, but special prosecutor Duane Nelson said he would not proceed on the others.

Cooper told reporters that he went to Wounded Knee with a friend, and had not intended to stay. He remained for 59 days, however, because "I don't like to see people exploited" through "violence, poverty, racism, economic deprivation, war or napalm."

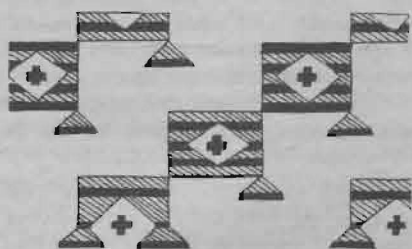
U.S. Appeal of Means/Banks Case

The U.S. Justice Department formally filed a brief with the 8th U.S. Circuit Court of Appeals on December 19, asking that a new trial be ordered for Russell Means and Dennis Banks. The two AIM leaders were acquitted of charges against them for their participation in the occupation of Wounded Knee by federal judge Fred Nichol on September 16 after an eight-month trial.

Assistant Attorney General Henry E. Petersen said Judge Nichol had been wrong in dismissing the charges on grounds of alleged misconduct by the prosecution and the FBI. The Justice Department said the decision had been based on unsupported allegations, and that the dismissal of the indictments "serves no purpose beneficial to either the administration of justice or the public."

Defense briefs filed in February said the appeals court lacked jurisdiction to consider the U.S. appeal because Judge Nichol's decision was based on facts discovered during the trial, and thus is not appealable. A renewal of prosecution would violate the constitutional guarantee against being put in double jeopardy, the brief said. Several U.S. Supreme Court decisions were cited in support. Furthermore, it said, if the court should decide to proceed, it should sustain the Nichol decision because it is justified in the trial record.

The defense brief was signed by attorneys Kenneth Tilsen, Larry Leventhal, Douglas Hall, William Kunstler, and Mark Lane.



Remaining Trials in Council Bluffs

The remaining four "leadership" cases may be heard in Sioux City, Iowa, by Judge Fred Nichol. Sioux City will be only a two-hour drive away from Nichol's Sioux Falls, South Dakota, home. Nichol said U.S. District Judge Edward Devitt, the chief federal judge in Minnesota, has refused to permit further Wounded Knee trials in Minnesota because of the burden they place on federal marshals charged with courtroom security.

The U.S. had not been happy with Minnesota, either, saying it would be impossible to find a jury there that would not be prejudiced in favor of the defendants.

The other remaining defendants will be tried in Council Bluffs, Iowa, by U.S. District Judge Andrew Bogue of Rapid City. Council Bluffs is said to have new and larger courtroom facilities than does Lincoln.

However, there are not too many persons left to be tried in comparison with the expected 120 trials. In early February, Assistant U.S. Attorney Keith Uhl moved to dismiss charges against more than two-thirds of the remaining defendants. That would leave about 20 persons to be tried in 10 or 12 cases.

The dismissals mean that the U.S. Government has dropped charges against more than half of the defendants originally indicted. Only nine defendants have been convicted or pleaded guilty. Authority for the dismissals came from the Justice Department in Washington.

Those motions were agreed with March 7 by Judge Bogue. The Justice Department had said it didn't think

it could obtain convictions in the cases. Included in the dismissals were:

Alan Fairfax Cooper, Jim Eagle, Dennis Bear Runner, Eugene Black Bear, Jr., Martin Dale Eder, Warfield Milo Goings, Billy Hollow Horn, Archie Wayne Leader Charge, James Vincent Rock, Charles Daniel Elbow Shield, and Dale Cyrus Red Boy.

That left 28 non-leadership defendants to be tried in 13 trials in Council Bluffs.

"The ones that are being thrown out are being dismissed because of weak evidence, and because it's been two years since the crimes allegedly were committed," one source said. "Some of the cases have been tried, and there's been a chance to see how judges react to the evidence. Based on that experience, the prosecutors have decided that it's just not worth pursuing some of the cases."

New federal indictments were filed in Sioux Falls in late January against Leonard Crow Dog, Stanley Holder, and Carter Camp, who are now charged with assault, robbery, and larceny. David Gienapp, assistant U.S. Attorney for South Dakota, said the U.S. is considering dropping the old indictments against the three men, since they were nearly identical to the ones on which Banks and Means were tried, and there the U.S. didn't have such good luck.

There was no new indictment against the sixth "leader," Clyde Bellecourt. Gienapp said the U.S. has not yet decided whether to prosecute Bellecourt, and if so, on which charges.

As a result of U.S. objections, Judge Fred Nichol voluntarily removed himself from the remaining leadership trials in a March 13 move. Because of Nichol's dismissal of the cases of Russell Means and Dennis Banks, the U.S. claims he was prejudiced and biased.

Nichol said that while he would welcome the opportunity to dispute the truthfulness and relevance of the Government allegations, he was bound by the Judicial Code of Conduct and that he would step down voluntarily.

On March 5, Judge Urbom sentenced Bobby Onco, 24, of Lawton, Oklahoma, to one year's probation for unlawful possession of an unregistered firearm. Onco's photograph holding a foreign-made AK-47 was widely published, and was used by the John Birch Society as proof-positive that the Wounded Knee occupation was "Communist inspired."

The Invisible Man in Phoenix

Five AIM men are being tried in Phoenix, Arizona, on a charge of conspiracy to purchase arms and transport them to Wounded Knee during the occupation. The five are Russell Means, Stanley Holder, Herb Powless, Eugene Heavyrunner, and Ron Petite. A key issue is the identity of the "mystery informant" who tipped the U.S. off that a plot was in the making.

The Government's case is that in mid-April, 1973, during the occupation, the defendants gathered in a motel room in the Rapid City Howard Johnson's establishment. With them was the mystery man, who is said to have presented himself as a Communist Party representative. Means says that he recognized the man as an informant and left the room.

The U.S. says that on April 20, one of the five met with the mystery man, who then had \$1,200 in cash with him "to buy guns". But then he left town. Later, he made contact again, and on April 23, the U.S. says, Powless, using the alias Peter Moore, arrived in Phoenix with \$2,000. The next day, the mysterious "reliable informant" purchased three M-1 rifles of World War II vintage at the Jewel Box Pawnshop in Phoenix. Powless was arrested by Federal agents at the rear of the pawnshop immediately after the sale.

There were some hearings on the matter in February, but the trial has been recessed until May.

An FBI Man Behind Every Mailbox

While it has long been known FBI informers and provocateurs were active in the American Indian Movement, the question was who they were. At times, paranoia was rampant, with one leader mistrusting another, trying to figure out where leaks were coming from. But now some of the worms have turned.

In March, AIM's chief security officer during and since the trial of Dennis Banks and Russell Means admitted that he was a paid informer for the U.S. Federal Bureau of Investigation (FBI).

Douglas Durham, the informer, was the right-hand-man of Dennis Banks. "I exercised so much control that you couldn't see Dennis or Russell without going through me, you couldn't contact any other chapter without going through me, and if you wanted money, you had to see me," Durham told *The New York Times* and lawyers for AIM.

Durham was also a spokesman for AIM during the recent takeover by the Menominee Warrior Society of the Alexian monastery in Gresham, Wisconsin. In fact, he appeared on national television news reports, speaking for AIM.

Durham said that he was paid \$900 a month when the trials started, but because he was doing so well he was

raised to \$1100. Durham said he was relieved that his game was over now, because he had come to respect Dennis Banks and to believe that AIM was a "legal, social organization that wasn't doing anything wrong."

Throughout the trial of Banks and Means in St. Paul, Durham says he was giving information on the defense's plans to the FBI. Aside from the defendants and their lawyers, he was the only person with regular access to the room in which defense strategy was planned. He said he used a special telephone number to call a three-man FBI team headed by Ray Williams.



Doug Durham, FBI/AIM

During the trial, the defense requested that Judge Fred Nichol determine if there were FBI informers in the defense camp. Nichol ordered the government to examine FBI files on that subject. Government prosecutor R.D. Hurd travelled to Washington, D.C., to confer with then-Attorney General William Saxbe about the judge's order. Saxbe agreed to comply with the order and gave authorization for the prosecutor to see FBI files. At the same time, a worried Durham was assured by his superiors that his cover wouldn't be blown — "it's almost an impossibility," he was told.

Hurd swore in an affidavit filed April 3, 1974, that his examination of the FBI's "confidential source" files had revealed no informers. Joseph Trimbach, special agent-in-charge of the FBI's Minnesota/Dakota division, also testified under oath that there were no agents in the defense camp.

Ken Tilsen, one of AIM's chief counsels, is pressing for a complete investigation, and thinks a Special Prosecutor should be involved. "We may have grounds here for obstruction of justice and/or perjury charges," Tilsen told *Liberation News Service* reporters, "but we don't know where the charges lie. They could lie with the prosecution, the FBI, or even Attorney General Saxbe."

At the time Judge Nichol dropped the charges against Banks and Means last September, the court assailed the prosecution, contending that it had deliberately deceived the court. He was particularly critical of the FBI, whose agents, he said, had given testimony that was not true.

When Judge Nichol was told that Durham had been identified as a paid reformer, he said he was shocked, and that he thought the the court had been lied to by the prosecution in the Means/Banks trial. "I believe I was deliberately misled by R.D. Hurd and Joseph Trimbach," he said. Hurd was prosecutor, and Trimbach regional FBI director.

Members of AIM first became suspicious of Durham in the beginning of February. His cover was broken on March 7, when he was confronted with law enforcement documents that proved his role as an informer. The documents included statements by Durham to the FBI.

In interviews with lawyers and reporters, Durham recounted his career as a police undercover agent in his native city of Des Moines, Iowa. He said that after serving in the Marine Corps, he joined the Des Moines police force, but left the force after the death of his wife.

He later worked in and managed a series of restaurants, some of which became hang-outs for burglars, he said. He passed on information he picked up to police. In 1970 he had contacts with the Black Panther Party which he passed on to the FBI.

Durham became a pilot, and developed skills in photography and locks and burglar tools. In 1971, he was made the pilot operative of the Law Enforcement Intelligence Unit, a secret intelligence operation of the

(continued on next page)

Law Enforcement Assistance Administration (LEAA). In this capacity, he traveled to police departments in the midwest to train police in these technical skills and to participate in their operations.

In his undercover role, he was taking photographs, he says, for an alternative newspaper named *Pax* in Des Moines. He said the editor asked him to go to Wounded Knee during the 1973 occupation. He entered the encampment with press credentials, took photos, and gave the U.S. reports on the Lakota defenses. After returning to Des Moines, he said the FBI asked him to get in touch with the leader of the local AIM chapter. Eventually, he became the assistant director of the chapter, claiming he was one-quarter Chippewa.

In 1973, he organized an armed press conference in the state capitol to dramatize local Indian issues. "He was a central figure in that, he planned it, and he strategized for it," says one AIM lawyer. He promised AIM members that "he could get arms for them."

For his occupation of the State Office Building, Durham was fined \$100, which was paid by Iowa State Police whom he had tipped off beforehand.

As a pilot, he flew Dennis Banks all over the country. He was piloting the plane in which Banks was riding headed for the armed occupation of Anicinabe Park in Kenora, where Banks' presence had been requested by the local Crown attorney, to act as a mediator.

In flight, the plane was turned back by immigration officials on orders from Ottawa — perhaps having been tipped off that an FBI man would be operating on Canadian soil.

After the truce at Wounded Knee was negotiated, Dennis Banks slipped out to give supporters time to raise bond money so he wouldn't be stuck in jail for a long period. He got a message to Durham to meet him in Yellowknife, NWT, which Durham did, using a private plane. Banks gave him two rolls of movie film that Durham promptly turned over to the FBI.

Then with the knowledge of the FBI, Durham again flew to Canada in a rented plane and spirited Banks to Rapid City in time to avoid forfeiting bond on state charges. Durham had also flown Banks around the U.S. on speaking trips, sometimes in planes which the FBI had paid for.

The FBI has not commented on the Durham disclosures. It says that it doesn't want to do anything to spoil fair trials for remaining AIM defendants.



Vernon Bellecourt, AIM leader, walks with Durham to press conference in Des Moines airport to "reveal all".

And Still Another FBI Pilot

A married couple, Gi and Jill Shafer, admitted in February that they had been undercover agents in a variety of anti-war and New Left activities — and were immediately recognized by AIM people and reporters as having been at Wounded Knee. According to Ken Tilsen, Gi was involved in a series of "manipulative and divisive" activities.

"Gi was a pilot," said one woman who was working with an alternative radio news service at that time. "He said he came to Wounded Knee to see if they could use his help. He told a lot of people he wanted to drop weapons for the people inside. He was always talking about bringing in ammunition and guns."

Schafer approached the leaders of the occupation with his plans, but no one was interested, apparently.

According to Tilsen, the Schafers first appeared in Rapid City during the week of March 10, the second week of the occupation. They participated in the opening of the Wounded Knee Information Center, an office opened by AIM supporters and alternative press reporters who felt that media reports of the occupation



AIM Militant or FBI? Doug Durham, right, shakes hands with Charles McBride, a Shawano resident, during the occupation of the Alexian Monastery at Gresham, Wisconsin, this January. That he could fool so many should give native people and U.S. citizens alike reason to pause.

had been incomplete and unfair. At one point, Jill claimed to be in charge of the center.

A month into the occupation, Gi Schafer became involved in an effort to split the leadership of those inside. On March 27, Russell Means and Dennis Banks secretly left Wounded Knee to go to the Rosebud Reservation where several hundred Indian people were stockpiling food and training a security force to support Wounded Knee in case of a government attack. Government officials heard that the two were gone, apparently from another informer inside Wounded Knee. At that point, Government spokesmen told the press that a faction of Oglalas inside the village wanted to surrender but were being prevented from doing so by AIM leaders.

Subsequently, the Associated Press reported that there had been a falling out between AIM leaders and leaders of the Oglala Sioux, "a conflict that reached armed confrontation." Another rumor spread around was that several AIM leaders had stolen thousands of dollars in support money and had left the country. Schafer played a leading role in spreading the rumors, and at the same time promoted Aaron DeSersa, a local Oglala, as the person the U.S. should negotiate with. The U.S. agreed until a videotape sent out from inside Wounded Knee completely countered all rumors.

Later, suspicions about Schafer became so intense that lawyers and legal workers in the defense office refused him access. "At that point he became enraged," Tilsen says, "and he threatened to kill me. Tilsen says Schafer threatened his life once more, when Tilsen found Schafer in the legal office after he was told not to come in there again."

The most serious aspect of Schafer's activities at Wounded Knee was his involvement in the arrest of Pedro Bissonette, an Oglala who was an important leader of the occupation, and a major link between AIM leaders and Oglalas from Pine Ridge. When Bissonette was arrested on April 27, 1973, by FBI agents in Rapid City, Schafer was with him. After this arrest, Schafer disappeared.

Members of other organizations involved in other causes say the Schafers may have been involved as informers since 1969 when Gi Schafer joined the radical Students for a Democratic Society (SDS) in New Orleans. They seemed to form coalitions and groups, and then act in divisive ways causing the groups to be plagued by internal fighting. Gi would make it impossible to get work done, while Jill was always striving for unity and cooperation. "Everyone always wondered why she lived with him. Together, their act was great," a New Orleans source relates.

In 1971, the pair established "The Red Star Collective," a sham Maoist group that was a front for FBI surveillance of movement activists. Later, they became involved with Vietnam Veterans Against the War. Jill spent a month in China in 1971 to add to her credibility as a radical. She submitted reports to the FBI upon return about her travelling companions and about China.

The presence of agents and provateurs in Indian activist causes raises some questions about people who have turned up missing. For instance, there is the case of Ray Robinson, a well-known black leader in the Poor People's March on Washington, and southern civil rights causes. During the height of the Wounded Knee occupation, he joined an Alabama delegation which went to the Pine Ridge Reservation to help the Lakotas.

He hiked in over the back trails into the besieged village, carrying a packful of food and supplies. The following morning, he was shot in the leg not by U.S. gunfire, but by a person inside the village. He was escorted to the roadblocks, where he was taken to a Rapid City hospital for treatment. A nurse there recalls seeing him there — and she is the last person who saw him. He has not returned to his home and family for two years now.

His friends wonder — was his wounding inside Wounded Knee just pure racism, or was it an effort by an agent to alienate additional black support? Was he taken from the hospital by another agent, and disposed of in the mysterious graves around Pine Ridge which gossip has it holds a number of victims?

Robinson isn't an easy man to just disappear — he stands well over six feet tall, is a fun-loving active out-going sort, and makes an instant impression on all who see him. But he isn't home yet, and the possibility that his departure as a black friend of the native cause, and an active voice in the black movement, is not a mere misadventure cannot be ruled out.

With increased native activism, intelligence gathering is bound to continue, and no one knows how many other FBI informers are goading young Indians with shouts of "down with the pigs." Intelligence gathering is even built into the establishment now: Southern Ute's Housing Director David Smith is an old CIA hand, and a police chief of a large southwestern reservation is rumored to have CIA ties and Latin American experience.

There are also legislative moves to cover-up loopholes that have caused dismissal for Wounded Knee cases, and which have prevented greater official repression of native and other causes. Senate Bill No. 1 now being pushed through the Senate by Arkansas Senator John McClellan. Among other things, the 753-page bill has fine print which would provide 15 years and/or a \$100,000 fine for mere advocacy or membership in an organization that allegedly calls for revolutionary change "as speedily as circumstances permit at some future time." There could be a three-year sentence for the movement of a person across state lines, or even telephoning or using the mail in the course of the planning or promotion of a "riot" which is defined as an assemblage of five or more persons which creates "a grave danger" to "property."

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Washington



B.I.A. OFFICIALS TRAINING SOUTH VIETNAMESE IN COLONIAL TECHNIQUES

Portland, Oregon — It had to come sooner or later. First it was the native people of North America pushed aside as Manifest Destiny moved westward. The Bureau of Indian Affairs moved with it to retain the grip on people and land. Manifest Destiny moved into Vietnam in the last decade — and now BIA officials are training Saigon officials about how to manage native peoples of Asia.

A delegation from Saigon's Ministry of Land Affairs visited in Portland this winter to learn how to control minority groups, the third such delegation, it seems. They had to conduct their meetings with the BIA in the face of protests, however, including actions by the American Friends Service Committee, American Indian Movement, Clergy & Laity Concerned, Fellowship of Reconciliation, and the Indochina Peace Campaign.

"Relocation" and "land management" are now being applied to the minority tribespeople living in the Central Highlands of South Vietnam. More isolated from the successive invaders — Japanese, French, and finally United States) because of their mountainous homes, the montagnards have retained their own languages, dress, social organization, and living patterns.

French policy was to keep the minority tribes fighting each other, and to turn the young men into mercenary soldiers to fight against liberation armies. Today, the Thieu government regards the montagnards as some

kind of problem that must be disposed of in order to gain access to the land. According to Michael Jones, former member of the International Voluntary Services (IVS) in Vietnam during 1970-71, the Saigon military goes into an area, "declaring it insecure, and moving the montagnards out as they declared them refugees. In some cases, they would forcibly load them onto helicopters and transport planes, stealing their cows and any other belongings that the montagnards had and couldn't carry with them.

The parallels with the treatment of native North American peoples is obvious.

Jones continues, "They put them in a camp where invariably the disease was terrible. They didn't have protection from the wind and rain, and didn't have enough food. In some cases, they were moved to where it was actually even more dangerous as far as security was concerned. Within two weeks, very often, Saigon had [its people] moving into that land that was supposedly insecure and starting to cultivate it."

The representatives from Saigon refused all requests to meet with the protesters who had initiated a vigil in front of the BIA building here. But Francis Briscoe, area director of the BIA, agreed to meet with the group.



— Earl & Pat Martin/Liberation News Service photo
The Rung La resettlement area in South Vietnam... the reservation system moves westward yet.

"The central point," said Jones, "is that the BIA is giving the Saigon government techniques to use in dealing with the montagnards, in other words, helping the Saigon government implement its policies toward the minorities." He said that the skills the visiting officials learn will help the basic policy to look nice under such titles as "Land Planning Program" while "in fact they're restricting the montagnards to a reservation-type existence."

Briscoe had the parallels of native American land expropriations pointed out to him, as well as the "homesteading" which follows. Briscoe acknowledged that he was "bothered" when told that Thieu had reserved to his government all subsurface rights to the new montagnard reservations.

But Briscoe could see nothing wrong with providing advice to Vietnamese on BIA time supposed to be devoted to North American natives. "I'm just doing my job," he told the protesters. "I don't make foreign policy decisions."

When confronted with the concentration-camp reality of the "resettlement villages" for the minority tribes — barbed wire, armed guards keeping people in, pass systems, ID photos, and the use of civilians as a buffer in case of attack — Briscoe said he would "balk" if he was sure that he was contributing to people being deprived of their rights.

However, he regarded the protest as a "terrible disruption of the smooth operation of his area office," Jones said. He said that a memo to his superiors in Washington would recommend that future foreign visitors should maintain low visibility.



Following their two-week stay in Portland, Nguyen Kim Quang and Ngo Quoc Dat travelled to Washington, New Orleans, Arkansas, Denver, Phoenix, and Sacramento in a thirteen-week tour. It was the third visit to the Bureau of Indian Affairs by Saigon officials in the last year and a half.

[Thanks to Focal Point, published by the Indochina Peace Campaign, for this information.]

INTERIOR DEPARTMENT CALLS OFF THE GREAT FEATHER BUSTS — YOU CAN DIG UP YOUR HEADDRESS

Washington, D.C. — In the face of strong criticism of Interior Department policy, Secretary Rogers C.B. Morton has cancelled a campaign of harassment of native people in possession of feathers. Morton said in a February statement that Indians may possess and exchange feathers, including eagle feathers, for ceremonial purposes. However, he emphasized that sale of feathers is still prohibited.

In a policy statement, Morton said he wanted "to clarify" the application of federal laws protecting birds, and their relation to Indian cultural and religious activities.

"I can assure American Indians," Morton said, "that our policy is to permit them to engage in the following activities without fear of federal prosecution, harassment, or other interference. American Indians may possess, carry, use, wear, give, loan or exchange among other Indians, without compensation, all federally-protected birds, as well as their parts or feathers."

Morton said Indians who wish to possess bird feathers or parts to be worked on by tribal craftsmen for eventual religious or cultural activities may compensate craftsmen for their work, however.

"The Department of the Interior will continue to enforce against all persons those federal laws prohibiting the killing, buying or selling of eagles, migratory birds, or endangered species, as well as those laws prohibiting the buying or selling of the parts or feathers of such birds and animals," Morton warned.

Morton admitted that legitimate sources of feathers for Indians hadn't been fully utilized. Now, eagle feathers are sent to the Fish and Wildlife Service repository in Pocatello, Idaho, where they are kept for distribution to Indians willing to go through the complex procedures. Morton said the procedures were being redesigned.

"We will make an effort to distribute the feathers and parts of [eagles and] other birds to Indians," Morton promised. He said the Department has agreed to continue consultation with the Association for American Indian Cultural and Traditional Activities and other Indian representatives to work out remaining problems, including a review of federal regulations.

The Great Feather Ring Raiders

Only a week or two before Morton's statement, Interior Department officials confirmed that agents were traveling around the country, talking Indians into selling ceremonial eagle feathers at fancy prices, and then arresting them.

Alan Levitt of the U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service's law enforcement branch denied that this was entrapment. He said his agency "had no intention of infringing on the religious freedom and cultural heritage of Indians." But he justified the manner arrests were being made saying, "Our agents will continue to use any and all legal methods to stop [trafficking of feathers]. When a policeman buys heroin, he has to pose as a user, doesn't he?"

One of those arrested recently was Austin Gould, 49, a singer, dancer, and bead craftsman who lives at Fort Hall Reservation in Idaho. Gould said he was approached by two men interested in buying an eagle feather headdress given to Gould's son by his brother.

"I told them Indians aren't supposed to sell those types of artifacts to white men," Gould said. "The war bonnet belonged to my family and it was very old and worn." But, he says, the "buyers" didn't give up, constantly calling until Gould agreed to give in and sell for a lucrative \$500, a price offered by the buyers.

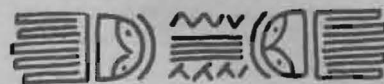
Levitt confirmed that one of the men who dealt with Gould was an undercover Interior Department agent.

Dwight Bowen, the tribal attorney for the Shoshone-Bannock Tribe is defending Gould. He calls the deal "entrapment." "Gould repeatedly told these men he had no interest in selling," Bowen said. "To the Indian people, especially in these inflationary times, money means bread and butter on the table or coal during these cold winters."

The Agents Were Busy

In December, federal agents conducted raids and arrests in 13 states, sometimes pounding on doors in pre-dawn raids to search for feathers. The raiders struck in Pendleton, Oregon; Muncie, Indiana; Chicago and Caseyville, Illinois; Wisconsin Dells, Wisconsin; Minneapolis, Minnesota; Rapid City, South Dakota; Pueblo, Colorado; Pavillion, Wyoming; Ashland and St. Ignatius, Montana.

Earlier in the year, many Indians were arrested when Oklahoma was the prime target. Some of the later arrests were non-Indians. A Pendleton man, Harlan Alderman, owner of Treasure Hunters' Supply store, was charged with selling headdresses and horse ornaments made with eagle feathers. Alderman insisted that he came into the feathers before 1940, which would make them legal.



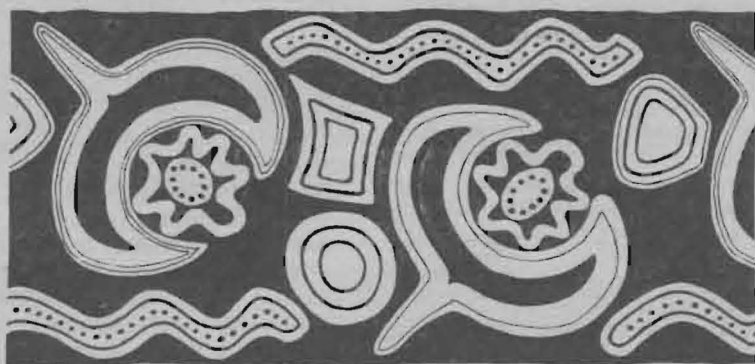
A Warm Springs, Oregon, man, Richard Rowe, was charged with offering 230 wing-tip feathers from an eagle for sale at \$3.50 each, and 210 other wing feathers at between \$5.50 and \$7.50 each. The complaint against Rowe said he also sold 15 sets of eagle talons for \$70 each to a U.S. Fish and Wildlife Service agent.

[Thanks to the Associated Press, United Press International and the Oregonian for information.]

FRIENDS ESTABLISH LOBBYING OFFICE TO ASSIST NATIVE CAUSES & PEOPLES

Washington, D.C. — Members of the Nebraska Yearly Meeting of Friends (Quakers) last year grew an extra crop of corn and sold it to finance a lobbying office in the U.S. capital to aid native efforts to gain favorable legislation.

That means that persons familiar with the Washington scene can advise and assist native people, particularly grassroots efforts, in dealing with the U.S. Congress. Persons needing lobbying help may contact: Diane Payne, Legislative Advocate, Friends Committee on National Legislation, 245 Second St., NE, Washington, D.C. 20002, or telephone (202) 547-4343.



Navajos Occupy Fairchild Plant



— Worker's World

Navajo Warrior's Society members inside the Fairchild plant grounds at Shiprock.

Shiprock, Navajo Nation — Concerned native people belonging to the American Indian Movement concluded an eight-day occupation of a Fairchild Camera & Instrument Company plant here on March 3. The group was there in protest of continuing lay-offs of non-union Navajo workers — the plant now has only about 470 employees left from a workforce of 1,000 just a year ago.

Fairchild vice-president Frederick M. Hoar said the protest was not supported by the remaining employees. He had helped them reach that conclusion by saying that unless the native group left the plant by March 2 at 6 p.m., the plant would be shut-down indefinitely.

The 36-man occupation force had moved in just before dawn on February 24, declaring the plant to be AIM property until a series of demands had been met. First, it wanted the rehiring of 140 workers just laid off. In addition, there were other grievances beyond the control of Fairchild: the strip-mining of Navajo lands was to be ended, the Shiprock Indian Health Service hospital was to be investigated, and the leases of Utah International and Arizona Public Service Company were to be renegotiated.

While the demands were not met before the occupation ended, there was plenty of attention called to the problems, as well as an indication that Navajoland, until now fairly quiet as the national Indian scene goes, would be the site of more outspoken activity. Tribal officials and police said the protesters would not be prosecuted by the Navajo Tribal Council, and U.S. Attorney Victor Ortega said he was "planning no immediate action on possible charges."

The final agreement ending the occupation called for a tribal council pledge to seek reinstatement of dismissed workers, a civil rights investigation for employees recently terminated, and a U.S. General Accounting Office audit of on-the-job program payments to Fairchild.

"The action was successful," John Trudell, national chairman of AIM, told *Seer's Catalogue*, an Albuquerque publication. "Fairchild can no longer openly and quietly exploit Indian people. We have shown the people how Fairchild operates on the reservation. But Fairchild is just one of the many corporations which operates this way."

The Fairchild plant is owned by the Navajo Tribe. Fairchild said that if it was to locate on the reservation, the Navajos would have to build the plant, and then lease it to them at a modest rate. When the occupation began, Roland Dart, chief of the Navajo Tribal Police in Window Rock, sealed the plant off with 25 tribal police officers, with BIA and FBI agents standing by.



After the occupation, Fairchild was miffed and threatened to pull out. The firm said it would ask unspecified "conditions and assurances" from the Navajo Tribal Council before it would resume operations. Vice president Charles Smith said "the office areas were a disaster." He said there had been no damage in the production area, but that office records were messed up, desks had been opened, and some doors were ripped off their hinges.

During the occupation, callers to the Fairchild phone number were greeted with a polite and efficient voice, "Good morning, American Indian Movement."

Peter McDonald, tribal council chairman, said he had toured the plant, however, and he had found no major damage.

Larry Anderson, AIM national treasurer and a spokesman for the protest group, said that the occupiers were there "for what we believe." He talked to newsmen about exploitation: "corporations are coming in and using the Indian people for low wages." Anderson, who is from the area, said they were also concerned about common problems of Southwestern U.S. native people: poverty, pollution, racism. The recent layoffs had sparked the explosion from a smoldering fire — "it's an issue of economic development, and who is controlling it: them or us," he said.

Heavily armed with rifles, the protesters took turns patrolling the roof of the plant to prevent their ejection. Two security guards had been held for a short while, but they were released in a "show of good faith."

Mercer Curtis, plant manager, said the facility had fired the 140 employees — most of them women — because of the recession in the U.S. economy. "Recession" in the Navajo economy is an old story since the 1860s — the unemployment rate on the reservation is 65%.

"It's a colonial situation," Gerald Wilkinson, executive director of the National Indian Youth Council said. "Nowhere in the U.S. could Fairchild get the cheap labor it's getting on the reservation. They would have to move to Korea or Costa Rica to get that kind of deal."

About 200 Navajos gathered outside the plant off and on during the protest to show their support and to talk about problems. Workers chatted about their problems, like how to live on \$2 an hour, how rents in the company housing have gone up, about where they were going to live now that they had to move from their company house.

Another worker complained that the firm billed itself as "Equal Opportunity Employer", but most of the supervisory personnel were white. He said the company, which has its headquarters at Mountain View, California, had poor safety practices and machines were in bad shape. "Fairchild has brought problems to Shiprock," he said, asking that his name be withheld. "There were jobs, sure, but now there are no jobs and everybody has to go on welfare. The older people are going back to their homes; I don't know what the younger people are going to do."

One woman called through the fence to talk with Anderson, wanting to know if her 18-year-old son could join the occupation. "If he is with us all the way, and if he is ready to die," Anderson replied. She kissed her son goodbye, and he joined the group.

"I've worked for Fairchild for eight years now," she said. "I'm still only getting \$85 a week. I was there the day the people were laid off. There was no notice. They just herded the girls into the meeting room and told them goodbye — it was so sudden. One minute they were working, the next they were out the door. The layoff isn't all that's wrong — working at Fairchild is a dead end."

Employees at Fairchild are not unionized. That was one of the conditions Fairchild wanted when it located there. Later, there was a vote about unions, but with so much unemployment, some workers said they were afraid for their jobs if they supported unions and the election was lost.

Ninety per cent of Fairchild's workers are Navajo women. Any men employed are either supervisors or machinists. BIA employment supervisors say "this type of assembly-line bench-work is more suited to women. They can handle the routine and the men can't. Personally, I feel that women are better at this monotonous work than are men."

Essentially, rows of unskilled workers sit hunched over microscopes, placing fiber-thin wires on a plastic chip. It's not appealing work, but when there are 135,000 people with an average annual income of \$831 on the reservation, there are always those willing to do the job. (The average income in the U.S. is \$3805.)

A company spokesman confirmed that "Fairchild came here because of the availability of good female labor." Fairchild says women are less inclined to seek benefits, higher wages, or union organization. In a trade magazine recently, a Fairchild company manager said "unionization would deter industry on the reservation."

But for the Navajos, that means that a large number of families have women as the sole wage-earner. Jobless men often turn to alcohol, and the children are left unattended while their mothers work.

There were various government grants to help Fairchild get established on the Navajo Reservation. But according to Lorenzo LeValdo, one of the protest group, an examination of the company records in the office showed Fairchild "had no intention of staying in Shiprock after the Government ended its funding. They are planning to go overseas because they can't get any more training money after this year. They are comparing their operation here with the one in Seoul, Korea, and they say they can get a better deal there."

In the past, Fairchild public relations releases trumpeting how the firm was helping the poor Navajos had nothing but praise for the workers. Plant managers declared that Shiprock workers had achieved new production records. The Shiprock On-the-Job Training Program was described as "one of the most realistic we have ever seen." But since the takeover, Fairchild officials have moaned about high turnover rates and low production.

The takeover of the Fairchild plant has brought the issue of economic development to a critical point in the Navajo Nation. The Tribal Council sees further development threatened by the AIM action — fearing, like national leaders in many Third World countries, that corporations will be hesitant to set up shop in an "unstable area."



Others, like a speaker at a Shiprock rally, called for a stop to development. "Business is something that is not of the Navajo," it was said. "It belongs to the white man's world. Let us return to our home — the mother earth. Let us keep close to the earth."

In either case, it was clear that Navajos were moving in to control their own domain and their own destiny, and that being victimized by U.S. economic development was going to end soon.

The "Model Industry" Image

When the Fairchild plant was dedicated, then-commissioner of the BIA Louis Bruce called the factory "the proof of the successful participation that exists between the Navajo people, the U.S. Government, and private industry."

Indeed, the U.S. Government had done everything possible to make Fairchild comfortable — and profitable. The BIA had given it about \$5-million in the 8½ years the plant has been in existence. (AIM said records in the Fairchild office indicated that about \$6-million in federal subsidies had gone to the corporation.) Much of that came under the Indian Vocational Training Act of 1958 under which the BIA pays up to half of the minimum wage for every employee for a period of up to two years.

Actually, the type of work at Fairchild doesn't require much training — it just takes a lot of patience. "My training period was one year, but I knew my job in just one week," one now-unemployed worker says. But still, the BIA pays Fairchild to train Navajos in such jobs as shipping clerks (job description: "opens cartons and places material in allotted areas") or custodians (job description: "sweeps, washes, waxes, and otherwise cleans building.")

If people are successfully "trained", there is no employment excepting in distant cities. Joe Silaso, director of Navajo Employment, says "the jobs that Fairchild has been training people in are hard to find, even in the bordering towns. Some of the old Fairchild employees are going to find assembly-line jobs down in Albuquerque." There has never been a study of the effectiveness of the training program which the BIA has paid Fairchild to run.

Since the BIA will pay half the wages of a new employee for a full year, some Fairchild workers suspect that the company has fired workers after their training period is over in order to get another subsidized worker. In addition to that financial benefit, the BIA also performs other services for Fairchild: employment service, placing radio and television advertisements, and screening prospective employees.

When Fairchild first came to the reservation, people came to Shiprock from all parts of Navajo Nation. To house workers, Fairchild built company housing, which LeValdo calls "a major issue". He says the houses, which are already only three years old, are already falling apart and that roofs have even blown off some of them.

Fairchild took charge of the housing project, and got the U.S. to put up some of the money needed for construction. The fifteen families living on the site had to move away, each receiving \$400 for the value of their homes. The housing project is now run by the Non-profit Housing Project Board, which has a Fairchild vice-president on the board.

In an article in *Business Week*, a director of Fairchild claimed that Navajos didn't really want large living rooms or kitchens, and that there is no carpeting because Navajos were used to dirt floors. As a result, the homes are instant slums, built of rectangular concrete-block modulars, divided into two living units. Rents are based on 25% of family income, running from \$119 a month to \$204 a month for a three-bedroom unit.

Fairchild: One of the Top 500

Fairchild ranks among the top 500 industrial corporations of the U.S., with annual sales of \$357,000,000. It specializes in semi-conductors and integrated circuitry, and is a prime military contractor with over 10% of its sales going to the Defense Department. It has operations in South Korea, Ontario, Brazil, Germany, Australia, Mexico, Sweden, Hong Kong, Britain, Italy, Austria, Singapore, New Zealand and Indonesia. It also owns Fairchild Industries, a missile and plane manufacturer.

When the 34,000-square-foot Fairchild plant was opened 8½ years ago, it was a big deal. You may remember the pictures: Julie and David Eisenhower were on hand to convey the best wishes of the President. David called the coming of Fairchild "the uniting of past tradition with modern progress." The Tribal Council presented Julie with a Navajo rug which now adorns the Nixon estate in San Clemente, California. Louis Bruce, speaking for the BIA, said "the plant signifies the Navajo Nation's entrance into the space age."

It was true that Fairchild opened a new era — but it was the industrial age, not that of space. With Fairchild came a shirt factory, the huge power plants, a General Dynamics assembly plant in Window Rock, and other companies like Levi-Strauss are also setting up.

The question is: has all of this moved the Navajos forward? Or backward?

In 1968, Fairchild signed a 40-year lease with the Navajos, approved by the Secretary of the Interior. For their part, the Navajo Tribe had to construct a manufacturing plant with landscaping, paving and fences — according to Fairchild specifications. In turn, Fairchild would pay for the construction over a 40-year period in payments which became gradually smaller. To finance the deal, the Navajos had to borrow money at 5 3/4% interest from the Economic Development Administration. The lease does not allow for inflation or upkeep, which is the responsibility of the Navajos.

For Fairchild, it's great: they can sublease if they want, all utilities are provided by the Tribal Council, and there is no sales tax, income tax, or property tax to worry about. Even if the Navajos got feisty like the Inuit in Alaska who decided to tax the oil companies, they would be unable to do so for 20 years — it's in the contract.

Furthermore, the contract is written so that Fairchild can pull in its chips anytime with a 90-day written notice. Thus the lease isn't really a 40-year lease at all.

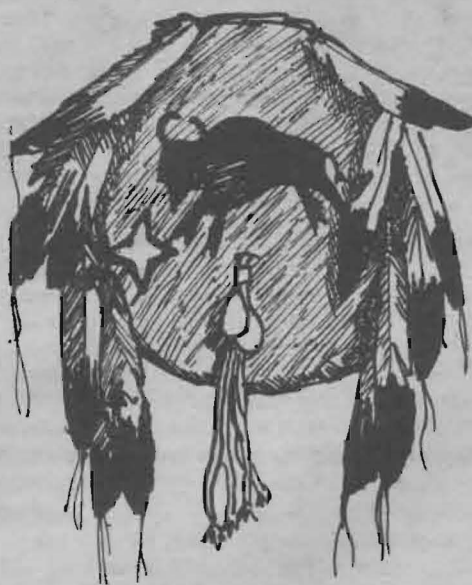
Wilbur Atticity, executive assistant to the Tribal Council, says the Council does not sanction the action of AIM, but he admits, "Sure the lease is a bad lease. But there is nothing to do about it now."

After putting it under the pillow for ten days, Fairchild decided to close down completely. It had little to lose. "We have been assessing the damages and evaluating the long-term implications of this seizure," Wilfred Corrigan, president of the firm said. "Fairchild has concluded that it could not be reasonably assured that future disruptions would not occur." He said the decision was reached with "reluctance and regret."

Perhaps the closing was an easy way out. Employees of another native "economic development" plant at Winslow, Arizona have all been laid off because of the current slump of the U.S. economy. The plant is BVD Knitwear, located at the Hopi Industrial Park. While 215 employees are involved in the shutdown, only 30 are Hopi.

"The plant has closed indefinitely because of the current economic slump," says manager Dewey Holoway. The order came through on Valentine's Day, February 14.

Abbott Sekaquaptewa, Hopi tribal council chairman, said the closure had "hit me cold." Like the Fairchild arrangement, the Hopi tribal council had put a substantial investment into the plant.



Energy Exploitation Must Stop

In February too, Peter MacDonald spoke before a National Engineering Week luncheon in Albuquerque, charging that "too many times industry and government determined the terms and conditions of mineral exploitation and development with utter disregard for the Navajo people."

That situation, he promised, will change. MacDonald said that any new corporate relationships would give the U.S. the energy it was demanding, but at the same time, Navajo environment and culture would be protected, employment reduced, and an economic base for the future would have to be developed in the bargain.

Oil, gas, uranium and coal are already being taken in increasing quantities from the Navajo Nation lands. He said the tribal government had approved "over a year ago" an extremely favorable contract for uranium exploration on the reservation, "but the Secretary of the Interior has not yet given his approval." He charged that the BIA hadn't yet caught up with Navajo progressiveness.

The uranium prospecting will be on 400,000 acres of Navajo land in the Ambrosia Lake district of north-western New Mexico. Exxon Corporation will pay a \$6-million bonus when the prospecting begins, and has an option to purchase 49% of the mining operation. MacDonald says the slowness of the Interior Department has already cost the Navajos over half a million dollars just in lost interest. A BIA spokesman said there was "a lot about the agreement that requires close examination."

Rather than obtaining sealed bids through the BIA, tribal leaders had by-passed the U.S. and negotiated directly with Exxon. However, they do not have the power to sign the contract, and must wait for the Interior Department approval.

In 1974, the reservation produced 10-million barrels of oil, 4.5-billion cubic feet of natural gas, and more than 13-million tons of coal. This year, MacDonald said, uranium production would generate 2.8-million pounds of yellow cake ore. "If all these energy resources were converted to electrical power, each year the Navajo Nation would be supplying enough electricity to meet the needs of the entire state of New Mexico for 32 years," he calculated.

However, MacDonald said, "the recent energy crisis demonstrated that the Navajo people were the first to be affected, and the last to be relieved."

Elsewhere, MacDonald has given tough talk to would-be exploiters. "We need your skills, we need your capital, but we must remind you that this is our land," he said in his inaugural address. "We say to you that your welcome will depend on how you treat us as well as how you treat our land... Navajo resources have been used to make others rich. Navajo trust has been rewarded with greed."

To nearby states attempting to exercise jurisdiction on the reservation, MacDonald warned that Navajo sovereignty must be respected. "We will insist that they shall not impose their taxes on our lands, on our people, or on our businesses. We will insist that they not interfere with our right to control our land use, our fishing, or our hunting."



PETER MACDONALD INAUGURATED AS NAVAJO CHAIRMAN FOR SECOND TERM

Navajo Nation at Window Rock — Peter MacDonald was sworn in January 7 for a renewed term as chairman of the Navajo tribal council. Running with his vice-chairman, Wilson Skeet, he was elected on a slogan of "They have done much... they have much to do." They defeated former chairman Raymond Nakai in elections last November.

Nakai sought to prevent the inauguration, charging election irregularities. However, the Navajo Court of Appeals voted to uphold the Navajo Board of Election Supervisors. MacDonald defeated Nakai by 5,000 votes.

MacDonald had told voters that during his 4 years in office he had to undo a lot of projects started when Nakai was chairman. He cited the Westward Coach manufacturing facility at Mexican Hat, where "we gave a bunch of fast-talking fly-by-night operators \$1-million for nothing" and had to file suit. He said the tribe also had to go to court over the Mexican Springs tennis shoe factory, and that the Navajos "have to live with some bad leases executed with coal companies."

75% of the registered voters turned out in the election. MacDonald's total was 22,408 to Nakai's 17,397. The heavy turn-out was swelled by the 18-to-20-year-olds voting for the first time.

NAVAJOS, LABOR LEADERS, SIGN APPRENTICING AGREEMENT

Window Rock, Arizona — The Navajo Tribe and the AFL-CIO Building and Construction Trades Department signed an apprenticeship agreement in January under which Navajo workers will train in a number of trades. Robert Goergine, an AFL-CIO official, said the agreement is for an organized method of training.

EDITORIALS CONDEMN OCCUPATION

Back to Sheep, Jewelry & Blankets?

[Jenkin Lloyd Jones is an Oklahoma editor and columnist. One of his favorite topics is Indians. This editorial is excerpted from his column in mid-March, 1975.]

That gang of armed Indian revolutionaries which seized the Fairchild Camera and Instrument plant couldn't have done a better job at setting back the Navajos.

Their demand that 140 laid-off Indians be rehired, whether the company had work for them or not, should flash red lights at all other manufacturers who might have been toying with the idea of creating industrial payrolls for reservation Indians.

If the American Indian Movement red-hots are serious in trying to establish that while white or black workers may be furloughed, Indians may not, the Navajos are going to stay in the sheep, jewelry, and blanket business from now on.

... We are perilously close to a double standard of law in which armed insurgents, claiming to represent social justice, can commit kidnapping, larceny, and even murder without punishment. Perhaps it is time that conscience-stricken palefaces recovered their brains.

Taking Deterrent Action Against AIM

[The Chicago Tribune took a hardline stance in a March 4 editorial, from which these comments have been excerpted.]

The American Indian Movement has struck again, this time at Shiprock, New Mexico. ... The public interest requires prosecution of Indian [as other] lawbreakers that is both vigorous enough and scrupulous enough to secure convictions. Unless deterrent action is taken, AIM and its imitators will strike again and again.

Many were exasperated that the Wisconsin National Guard showed great patience instead of storming the abbey near Gresham. But — especially where racial grievances are involved — legal and bloodless resolutions are preferable to both shootouts and immunity from punishment for offenders.

Putting some Indian criminals into high security penal institutions for considerable terms will not necessarily reform these offenders. But it should deter others with lesser appetites for imprisonment from making common cause with them. And it should make it clear that claims of racial grievances provide no immunity from punishment for criminal act.

Havasupai Grand Canyon Lands Returned



— Terry Eiler/New York Times photo
Havasupai People heading out of Grand Canyon on horseback

Supai, Arizona — A rainstorm cancelled a celebration to commemorate the return of Grand Canyon lands to the Havasupai People by the U.S. Congress, but that couldn't dim the happiness of victory after a long and difficult struggle.

Now the Havasupai People can move out of the bottom of the Grand Canyon. The Grand Canyon National Park Enlargement Act signed by U.S. President Gerald Ford in January gave the Havasupai 185,000 acres of land on the rim of the canyon, land which the Havasupai had historically occupied until the U.S. swiped it a century ago.

Since 1882, the Havasupai were confined to 519 acres of almost inaccessible land at the bottom of the canyon. In good weather, it can be reached only by travelling 63 miles of graveled road off highway 66 to Hualapai Hilltop, and then proceeding by mule or foot down an eight-mile trail into the canyon.

The struggle to regain the lands caused deep splits between the normally friendly environmental groups and native rights groups. Fearful that once the land got back to the native people sharp-talking developers would move in and make a Disneyland of the Grand Canyon, environmental groups like the Sierra Club, Audubon Society, and Friends of the Earth had waged a clever lobbying struggle to defeat the proposal. Now that the battle is over, peacemakers from both groups are working to mend the wounds and to prevent future misunderstandings.

There was some substance to their fears, although it was not of the Havasupais' making. The Arizona Office of Economic Planning and Development, under a grant from the U.S. Department of Housing and Urban Development, had prepared a comprehensive plan proposing resort hotels, tramways, and tourist-promoting infrastructure.

The state plans had been emphatically rejected by the Havasupai, and resurrecting them was denounced by congressman Morris Udall as "unfair and unworthy of [the Sierra Club]". Congressman Stan Steiger called the environmental groups "Green Bigots". The fact that Hollywood's largest conglomerate, Music Corporation of America, had virtually taken over the management of spectacular Yosemite National Park had not seemed to arouse the same heated opposition that hampered the Havasupai efforts. MCA starting running Yosemite in 1973, immediately planning to turn the park into a vast amusement park, paving back trails, putting in cable cars, opening up winter sports areas, and touting the place as a "convention center." Two MCA top executives had secretly donated \$180,000 to the Nixon campaign in 1972, and the following year, moved into control of Yosemite.

However, the legislation returning the land had safeguards which the Havasupai had asked for. The Tribal Council will now develop a plan of use for the returned lands, which will undergo public hearing before approval by the House and Senate Interior Committees. Likely it will be held in common and not divided into individual allotments. Initial plans indicate tribal members farming on the land will live scattered far apart as in times past. "Crowding always creates trouble," they said.

So now the U.S. Forest signs at the entrance to Havasupai lands are coming down to be replaced by tribal signs. Anglicized names for various natural features are being removed from maps and the old tribal names are being restored.

The traditional pattern of living can now be restored: the floor of the canyon for crop raising during the spring and summer, moving to the rim for grazing horses and stock in the winter. There are 425 Havasupais, of which only 275 could live on their tiny tract.

[Thanks to Canyon Shadows, Supai, Arizona 86435, for parts of this information. This neat little newsletter is "the Voice of the Havasupai."]



TUCSON'S THIRST MAKES PAPAGOS DRY; WATER RIGHTS SUIT FILED IN ARIZONA

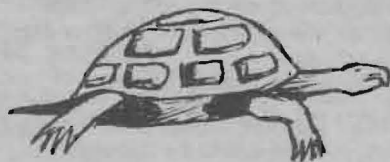
Papago Nation @ Sells, Arizona — For the last five years, the Papago Reservation has been wracked by drought. Wells have gone dry, and cattles have died by the hundreds.

A suit filed in U.S. District Court February 20 charges the City of Tucson, the State of Arizona, five mining companies and an irrigation firm with depriving the Papagos of essential water by excessive pumping of ground water near the reservation in the upper Santa Cruz River basin.

In addition, the Farmers Investment Co., Anaconda Co., American Smelting and Refining Co., Pima Mining Co., Amax Mining Co., and the Anamax Mining Co.

The Papagos had been legally unable to act in the matter and had to wait for the U.S. Department of Justice to file the suit. U.S. Attorney William C. Smithman said the suit asks that the defendants be enjoined from diverting or pumping water from the Santa Cruz basin in such a way as to interfere with the water rights of the Papagos. It also asks for financial damages to compensate the Papagos for losses sustained by the water withdrawals.

Normally, the Papagos use the surface water in the river, which crosses the eastern part of the reservation, plus the ground water, to support their farming and livestock interests. Now the river only flows at times of flood because of the increased use of the water by the defendants, the suit charges.



In addition to dying for lack of water, Papago cattle died of starvation when the dry earth did not produce new forage. Sometimes where there was feed there was no water, and where there was water there was no feed.

A year ago, the Papago people elected a new council, ousting the former chairman in a showdown over the issue of self-determination versus white domination of tribal policies. Cipriano Manuel, election board chairman, termed the vote as one where "the people had to choose between recovering their natural customs and be willing to strengthen their former way of life, or to delegate authority to outside professional people to make decisions and determinations for them."



SENTENCE FOR SLAYER OF APACHE YOUTH CAUSES OUTRAGED SCUFFLE

Phoenix, Arizona — A tavern owner was placed on probation January 10 for killing the son of a leader of the San Carlos Apaches, and then was attacked by the enraged father while being escorted from the courtroom. Maricopa County sheriff's deputies had to break up the scuffle in which a number of the 75 native people in the courtroom joined.

Eugene Mayfield had pled guilty to manslaughter in the shooting of 18-year-old Vernon Wesley in March, 1974. There had been a series of encounters with local Apaches in Mayfield's bar at the edge of the San Carlos Reservation near Bylas.

The sentencing had been moved to Maricopa County from Graham County because authorities feared protests, but the protests occurred just the same. As deputies began leading Mayfield from the courtroom, Vernon's mother leaped up and began hitting Mayfield. "You killed my son — you murdered my good boy," she wailed before falling to the floor in a near faint.



— Arizona Republic photo
Slayer of Apache Youth Hustled from Court

Her elderly husband leaped part way over the court railing and began pummeling Mayfield with his fists until officers could whisk the sentenced man down a deputy-lined corridor to a special elevator. The angry crowd eyeballed the dozen or so deputies over the railing in the courtroom, but turned to aid the crying mother lying in the aisle.

The elder Wesley is a former vice-chairman of the San Carlos tribal council. He alleged that Mayfield had been operating two bars near the reservation without a liquor license — but with the full knowledge of the Arizona Liquor Control Board. Law enforcement investigative records indicate Mayfield had shot another Indian with buckshot and pistol-whipped another, but was not convicted for his actions, Wesley's lawyer, Philip Shea, told reporters.

There had been another protest against Mayfield last October, when the state prosecutor exchanged a guilty plea for a charge reduced from murder to involuntary manslaughter. Testimony at the inquest for the youth indicated that Mayfield had fired into a group of Apaches "yelling and cussing" in the bar after several had threatened to burn the bar down in protest of Mayfield's practices.

A \$2-million suit for damages has been filed by the Wesley family against Mayfield, his brother, Tom, John Roberts, and bar-owner Mark Williams. The suit accuses Williams of hiring the Mayfields knowing that Eugene Mayfield "was a vicious and violent man who posed a life-and-death threat to the customers of the bars he operated."

Aside from 45 days Mayfield spent at a state psychiatric diagnostic center, he had been free on his own recognizance since the shooting March 16.

CONTACTS

We don't know what it says about us, but AKWESASNE NOTES is listed in the publication, *Guida Internazionale Dell'eta Dell'Acquario*, (International Guide for the Age of Aquarius), which lists movements, publications, organizations, centres and communities working for "the coming of the New Age." The book costs Lire 7.800. Contact: Edoardo Bresci, Via A. Vespucci, 41 - 10129 Torino - Italy.

"Alcheringa:ethnopoetics" is planning a special issue devoted to contemporary response to ancient and tribal poetries, in both poetic and essay form. Publication will be in September, 1975, and manuscripts with a self-addressed stamped envelope are solicited. Contact: Paul Kahn, "Alcheringa", 270 Bay State Road, f520C, Boston, Massachusetts 02215.

Major works by leading native painters will be published in an art book by the New York Graphic Society, edited and written by Jamake Highwater. Artists who should be included should contact: Jamake Highwater, 224 Lafayette St., New York, N.Y. 10012.

A psychologist writing a book on dreams desires information on how dreams are still used by native peoples for guidance and knowledge. Contact: Dr. Robert L. Van de Castle, Sleep and Dream Laboratory, University of Virginia Medical School, Charlottesville, Virginia 22901.

Native people interested in working in filmmaking and radio as a career should send a resume to American Indian Culture Research Center, Marvin, South Dakota.

Native groups interested in tapping other organizations and media for help will be interested in "Guide to Alternative Organizations & Media" for \$1. Contact: DC Gazette, 109 8th NE, Washington, D.C. 20002.

Chief Thundercloud, a Cherokee who has lived in New Jersey for the last 18 years, is working with a citizen's group to build a Lenni Lenape (Delaware) Cultural Center to be operated and inhabited by Indians, who would demonstrate the Indian lifestyle. Help is sought from New Jersey people in particular. Contact: Jacqueline Iozzi, 572 Olive Terrace, Union, New Jersey 07083, or telephone (201) 687-0893.

Also in the Lenni Lenape Department: an effort is being made to re-establish the social and cultural ties among Delaware living in Pennsylvania and New Jersey, and people of that ancestry are asked to contact: Laughs Like Turkey, 547 N. Fifth St., Allentown, Pa. 18102, or phone (215) 435-8526. Lenni Lenape people in other areas are also invited to help supply information and moral support.

The Sapulpa American Indian Club will be sponsoring Heritage Day at their high school on 3 South Mission St. on May 24, 1975 - and the public is invited. Sapulpa is in Oklahoma, and the club secretary is Vickie Watashe.

The 2nd annual Yavapai College Inter-tribal Powwow will be held April 12 with hoop-dancing and \$2000 in prize money. Contact: Native American Club, Yavapai College, Prescott, Arizona 86301 or call 445-7300.

The American Indian Program at University of Washington is seeking a director for administration, development, and coordination of native studies. Contact: Spencer Moseley, Chairman of Search Committee, School of Art, University of Washington, Seattle, Washington 98195.

[Space in this newspaper is too precious to sell, and so we don't carry paid advertisements. But we are always glad to publish information of interest to native people. Readers have asked us to insert these "contacts".]

A coordinator of Native American Studies for administration, advising, program development and teaching is sought, preferably with a PhD and for a \$16,000-up salary range. Applications are also being accepted for teaching positions within the fields of Indian education, Indian language development, and political science. Contact: Richard Band, Coordinator, Native American Studies, 3413 Dwinelle Hall, University of California, Berkeley, California 94720.

The Nebraska Indian Commission is to be funded to hire an attorney to work in total legal services for Nebraska native people. Five VISTAs are now working in the state as para-legal assistants. Attorneys interested in developing this program should contact: Robert Mackey, Director, Nebraska Indian Commission, Box 94666, State Capitol, Lincoln, Nebraska 68509 or call 477-8984.

The Indian Center of San Diego, California, is re-implementing a comprehensive program for ex-offenders, including employment training, education counseling, parole liaison, legal aid, alcohol & drug abuse program, financial subsistence. Persons needing assistance, or persons who can help the program with information or literature, contact: Dwain Camp, Correction Program Counselor, Indian Center, 1623 Fifth Avenue, San Diego, California 92101 or call (714) 233-6318.



Lenni Lenape Department III: The United Lenape Band hopes to purchase land in Pennsylvania, West Virginia, or eastern Ohio to set up permanent headquarters. They already have a pledge of money to build a cultural center and Big House, the traditional religious building. Scattered Delaware people and other Algonquin relatives are asked to contact Sam Gray Wolf, Route 3, Box 604, Morehead, Kentucky 40351.

Native dancers and singers, preferably a family, are wanted for ten days in October, 1975, possibly steadily in 1976, for work in Connecticut. Good pay is promised. Contact: LeShowmar Indian Trading Post, Route 16, Box 272, North Rochester, New Hampshire 03867.

Parents of Bonnie Bickwit, age 17, and Mitchel Weiser, age 18, have been searching for their children for two years now - the couple left their homes together in 1973 and have not been seen since. Somehow, the parents feel they might be with Indian people, and ask that folks who might know of their whereabouts contact: Sidney Weiser, 1146 E. 8th St., Brooklyn, N.Y. 11230.

Five indoor/outdoor shopping mall all-Indian arts and crafts exhibits/sales are scheduled for this spring in the Eastern U.S. For further information, contact Jimmy Little Turtle, 220 Fourth St., New Cumberland, Pa. 17070.

A good film on the relationship of Christian churches and native peoples is available for television broadcast. ABC outlets could be urged to telecast the film. Also, a written script is available upon request. Contact: Sid Darion, Manager of Public Affairs, ABC News, 7 West 66th Street, New York, N.Y. 10023. Ask for "Eye of the Heart."

The North American Indian Indian Women's Association will hold their fifth annual conference at Northern Michigan University June 12-15. NAIWA is organized to promote better home and family life, health and education, inter-tribal communications, awareness of native culture. Contact: Florence Uusitalo, Baraga, Michigan.

Martin Sostre, a Puerto Rican man of great strength and dignity, has maintained his stance as a free person while serving an outrageous 41-year sentence in New York State Prisons. The facts of his case are too complex to detail here, but support for this brother, an Amnesty International Prisoner of Conscience, is much needed. For further information, contact Martin Sostre Defense Committee, Box 839, Ellicott Station, Buffalo, New York 14205. If you can, enclose a dollar or two to help with expenses, and ask for the booklet: "Free Martin Sostre."

The Oneida Indian Nation Lacrosse Club, formerly known as the Oneida Falcons, wants to challenge all comers. Contact: Don Marks, West Road, Oneida Nation, Oneida, New York 13421.

The Coalition of Eastern Native Americans has a variety of job openings: Project Coordinator, researchers, and staff specialist for an Adult Motivational Education Project; planning assistants and secretary for Economic Development Project; project coordinators, program specialists and clerks for Comprehensive Employment and Training Act; project coordinator for Community Planning & Development Project; a project attorney and secretary for a Legal Project; and an executive secretary, administrative assistant, clerk, personnel specialist, receptionist, financial officer and research evaluation specialist for the CENA administration. Contact: Coalition of Eastern Native Americans, 733 15th St., NW 1637, Washington, D.C. 20005, or call (202) 638-6727.

A chairperson is needed for Indian Studies Department at University of Minnesota, at a minimum salary of \$19,000, for a teaching/administrative post. Doctoral degree or extensive background in Indian affairs required. Contact: Elgie Raymond, Faculty Search Committee, Dept. of American Indian Studies, 812 Social Sciences Building, University of Minnesota, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55455.

Native students in Law are sought for September admission by the Antioch School of Law. This innovative program operates its own law firm so students learn by doing in serving the poor people of the U.S. capital. In addition to training graduate lawyers, there is an 18-month legal technician program for certification as attorneys assistants. Financial assistance is available. Apply immediately to Admissions Office, 1624 Crescent Place, N.W., Washington, D.C. 20009.

The Rural Education Association is awarding \$100 for a research report on Education in Rural America. Information can be obtained from: Dr. Everett D. Edington, Director ERIC/CRESS, NMSU Box 3AP, Las Cruces, New Mexico 88003.

4 Utah native agency is seeking a variety of employees for work throughout the state, including an administrative assistant, budget specialist, job developer, community development workers, and secretary. Contact: Utah Native American Consortium, c/o Harvey Wells, Executive Director, 120 West 1300 South, Salt Lake City, Utah 84101 or telephone (801) 485-9204.

One of the most clear-cut and simple little publications for people caught up with Western Civilization and seeking a way out is available for a stamped self-addressed long envelope from Little Free Press, 715 E. 14 Street, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404. Try one - you'll like it.

Ahbenoojeyug, Inc., a native children's program and big brother/sister agency, is seeking an assistant director for work in Toronto, Ontario. Contact: Professor John McCamus, 50 Balmoral Avenue, Toronto, Ontario M4V 1J4.

A unique innovative program aimed at meeting communication needs of native junior and senior high school students has been granted to Indian Native Council on Minneapolis Education from Title IV, Part B, Indian Education Act. 38 students are producing a monthly newspaper, which not only communicates, but trains communicators. For further information and a copy of the paper, contact: OICFIS, attn: Naomi Lyons, 1905 Third Ave. S., Minneapolis, Minnesota 55404, or telephone 870-1821.

A "Guide to Funding Sources for American Indian Library and Information Services" is available from the National Indian Education Association. Also, there is an "Index to Bibliographies and Resource Materials" available for \$2.50 - it is the beginning of a computer-housed data base of information in print on, by, or for native peoples. Contact: Laura Waterman Wittstock, Director, Project MEDIA, National Indian Education Association, 3036 University Avenue, SE, Minneapolis, Minnesota 55414.

Writers may apply for the new round of National Endowment for the Arts Fellowships in creative writing. Grants are up to \$6,000 and are for writing, research, and travel related to poetry, fiction, essay, and drama. (Remember to consider NOTES to publish your material!) Contact: Leonard Randolph, Literature Program Director, National Endowment for the Arts, Washington, D.C. 20506 or telephone (202) 634-6044.

University of Iowa at Iowa City, with a rapidly-growing number of native students, is seeking more students via liberal financial aid and sensitive admission procedures. Contact: Professor John Salter, Jr., 342 Jessup Hall, University of Iowa, Iowa City, Iowa 52240 or telephone (319) 353-5001.

University of Lethbridge is seeking a person to build a teacher education program for teachers of native students, and to offer courses in curriculum and instruction. Appointment is for July 1. Contact: R.N. Anderson, Dean of Education, University of Lethbridge, Lethbridge, Alberta.

The Native American Counseling Center in New York City is looking for a director. The residential treatment center for detoxified alcoholics is hoping for funding to commence September 1. The program needs a person not only familiar with alcoholism, but with a traditional background, as treatment will be based on herbs. For further information, contact: Larry Long, NACC Board Chairman, c/o National Council on Indian Youth, 815 Second Ave., New York, N.Y. 10017 or call (212) 867-8400 x346.



Ganienkeh (via Big Moose, New York) — Mohawks who came here last May to live a quiet traditional life as sovereign people are still here and prepared to stay for generations to come — but legal confrontations over their seizure of a 612-acre site in the Adirondack State Park still loom ahead.

Initially, when white residents of this resort area heard about the occupation of an abandoned girl's camp by Mohawks, they saw the event as a boost to the tourist business. "Everybody thought it would be very quaint. They thought it would be a financial shot-in-the-arm," says Robert Hall, a resident of nearby Old Forge and executive secretary of the business-promoting Central Adirondack Association.

But when local rednecks began harassing and firing on the camp, and when two white persons were wounded as the Mohawks fired back, the "Indian village" began to be viewed in a different light by the neighboring residents. Bunkers and trenches have been built in anticipation of an attack by authorities. White hunters tracking deer into the area have been marched out at gun-point by Mohawk security patrols.

Many of the residents of Ganienkeh, meaning "Land of the Flint", are from Caughnawaga, a Mohawk reserve near Montreal. Others are from Akwesasne, plus other Iroquois communities supported by native people of various areas. They said the land was theirs by treaty, part of an eight-million acre claim in New York and Vermont. "Realistically, we're claiming only enough acreage to maintain our nation," says Kakwirakeron, 32, official spokesman for the camp.

State authorities are in a quandry over what to do next. The exclusive girl's camp was purchased by the state in 1973 for \$783,000 with the intention of tearing down the buildings and letting the land go back to wilderness. The state police still want to investigate the shootings, but Mohawk security guards won't let them on the land, and the police say they want to avoid bloodshed.

The State of New York was peculiarly unresponsive to the reclamation, and took no action until September, 1974, perhaps hoping that the Mohawks would tire of their activity and go back home. At that time they filed an action in federal court seeking a declaratory judgment validating the treaty under which the state makes its claim, and removing any cloud on their title resulting from Mohawk claims to the land.

State officials also argue that they have authority over the Mohawks, pointing to 25 USC 232 which purports to give state jurisdiction over criminal matters on New York state reservations.

"The idea was to get back an area of land for Indian people only, a place where we could have our own heritage, our own language, our own spiritual worship and our own way of life. This is it," Kakwirakeron says.



The Mohawks say they were well received in the nearby towns, and that except for occasional insulting remarks, there were no incidents for the first five months of their stay. This tranquility was shattered by two incidents that occurred within a three-hour period on October 28, three days after the start of the hunting season, when a different type of tourist invaded the area.

Police said that Stephen Drake, a 20-year-old Inlet resident, and his brother, Michael, drove past the encampment at high speed about 4:30 p.m., shouting war whoops. The Mohawks say Drake opened fire on them from the car — the Drakes says it was they who were shot at. No one was hit, and after reporting the shooting, the Drakes again drove past the camp. This time, there was a volley of shots from the camp, and Stephen Drake was wounded in the shoulder. Earlier

that same week, the Mohawks reported children playing in the camp and others had been shot at by passing cars.

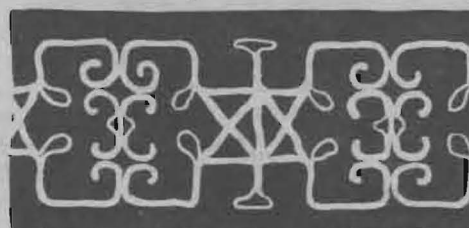
Three hours later, April Madigan, age 9, was critically wounded in the back when her family's car passed the camp on the way home from a vacation. Mohawks say they were shot at, police say there is no evidence for this contention. "We're sorry about the little girl, but we have to defend ourselves. What our people were trying to do was to stop the cars, not kill anyone," Kakwirakeron says.

While there have been no shootings since October, local residents are still fidgety. "Our kids go by there in school buses every day," says Douglas Bennett of Big Moose, who organized a citizen's group demanding state action. "These Indians have been breaking the law since they got here. If I break the law, I'll get arrested."

State Assemblyman William Sears, a Republican, told a Syracuse audience that the Mohawks were "ripping off the public by playing a game of 'give us sympathy.'" He called the "Indian problem" at Ganienkeh "one of the biggest travesties this state and nation has ever been through."

According to the Treaty of Canandaigua which governs relations between nations of the Iroquois Confederacy and the United States, when there are misdeeds by parties of one nation against the other, grievances will be lodged with the President of the U.S. or with the Grand Council of the Confederacy. So it was in late December that nine chiefs of the Mohawk Nation began their own hearing into the shooting of the two white people. They are due to report at a Grand Council, and the results of the investigation and actions taken will be exchanged with the same sort of investigative reports of U.S. misdeeds by the U.S. If either government is not satisfied, the matter must be negotiated out.

tribunal or diplomatic negotiations with a representative of the President of the U.S. were required. Ganienkeh residents say that if the court decides to rule, they cannot in good conscience recognize it, and will remain. "We are here to stay. This is our home," Kakwirakeron says.



U.S. District Court Judge Edmund Port is hearing the case. Coulter said the Mohawks would only take part in the hearing to discuss the motion that the court lacked jurisdiction. "We will not attempt in any way to argue or litigate the title to that land," said Coulter. In a February 10 hearing, native people made up a majority of the crowd that filled the courtroom. Lengthy arguments presented were only interrupted once by a burst of applause when Attorney Jeremiah Jochnowitz, representing New York State, said that if the Mohawk argument is upheld, "not only is the land theirs, but this courtroom is theirs." Residents of Ganienkeh did not attend the hearing.

Jochnowitz accused the Mohawks of wanting to "rewrite history." "This group comes back 200 years later and wants to undo the Revolutionary War," he claimed. The hearing was held in Syracuse.

If the shooting incident cannot be resolved according to the treaty, Mohawks say, "mechanisms have already been begun to bring the issue before the United Nations. A tentative date for this summer has been set."

"We Can See the Blood You Have Spilled and the Fences You Have Made."

[These words were spoken a decade before the colonists fought the British Crown, the Revolutionary War. They were spoken by Kanakweson, an Oneida chief, speaking to Sir William Johnson, the first British superintendent of Indian Affairs. The occasion was a Council of Chiefs.]

We have often put you in mind of the many promises which were made to us at the beginning of the late war by the generals, governors, and by yourself... We soon found ourselves used ill at the posts, on the frontiers, and by the traders. The rum bottles hung at every door to steal our lands, and instead of the English protecting us as we thought they would do, they employed their superior cunning to wrong us. They murdered our people in Pennsylvania, Virginia, and all over the country.

You are wise. You have a government and laws. But you don't prevent this. You often tell us we don't restrain our

people and that you do so with yours, but brother, your words differ more from your actions than ours do.



We have large wide ears and we can hear that you are going to settle great numbers in the heart of our country... Brother, you that are wise and have laws and say you can make your people do what is desired, should pre-

vent all this, and if they won't let us alone, you should shake them by the head. We believe that you are wise and that you can do all this, but we begin to think you have no mind to hinder them.

If you will say you can't, we will do it for you. Our legs are long, and our sight is good that we can see a great way through the woods. We can see the blood you have spilled and the fences you have made. Surely it is but right that we should punish those who have done all this mischief.

Brother, this is the truth — it comes from our hearts. If you won't do justice to our fathers, the Mohawks, who are going to lose the land at their very doors, if you won't keep the people away... we must get tired of looking at you and turn our faces another way.

[Thanks to the Ganienkeh Support Committee of Syracuse for calling this quotation to our attention.]

However, the Iroquois are also demanding that the U.S. also respond to them about the formal November 24 complaint they filed with U.S. President Gerald Ford, describing 11 shooting incidents.

Even before the shooting, the State of New York had filed a suit in federal courts asking that it be declared owner of the property on which the Mohawks settled, and requesting a court order authorizing the removal of the Mohawks. Since then, a Democratic Governor, Hugh Carey, has been elected to office, and sympathetic citizens of the state are hoping that Carey will withdraw the suit.

The Big Moose Property Owners Association filed papers requesting permission to intervene in the State's suit, an action which Kakwirakeron described as "private individuals meddling in important and very delicate government matters." The Association is asking \$5-million in damages from the Mohawks, saying they had lost income from their commercial enterprises, and that their property had declined in value since the Indians moved into the neighborhood.

"The last thing in the world we want to be is inflammatory, but we do want what is entitled to us under law," an attorney from Hancock, Estabrook, Ryan, Shove & Hust, the Syracuse firm representing the property owners, said.

The Mohawks, represented by Tim Coulter and Nancy Stearns of the Center for Constitutional Law in New York, moved to dismiss the suit, saying it was not in the court's jurisdiction, and that an international

The Office of the Secretary General of the UN isn't anxious to get involved, claiming that the Ganienkeh dispute is a "domestic jurisdiction of a member state." However, other committees of the UN are said to be prepared to consider the accuracy of this ruling.

A *Syracuse Herald-Journal* editorial, in unconscious high irony, stated that if the Mohawks at Ganienkeh "do not claim to be United States citizens, then the Mohawks are foreign invaders who have seized American soil and must be dealt with as such."

The philosophy behind Ganienkeh is to establish a cooperative community that Karoniaktajeh, secretary of the Ganienkeh Council, calls "the most practical for the purpose of rehabilitating the Indian back to the human race. Indians have been deprived, depressed and discriminated against for so long many of them have gotten the idea they don't belong to the human society. That's why so many of them have taken up this drinking, drugs, and we have this high rate of suicide. You hear for so many years how inferior you are and you begin to believe it."

Many residents find the life at Ganienkeh difficult. "We've had to be realistic," Kakwirakeron says. "A lot of us have to relearn [the traditional Indian lifestyle.] And until we get strong again, we have to eliminate as many outside influences as we can."

Ganienkeh will show the American people that the Indian has not changed — only the society around him

has," Stonehorse Goeman, a Seneca/Chippewa from Big Fork, Minnesota, and a resident of Ganienkeh adds. For JoAnn Battese, an Oglala, residing at Ganienkeh was for a special reason. She travelled there because she wanted her expected child to be "born an Indian". The 22-year-old single mother gave birth October 29 to a son, Flint. "I wanted my child to be free from the government control. I did not want him to grow up on a reservation where he would be exposed to violence, drugs, alcohol. I wanted him to grow up in the traditional way of life where he would know his own ways and language as well as those of other Indians." And as for any potential eviction: "I'm here to stay," the young mother says. "I made a commitment. Regardless of what happens, I will stay."

The Mohawks have insulated and heated many of the 40 cottages and recreational buildings on the grounds. They arrived May 13 at 4 a.m., just three days before state crews were to start tearing down the buildings. There is no electricity.

"I've been travelling since I was 17 years old, and I worked with a lot of white people," says Oserase, a 45-year-old Mohawk ex-ironworker now living at Ganienkeh. "I know how hard they want to survive — they want to survive as much as I do. That is why I have nothing against the white people. Our treaties say we are going to be brothers. We're going to be the same height. Nobody is supposed to be taller than one another," he said. "We're not going to legislate one another. We're going to stay in our own canoe, and the white people are going to stay in their own sailboat, and we're going to travel together."

Oserase knows the life of the city where most Mohawks go to work to earn money to support their families. "I used to like it when I was younger. I liked the kind of work I was doing — fast, and fast money and fast women — until I realized what I was doing to myself, to my people. It's really bad for the Indian to be living that way."

Kakwirakeren stressed that no alcohol or liquor is allowed at Ganienkeh. "This has helped tremendously in keeping our people together," he says. "It is good that our children will not grow up to see their relatives intoxicated."



Wounded Knee was a siege. The takeover at the BIA in Washington was an occupation. But Ganienkeh is a settlement, the residents point out.

While the Ganienkeh people hope to be self-sufficient, they see this as a goal they can achieve over a three-to-five year period. In the meantime, they seek food, materials, farm machinery, trucks — and native people interested in the survival of native free independent nations. Contact: Karoniaktajeh, Ganienkeh, via Eagle Bay, New York 13331.

Meanwhile, a mini-Watergate scandal was alleged involving a payoff which state assemblyman Dan Haley made to a former newspaper editor, Michael Blair. Blair got \$1,500 for writing a report on Eagle Bay, and since the money came from Gov. Hugh Carey's campaign funds, opposition politicians claim wrongdoing. Haley

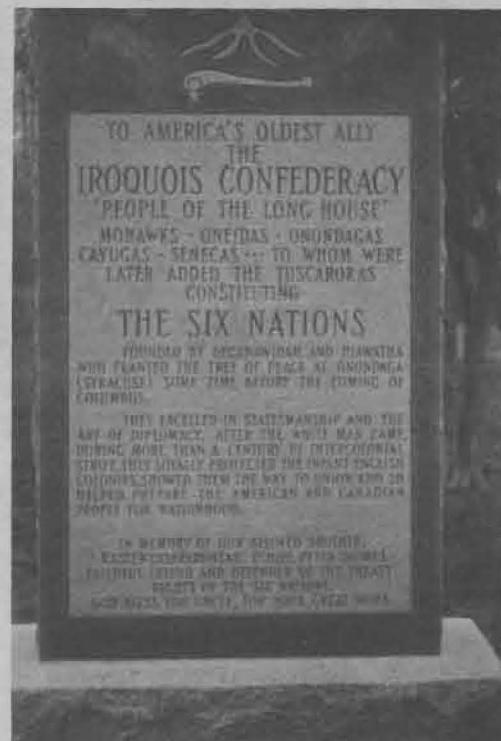
has said he would release the report to the public, but in a deleted form — "We have a sensitive situation at Eagle Bay," Haley says, "and it would not help anything if the full confidential report were released."

He said that the Mohawks at Ganienkeh do not have a valid legal claim because "they do not descend from the Mohawks who might have a claim." Haley repre-

sents the legislative district in which the St. Regis Reservation at Akwesasne lies.

[Thanks to Suzan Shown Harjo of the American Indian Press Association News Service, Frank Brieadddy of the Syracuse Post-Standard, National Lawyer's Guild Notes, Barbara Charzuk and Jonas Kover of the Utica Daily Press, Tony Baker of the Associated Press, William Claiborne of the Washington Post for this information.]

New Monument Erected At Grand River



A year or so ago, AKWESASNE NOTES readers were asked to support a monument to be erected by the Six Nations Museum at Chief Joe Logan's Iroquois Cultural Center & Museum, Grand River Lands near Brantford, Ontario. The Center is a place where young Iroquois and others can visit, observe, and learn traditions, history, and culture. The two sides of the monument are shown above, and its setting is at the left. Ray Fadden, who has erected many of these monuments at important sites, says to all who helped: "niawen."



GOLDEN HILLS PEOPLE TURN IN THEIR STATE INCORPORATION PAPERS; CONNECTICUT THREATENS TO TEAR DOWN RESERVATION'S ONLY DWELLING

Trumbull, Connecticut — Connecticut is one of the eastern states which has tried to maintain jurisdiction of its "Indian Affairs" since colonial days. To further its ties, some years back it got Indian communities to incorporate under state law, giving native nations and peoples identities only as members of a chartered body.

On March 2, however, the Golden Hill Indians, Inc., met on the reservation, and wrote to state officials that they, on their "own free will, did vote and decided to dissolve the corporation." The Golden Hills people said they were returning to traditional ways, and wanted to restore their original status as free peoples.

Golden Hill lands have been reduced to not much more than a large city lot, and even there, state officials want to tear down the one remaining home and remove Chief Aurelius Piper and his family to "suitable public



housing." Piper has refused to budge, however, and has sought the protection of the Six Nations [Iroquois] Confederacy under an old agreement of friendship and alliance under the Great Tree of Peace.

GANIENKEH'S 612-ACRE SETTLEMENT TINY COMPARED TO ROYAL DOMAIN OF TIMBER, MINING, WEALTHY INTERESTS

The area of the Adirondacks running from Albany north to the Ottawa River was the portion of the mother earth that Mohawks say the Creator gave to them. It is there that the Ganienkeh settlement is based.

The State of New York claims sovereignty over the land now, thanks to the Duke of York, and has set aside much of the area as the "Adirondack Park", a "wilderness area." But a closer look at the area reveals some interesting patterns — perhaps explaining why certain people are not anxious to have the Mohawk claim substantiated.

In the Adirondack/North Country area, there are 5.4-million acres of "commercial" forest land. Only 2-million acres are actually forest preserve, just 40% of the park. There are mineral resources there, relatively untapped — talc, iron, zinc, titanium, lead, silver.

When the time will come to mine them is for the monied people to say.

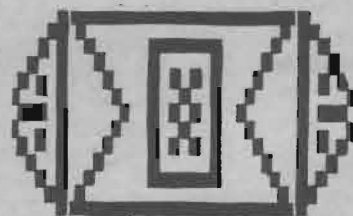
Three corporate owners own more than 100,000 acres each. Less than 1% of the private landowners own 50% of the private land. The private William Rockefeller estate in the north-central part of the park has been said to be 32,000 acres, one of a number of large estates.

The Ganienkeh people's 612 acres isn't much compared to the 63 owners who hold more than 55% or 164,876 acres of the Herkimer County park area. Niagara Mohawk Power Corporation owns 39,920 acres just in St. Lawrence County. In Hamilton County, 75% of the private land is owned by 37 in individual owners. Corporate holdings account for 75% of the private land in Hamilton and St. Lawrence Counties.

Most of the landowners do not live in

the area. Non-resident parties own 60% of the acreage of private lands.

Lumber corporations are involved in the "wilderness area". St. Regis Paper Co. has 143,000 acres in New York, much



of it in the Adirondacks. Diamond International has 60,000 acres. Draper Division of Rockwell International has 75,000 acres. Georgia Pacific has 63,609 acres. Finch Pruyster and Co. has 155,000 acres. Ganienkeh: 612 acres.

The land succession of Mohawk territory in the Adirondacks always seems to have benefited people of wealth. When New York State was debt-ridden after the Revolutionary War, it decided to sell off "the upper part of the state". Alexander Macomb, a friend of Governor George Clinton, bid for an immense tract of 3,635,200 acres at 8 cents each, payable in six annual installments. That comprises most of St. Lawrence, Jefferson, and Franklin Counties. Now the State of New York is buying lands back for the Park at a very heavy price. Macomb resold the land in county-sized segments to investors, who in turn sold townships to developers, who in turn sold farms to poor settlers and immigrants, each turn of the deed being at a handsome profit.

It is no wonder that the State of New York wants to validate the Brant Treaty — at any cost.

VOICES FROM WOUNDED KNEE-1973



Ellen Moves Camp

VOICES FROM WOUNDED KNEE, 1973: The People Are Standing Up. Published by Akwesasne Notes. This is the story of the liberation of Wounded Knee in the words of the participants, culled from 100 hours of tape recorded while the occupation was in progress. It is accompanied by 200 photographs, and several maps. This account is essential reading for anyone who wants to understand this episode of the struggle for human dignity and freedom in North America.

It too is a fine gift. The price is \$4.95 for the 282-page book.

You can help in the distribution of this book, your book, by asking bookstores to carry it on their shelves. Or native groups and other organizations and individuals might want to sell the book themselves. Enquire for resale discounts, and discounts for classroom use.

What The Reviewers Are Saying

VOICES FROM WOUNDED KNEE 1973 is getting good reviews:

"...a totality of more-than-competent writing based on skillful reporting, all bolstered by fine photography. The total effect is multiple. A white tax-paying citizen of the United States is revolted by the actions of his nation as it tried to suppress the uprising that demanded only the dignity that should be accorded to everyone. Another effect is sharp focusing on the total inefficiency of the established government in its effort to deal with the problem. The next time the federal government has a problem with the Indians and their aspirations for identity, a top team of negotiators, not a platoon of hacks, should be sent to the conference table.

The fact of the matter is, as this book reveals, ...the Indians out-thought, out-maneuvered, and almost out-fought the white men who sought to regain the seized territory.

"...has qualities of professional excellence. It relates with passion, suspense, the narrative technique of the novel, or the better works of non-fiction, the story of an effort by humans to attain the status of human dignity. It should be supplemental reading in every classroom where history is taught. For too long, the history of the Indians has been missing from the history of the nation.

— William Flynn,
San Francisco Examiner

"The most vivid account to date... brings into clearer perspective the events which led to the occupation and what it was really like inside the tiny village... excellent use of photographs... brings the reader as close as possible to the action and the mood of those who took part."

— Bill Kreifel
Sunday Journal & Star
Lincoln, Nebraska

"...Penetrating interviews reflecting feelings of the Sioux with remarkable clarity and provide the reader with an historical understanding of the problems."

— El Malcriado (publication of
United Farm Workers)

"...history of the struggle for Indian treaty rights from 1868 to the present. From start to finish, this book is a tribute to native Americans, to the courageous defenders of the Independent Oglala Nation, to the Wounded Knee Information Collective that gathered the material for the book, and to the publishers, AKWESASNE NOTES...you owe it to yourself to read it."

— Pun Plamondon
Ann Arbor Sun

"...strongly reflects the mood and spirit of the 71-day occupation. The editors have done an excellent job of presenting a human drama of a suppressed and oppressed people getting themselves together to restore some dignity to their lives... important history not only to native peoples, but for all who care about this country.

— Work Force

... If the book's partisan stand seems self-righteous, tenuous, and propagandistic, the reader should reflect that almost everything the book asserts has since been confirmed... illustrated copiously with fine original photographs and the effect is powerful, touching, and sometimes infuriating... [VOICES] is a valuable corrective to people who think everything is quiet out West.

author & journalist — John Koster

...[VOICES gives] a keen sense of what it was like inside Wounded Knee, something your local "established" newspaper or TV network news never provided, as well as why there ever needed to be a Wounded Knee 1973... a beautiful picture of the community inside Wounded Knee... a commendable effort to capture the facts and feelings of an event of great importance.

— Liberation News Service

A photo-journalism documentary unparalleled in narrative clarity and historic immediacy... by the end of the book you feel you were there, and you know what being there meant. An altogether beautiful volume.

— Tomkins County (N.Y.) Bulletin

...really beautiful photography... so much to learn from this book.

— Richard Ruth
New York City Star



TRAVEL

During April and May, the AKWESASNE NOTES/White Roots of Peace travelling group will be visiting various college campuses and prison groups in the Great Lakes states and on the mid-Atlantic seaboard. However, the schedule printed here is tentative — please confirm dates with local officials.

We are always glad to meet our friends as we travel. We are glad too for invitations to meet with people along the way where we have open time. We have our film festival, speakers, crafts display — and it is always good to have a place just to rest and get caught up on our own work. People who want us to stop by are invited to write or telephone us at (513) 358-4697.

We also have a special problem: places to hold sweatlodge ceremony. The number of places open for this becomes fewer and fewer each year. But if you know of a place in your area where there is a wooded area with complete privacy and a good spiritual feeling about it, where there is a small amount of firewood, we'd sure like to know about it, particularly in the areas listed below.

- April 1: LaRoche College, Pittsburg.
- April 3: OPEN. Detroit area possible.
- April 7: University of Michigan @ Flint.
- April 9: Grand Valley College, Allendale, Mich.
- April 10: OPEN. Mt. Pleasant/Kalamazoo area possible. Tentative: State Reformatory at Ionia.
- April 12: OPEN. Milwaukee area possible. Tentative: Wisconsin Prison @ Waupun, prison camp @ Fox Lake.
- April 14: University of Wisconsin at Stevens Point.
- April 15: OPEN. St. Cloud, Minnesota, area possible. Tentative: State Reformatory at St. Cloud.
- April 17&18: Title IV Program at Fargo, North Dakota.
- April 19: OPEN. North-central Minnesota area possible.
- April 21: University of Minnesota @ Minneapolis.
- April 23: University of Wisconsin @ Whitewater.
- April 25: OPEN. Northeastern Indiana area possible.
- April 26: OPEN. Wheeling, West Virginia area possible.

- April 28: OPEN. Eastern Pennsylvania area possible.
- April 30: Livingston College, Rutgers, New Brunswick, N.J.
- May 2: Princeton University, Princeton, N.J.
- May 4-5: OPEN. Metropolitan New York City or N.J. possible.
- May 6: William Patterson College, Wayne, N.J.
- May 8: OPEN. New Jersey, Philadelphia, Delaware, or Maryland areas possible.
- May 10: Mt. Vernon College, Washington, D.C.
- May 12-14: OPEN. Maryland, New Jersey, Northern Virginia, Delaware, Philadelphia areas possible.
- May 15: Kean College, Union, New Jersey.
- May 16: back at Akwesasne, working on next issue of NOTES. Printing deadline: May 31.

We are particularly anxious to hear from people who can help arrange programs on college campuses where an honorarium can be paid to help out with the costs of getting the paper out, and with reservation/prison/urban center native groups with whom we can share ideas, spiritual strength and support.

For this and future trips, people are needed to further the work of the group — those who follow and defend the traditions of their people, who uphold the Great Law of Peace, and who can participate as members of a group either with skills as speaker, craftsman, singer, etc., or young people learning those skills.

Travellers are expected to begin working with the group even before the trip begins to assist with preparations; where possible travellers should return to Akwesasne after the trip for a time to help with the work here.

Perhaps if you know of people who could contribute to the work of this group, you might suggest that they contact us. If you yourself are interested in travelling, please call or write AKWESASNE NOTES.

AT HOME

While we work cooperatively and share the load, we do need people to help who have very specific skills, to handle very specific assignments. Our preference is first for people from Akwesasne, then native people generally so there experience here can be used in the native movement, then non-native people. We need:

- writer, editorial assistant
- typist
- graphic designer & layouts
- carpenter for repairs, cabin-building, etc.

Our staff works on a volunteer basis, but with a subsistence provided for dependants and food, shelter, and clothing allowances. Persons interested should write or phone.

The time is rolling around when summer travel brings as many short-term volunteers. Aside from the above needs, volunteers often help prepare meals, clean house, sort cards, wrap parcels, chop wood, etc. However, our housing capacity and work space limits the number of volunteers we can take at one time. Also, frankly, some people prove to be real jewels and are very helpful — others prove to be disruptive and we end up with a loss of spirit and effort. For that reason, we suggest first-time visitors come for short periods, and with arrangements made in advance.



Of course, if people are traveling through this area and want to stop by for a visit and tea, we are always glad for these opportunities to follow our Original Instructions to be hospitable.

Wherever possible, we suggest visitors and volunteers delay until after May 16.

RESOURCES

TAPES

WHITE SETTLER STATES: Ben Magobani, a black anthropologist from southern Africa, identifies the common ground of the struggle of the native peoples in all white-settler states, and instructs his fellow anthropologists on their proper role in the struggle. 15 minutes. Also: John Saul, formerly of the University of Dar es Salaam, talks of his experience trying to make his work as a political scientist useful for FRELIMO, the Mozambique Liberation Movement. 15 minutes. Total program: 30 minutes.

JAMES BAY FORUM: A town hall meeting in Toronto in the fall of 1973 heard four speakers intimately involved with the Cree and Inuit people fighting for their survival against the James Bay Project: film-maker/author Boyce Richardson, environmentalist John Spence, economist Terry Godsoe, and Billy Diamond of Fort George. 60 minutes.

HARRY BELAFONTE: tells an AIM rally in St. Paul that his freedom depends upon the freedom of the native peoples. A man who left his career as a singer to assist electoral politics explains how Wounded Knee changed his own perspective on America. 30 minutes.

THREE TAPES BY JACK FORBES

DEFEATING DIVIDE & CONQUER: People who've been through oppression have a lot of hand-ups that stand in the way of unity and brotherhood. Jack Forbes performs the painful task of reciting and analyzing the nature and source of some of these hang-ups, historically and currently. Forbes demands that people who speak for unity stop putting down their brothers and themselves. 90 minutes.

GOALS FOR NATIVE AMERICANS: "People who have a mission, a destiny, somehow find the food to eat" while working on their goals. Jack Forbes reviews the historical reasons which have limited the setting of goals by native American peoples during the past century and points to some of the key questions which need to be answered to develop long range goals today. His examples focus especially on the Chicano and other native peoples of Aztlan, the reunification of the Navajo Nation, the unique situation of the widespread Crees, and of the Inuit people whose lands go around the globe. 45 minutes.

WHERE HAVE ALL THE INDIANS GONE: mainly has to do with the categories which Europeans created to undermine the traditional native nations. Jack Forbes traces the history of this practice in order to understand its importance today. He shows that both North America and South America have full-blown caste systems for native people in order to destroy tribes and nations. He concludes that "we have to take control of the concept of Native American away from the white man" and shows several steps toward completing this cycle. He points to European, Asian, and African tribal people who have created states to protect and enhance their tribalness rather than allow conquerors to continue undermining it. He questions whether it is worth fighting for independence if we do not also fight for traditional values. 90 minutes.

47 CENTS AN ACRE: Pit River is the one place where it still seems possible to challenge the land rip-off in California in court. In this documentary, Darryl Wilson says the land was worth more than the 47 cents an acre which the U.S. has tried to pay for it. Aubrey Grossman & Ross Montgomery also interviewed. (See story this issue.) Produced for Committee of Concern for Traditional Indians. 30 minutes.

RESTORATION IS A LONG ROAD: Mel Chevalier, Jr., was a member of the Menominee Warriors Society which occupied the Alexian Brothers Novitiate on January 1, 1975, to spark a debate about Menominee treaty rights. This is an exclusive interview during the occupation by Kevin McKiernan. 15 minutes.

THE PRICE OF GOLD: The fast-changing world economy has kept open two gold mines in Yellowknife, NWT. But money is not the only price being paid for gold. Arsenic is polluting the water, the air, the land and the people. This three-part documentary focusses on a previously unreleased Canadian Government report detailing the threat to both human and animal life which was kept under wraps for five years. (See article in this issue.) 90 minutes.

OUR OWN ALBUM - WILLIE DUNN

This stereo album of toe-tapping music is both good music and political education. Lyrics are printed on the album cover. Jerry Saddleback sings a Grass Dance Song and a Chief's Song as well. WIN Magazine calls this album produced by AKWESASNE NOTES "amazingly varied. Willie Dunn will remind you of a Gordon Lightfoot or even a Tom Rush, but then [the Cree songs] will really turn your head around." Lyrics are on the cover - just \$5 postpaid.

THE ANTHROPOLOGISTS LISTEN: three speeches, 75 minutes total. Also available separately. Three talks of special and continuing value were given at the American Anthropological Association Convention in Toronto in 1972. JOHN MOHAWK, speaking for Akwesasne Notes, described the efforts to suppress the newspaper, culminating in the arrest of its editor. He outlines the communications work which the Iroquois Confederacy has carried out since its founding and tells the spiritual basis for its continuing work. He also, in a separate talk, deals with the role of the anthropologist in aiding or combatting forced assimilation. 30 minutes. TONY BELCOURT gives a basic introduction to the life and struggle of the Metis and non-status native people across Canada, and relates the present crisis of the forgotten people to the role of the anthropologists. 15 minutes. PHILIP AWASHISH, chief councillor of the Cree Nation at Mistassini, outlines the origins of the James Bay project and the organizing effort which led to the longest trial in the history of Quebec. A scholar points out that the same thing is happening across the north, and Boyce Richardson adds his comments on what the crisis means for the continent and for committed journalists. 30 minutes.

ALCATRAZ IS NOT AN ISLAND: Richard Oakes, on May 10, 1970, gave a talk forecasting most of the actions reclaiming Indian lands which have occurred in the years since. Richard says he gained this knowledge when he saw that Alcatraz was not just an island. Richard passed into the Spirit World a few years later. 30 minutes.

NATIVE PEOPLE'S CARAVAN & EMBASSY: If anyone still believes the myth that Canada's relationship with native people is less violent than that of other imperial nations, this program will help them to re-evaluate the armed truce. It traces the origins of the Native People's Caravan which reached Ottawa on September 30, 1974, and culminated in the first use of Canada's RCMP riot squad as well as the founding of the Native People's Embassy. 30 minutes.

A TRIBUTE TO GLADYS BISSONETTE: Mark Lane in conversation with Kanatakenia, August 19, 1974. The Wounded Knee defense originally planned to call 300 witnesses and to have over 100 testify. Mark Lane tells how the complete testimony of this courageous woman caused the defense to rest after calling only five witnesses. 15 minutes.

GANIENKEH: On May 13, 1974, warriors, women, and children from the Mohawk Nation at Kanawake returned to their traditional hunting grounds in the Adirondack Mountains to re-establish a community and nationland. The next day, three spokesmen met with the press to explain the importance and meaning of this move for all traditional native peoples. 45 minutes.

CLEAR AND PRESENT DANGER: There is death in the waters of northwestern Ontario where the Ojibway people live. Mercury pollution in far greater quantities than those which led Minamata, Japan, to give its name to a disease worse than cancer, poisons their food. This documentary, originated by the CBC, details the nature of the disease politically and medically and the impact on the people of White Dog and Grassy Narrows. 90 minutes.

OIL, FOR ALL ITS WORTH: This tape isn't about native people of North America, and yet it is instructive on their situation. A documentary originally prepared for the CBC Ideas Series, it tells how oil has changed the course of international politics, and particularly the colonial relations of Britain, France, and the U.S. in Asia, Africa and Latin America. A first-class allegory of what is happening in much of Indian country today. 60 minutes.

The tapes listed in this column are part of a series for schools, discussion groups, tape libraries, radio and individuals. The series is always being updated, added to, and this list is mostly new additions.

Prices are for reel-to-reel tape at 3-3/4 ips, or on cassette or cartridge. (Please specify!) Institutions are expected to pay full price, but individuals and those who can't afford more can pay half-price.

30 minutes - \$7.00
45 minutes - \$8.50
60 minutes - \$10.00
90 minutes - \$11.00

Inspired by the history and traditions of his Arawak People in Guyana, David Campbell sings of the present as well as the past. These songs are on topics of concern to native people from Brazil to Canada. This album deserves careful attention. David Campbell's music was well received by all who listened to him on his recent trip with White Roots of Peace/AKWESASNE NOTES. \$5 postpaid.

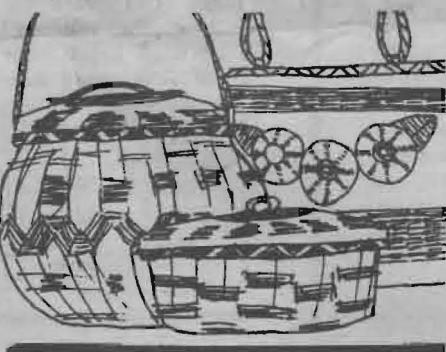
WHOLESALE CRAFTS

Mohawk basketmakers keep turning out fine baskets of many sizes and shapes, using black ash splint and sweetgrass, local materials. Basketmaking is one of many old and useful traditions among the native people that has survived into today, and may help us to survive in tomorrow. Some of the designs go into the distant past: the pack-basket, corn-washing basket, storage baskets. Others are more modern and fancy, like the strawberry basket, sewing baskets, kettle baskets, pin-cushions, to mention a few. They range in size from the tiny thimble basket to the 24"-high pack-basket.

There is also beadwork: nice earrings, necklaces, hair-ties, chokers and others. Leatherwork is limited, but there are some headbands, bracelets, and belts.

Most are one-of-a-kind items too difficult to catalog. While we can fill some individual orders, we highly recommend the crafts on a discount basis for fund-raising. For a church bazaar, pow-wow, trading post, coffee party, order a 30-day consignment. It will have retail price tags totalling about \$133, and you will be billed for \$100. Before the end of 30 days, you can return any unsold items, or pay for those sold. Paid-for unsold items can be returned for full credit or refund at any time.

Karla Johnson is working to fill these orders promptly, and to purchase high-quality crafts. Persons wishing to market their crafts in this way should contact her at NOTES.



We have a number of patchwork quilts of various designs made here at Akwesasne available for purchase. They are \$60, and can be sent on approval - meaning that if you are not satisfied, they can be returned for exchange or full refund. Most are full doublebed size, although a few twin bed quilts are available for \$50. (Quilts can also be included in crafts consignment on request.)

charts

Royal Ontario Museum Charts

These beautifully designed and printed charts are spectacular: about 34 x 40 inches, with an explanation in French and English. Great for displays, for classes, even hanging in a home. There are six in the series:

NASKAPI (a northern people)
MUSICAL INSTRUMENTS
QUILLWORK
WOOD CREE
TOYS AND GAMES
ASSINIBOINE

Each chart is \$3.00, postpaid.



INDIAN TOBACCO

KINNI-KINNICK - blends of herbal ingredients and fine tobaccos - is available from us. It is mixed, packed, and shipped from the Mohawk Nation. There is a brochure on the six available blends, but the best way to try it is to order 2-ounce samplers. They are \$1.15 each, or 3 for \$3.15, postage-paid. Test them out to find a favorite for re-ordering in 1/4 or 1/2-pound pouch.

Each blend of KINNI-KINNICK is representative of the old mixtures for social smoking. The blends we have:

Eastern Woodlands
Thousand Campfires
Old Chippewa Straight
Mohawk
Western Plains
Northwest Coast

One blend, Old Chippewa Straight, contains no tobaccos - just barks, roots, leaves, herbs.

For tobacco shops, commercial outlets, or for fund-raising by groups, we suggest a sample shipment of six two-ounce pouches of each of the 6 blends for \$25 postpaid. That's a 1/3 discount. Returns permitted any time.

Order from: AKWESASNE NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, New York 13683.

BLANKETS

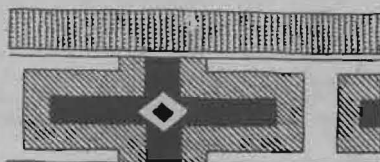
The Mayans in Momostenango raise sheep for three colors of wool, which they hand-process. On large looms, they weave their blankets, utilizing Mayan design usually consisting of animal, bird, flower, and sometimes human figures, denoting the number and letter characters of the Mayan alphabet. Often the sacred Quetzal bird is used in the design.

When the wool blankets are woven, they are taken to the hot springs and washed. As the wool begins to shrink, rocks are placed on the stretched blanket to tighten the weave. After the blanket is dry, the women gather large thistle-heads which are fastened together into a comb and the blankets are then carefully combed and fluffed. The result is a uniform well-made blanket, or heavy wool cloth for overcoats, mukluk liners, and similar uses. These blankets are great gifts, too.

AKWESASNE NOTES has arranged to bring a number of these blankets north. They are \$35 postpaid, and they can be returned if they are not just what the purchaser wants. The quantities are limited on these hand-made blankets, and delivery at this point takes four months - but they're well worth the wait. Comparable U.S. machine-made blankets are more expensive. We have some ourselves - it's nice to sleep under a Mayan-made blanket from Momostenango.

HELP US TO DISTRIBUTE NOTES

...ask your local/college bookstore or newsstand to carry a few copies. ...leave some papers at a food co-op, daycare center, workplace, tribal office. ...sell the paper on the reservation, at Indian meetings, church, on campus, on the street. We'll send a bundle on consignment and you send us 35 cents for each copy sold - or order a packet of 6 for \$2 prepaid or 20 for \$5 prepaid. GET THE WORD OUT.



OUR OWN PUBLICATIONS

HOW TO SUBSCRIBE TO THIS PAPER

There is no fixed subscription price. But that does not mean this paper is free. Printing alone for this issue costs \$5,000 and typewriters, ribbons, postage, glue, etc. will add almost \$2,000 more — and that doesn't include costs of keeping full-time staff alive. We are not funded by foundations, government, or universities.

Our money comes mostly in small donations from readers. Some people have lots of money, others have none. If you want the paper, we'll be glad to send it to you. If you want to help with the costs, we will appreciate that — that's the Indian way. Make it work.

Another issue will be ready for mailing as soon as funds for printing have accumulated.

Some of Our Publications

A Hard Look at American Catholic Folklore: A pamphlet with two articles by Richard Lundstrom, "Mohawks, Martyrs and Myths," and "For If the Indian Peoples Die, Who Among Us Deserve to Live?" Just 25 cents for a copy of these reprints from NOTES. Church groups are buying them by the hundreds for lively discussion at 40% discount, for any large quantity.

BIA: I'm Not Your Indian Any More — \$1.95 the story of the Trail of Broken Treaties group which occupied the Bureau of Indian Affairs headquarters in Washington D.C. in 1972. The book also contains the Twenty Point position paper presented to the White House which would revolutionize Indian/U.S. relationships — plus the White House reply, and a rebuttal to the White House. This dialogue will be heard throughout the 1970s, and needs to be understood — and acted upon — by every American and every native person. 8 1/2 x 11, 96 pp., paperback.

Declaration of Barbados:

This pamphlet should be discussed thoroughly by all students of anthropology — college and campus bookstores should let the anthro department know it is in your stock. Church officials — and all concerned people — will find it of interest too. It discusses the role of non-native scholars and missionaries with the native people. 25 cents.

The Great Law of Peace:

This is the Constitution of the Iroquois Confederacy, portions of which were adopted in the U.S. Constitution. It is a statement of morals, spiritual belief, and government which is 1,000 years old — and which is still in use today. 84 pp., paperbound. \$1.00. Illus.

The Migration of the Iroquois:

Pictographic writing, and text in English with some handsome drawings of Iroquois life, detailing a chapter of North American history — how the Iroquois migrated from the southwest to the northeast. 50 cents. Illus.

A Message to All People: The Hopi Prophecy:

A spiritual message as old and timeless as the land. Illustrated. A warning — with hope — of interest to all human beings. \$1.00.

Posters Available From AKWESASNE NOTES



1 South America



2 Chief Joseph



3 Wounded Knee



4 Longhouse to Kiva



5 Zuni Governor



6 Sitting Bull



7 Three Sisters



8 Grandma Hunter



9 Poundmaker



10 Shackled Native



11 Family Portrait



12 Three Horsemen



13 Fire Carrier



14 La Raza



15 Dan Katchongva



16 Our Ideas



17 Statue of Liberty



18 Signs of the Times



19 Flathead Chief



20 Rush-Gatherer



21 Bear-Belly

In each issue of AKWESASNE NOTES, there is a centerfold poster. The entire series is available as separate posters, printed on heavy poster paper of various colors. They are 17 x 22 inches. Any combination of posters is available at 3 for \$1 or 50 cents each, plus 25 cents for a cardboard mailing tube. We reserve the right to substitute when we are out of stock. The posters are also excellent fund-raising items for schools, groups, fairs, powwows — 100 can be shipped, an assortment, for \$25.

Order from AKWESASNE NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683.

1975 NATIVE AMERICAN CALENDAR

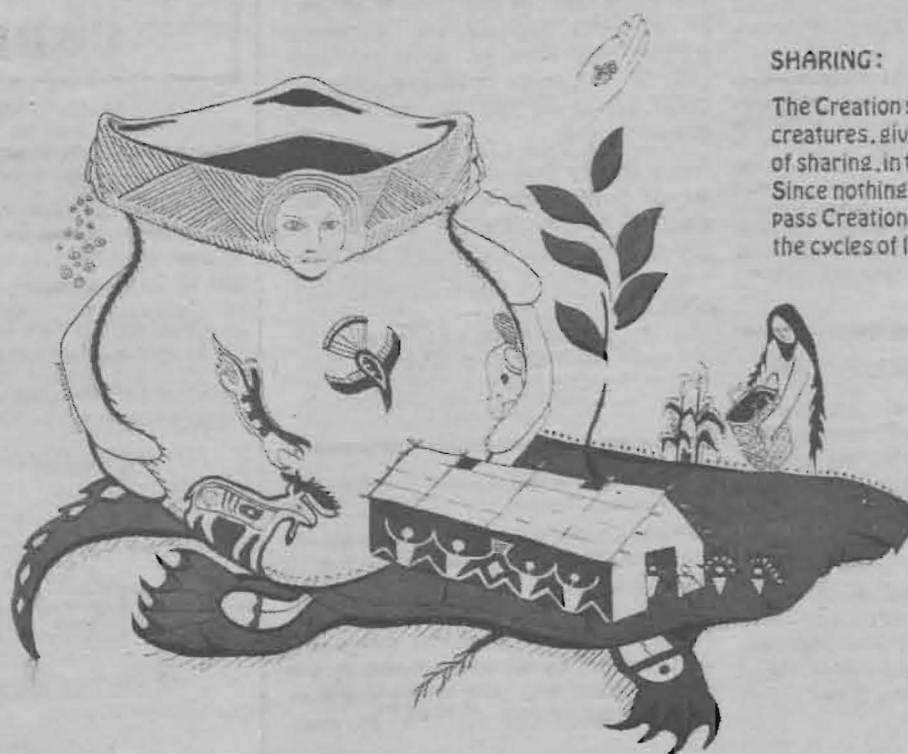
We've finished the third printing of calendars now — people are still buying them, despite the lateness of the year, since they will not be reprinted, and the poster-like illustrations are well worth the price alone. The theme this year is Original Instructions for Human Beings. One illustration, reduced in size, is on the right — the full size is about 17 x 22 inches.

The calendar includes each day's major events in the history of native peoples of North America, plus the cycles of our Grandmother, the moon, names of months in native languages.

Surprise a friend with a gift — an attractive way to help others come into greater harmony with life and historical realities. In our homes and offices, the calendar is a means of educating ourselves on our past — and our future as Human Beings in this Creation.

The calendars are \$3 each, shipped in a cardboard mailing tube. Quantity purchases for resale for fund-raising are at a 50% discount.

Now's the time to order before the supply is gone — there will be no further reprintings.



SHARING:

The Creation shares with all its creatures, giving us the privilege of sharing, in turn, with others. Since nothing is really ours, we pass Creation's gifts on, keeping the cycles of life strong.

Got a Red Label?

NOTES: There's a red line through my name on my most recent NOTES. Does that mean you're cancelling my subscription? Please don't.

I don't know how to express the strong feelings I have inside. I guess since I've been made fun of by my peers at school it makes me apprehensive about opening up. Getting called Chief Chickenfeathers or Crazy Injun doesn't build up confidence in oneself. I love the heading on your paper. To me, it means, "We, the beautiful people, have found power in our unity, we and the Great Spirit together, as it should be, as it always will be."

Lin Beyer
Valley City, Ohio

[A red line on your address label does mean no more NOTES — unless you write. Don't worry if you have money to send or not, just write and say you want to continue receiving the paper. This system is the only one we have to keep the mailing list fresh. So — please watch your label, and then please write. The Editors.]

Unite Under the Spirit

NOTES: The prophecy of the Great Spirit has been guided by his time clock. It is time for us to unite under the red power of the Great Spirit.

Did not yesterday end last night? So we must forget about the battles of per-capita claims, bloodlines, membership. Think fast, my brothers, and think right and think big, of only of the war to exist. We must all come together at once and fight for our survival.

My brothers, we have a long hard journey ahead of us — so don't be led by the white man who would cause strife or disagreement, by those who parrot government wishes, by they who are led by attorneys and other outsiders who have private interests and would exploit our lands. They are just complete sell-outs.

Have you ever once stopped to think that the Secretary of the Interior is not an Indian? Then since when does the Indian Constitution have to have his signature and his approval? That's not right. Let's kick them out, all of the BIA and the rest of the whiteman's bureaucracy. Let us make them dance to our tumtums instead of us dancing to their tunes. And also remember that we must have chiefs, and not chairmans. There is a great difference.

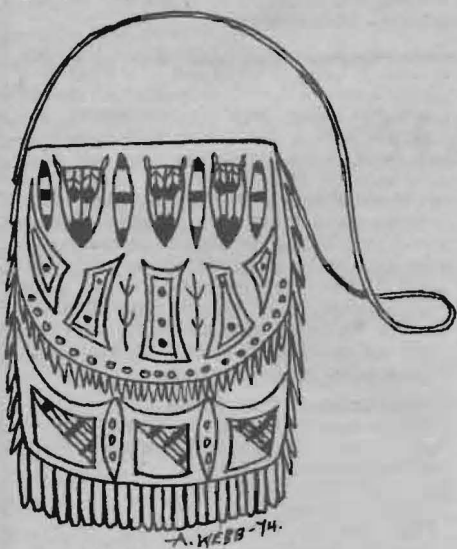
Jesus West Tapia Esquerria
Chemehuevi Nation
PO Box R
Parker, Arizona 85344

A Global Attitude

NOTES: I like the global attitude of NOTES. Perhaps more news on turning tribes and bands back onto the land, their land. Reports from communities starting to make one another's clothes again, getting ready for the massive education of white men. Cover tribal cooperation as well as response to and initiation of conflict.

May the bird of Paradise praise your names for demonstrating and reporting that social radicalism must go together with consciousness raising and individual development. In peace and struggle,

Paul Knitenbrower
Renaissance Family
66 Rideau
Ottawa, Canada



A Thanksgiving Fast

FRIENDS: A few of us in San Francisco got together to fast for Thanksgiving. We pooled the money we might have spent on Thanksgiving dinner and wanted to send it to some portion of the Indian movement — we voted to send it to AKWESASNE NOTES and hope it will help you to continue your fine work.

My hand to you, in friendship and love,
Diane diPrima
Point Reyes, California

[And our hand is extended too in friendship and love, to Diane diPrima, a respected poet/human being. The Editors.]

LETTERS

Awakening to Exploitation

NOTES: I know your people have been exploited through the hundreds of years. But really, you're not the only ones — the white people themselves are exploited by themselves and the sad thing of it is they don't even realize it.

Your paper has opened new doors for me and made me realize many things that I didn't know before.

Jim Powell
Lewisburg, Pennsylvania



Comanche Prison Fast

FRIENDS: Our Comanche brother, Wayne Dawn Boy Raney, who is a prisoner at Lucasville Correctional Facility (Ohio) (132-970) is in serious trouble and really needs support from us all.

He has been in isolation since January 22, is allowed nothing, not even a towel, has not shaved or showered since that date. He was ordered from his cell to get a haircut and the guard began calling him abusive names. Dawn Boy protested. He was spun around and struck in the mouth and several other guards attacked him. They were not guards who were supposed to serve in his area, so the incident had to be planned. After he was attacked, he was put in the Hole and he has been there since.

He is planning to fast in protest. He has asked support through letters to
Governor James Rhodes
State House
Columbus, Ohio

Mrs. Evangeline MacNeil
Orlando, Florida

Understanding Drinkers

NOTES: Traditional people must try to understand the people that drink instead of turning them away. Dealing with suicidal people, I have come to understand that the drug alcohol is something that speeds or helps the process of suicide. I know that there will come a time when we will close our doors and no longer take them in unless they come one by one, but that does not mean we can shun them away or ignore these people who really need our help — physically and spiritually.

I am a traditional woman, and I too at one time used to call my Indian brothers an apple because they acted like the Europeans. But at one time I also wanted to be accepted by the white people because I also felt lower.

I want to know if there could be a write-up about the suicides and the drug alcohol that so many of our people abuse. We need confidence and guidance and knowledge that will make us feel once again that the Indian way of living is the path of the Indian people. Chumeeqwech.

Geraldine Commanda
Cutler, Ontario

Stopping Sterilizations

NOTES: I was astounded, as usual, but the news that your people report — the press never seems so managed as when I discover what I've been missing.

One story in particular moved me to rage, and the frustration of knowing I'm "in no position" to affect change. I want to know more about the forced sterility operations on native women in Claremore, Oklahoma. What is being done now to pose the specifics of the policy and what has taken place since the report in NOTES? I would appreciate names and addresses of people working on the case so that I could make personal contacts and offer assistance.

I am grateful for the chance to see through the darkness.

Allan Fox
University of Cincinnati, Ohio

[Little has been done. Contact your senators and congressmen, and write to a local contact, Milo Beaver, Route 3, Box 627, Broken Arrow, Oklahoma. The Editors.]

Depending on Us

I have to undergo insulting invectives without an attorney in the hearing with two of these members, who are former police chiefs, district attorneys, and retired wardens. I don't have a chance. Also, we are currently locked down [confined to cells] due to many killings and assaults, and I am tired of living in this life of tension and paranoia. They have shuffled me between here and another terrible prison, Folsom, where one really vegetates. Yet, they say I'm a model prisoner and give them no trouble. I have a trusted job which I do, working seven days a week, and having minimum security — yet I'm not trusted to go home to my poor mother who is ill and who doesn't have too much longer to live. They say they don't think I'm going to make it. I see men that go home with heavy violence beards, which I don't have, and also who have been disciplined cases in here, but they go free.

There is a saying that for everything and every purpose, there is a season and a time. I hope the Great Spirit lets this be the season and the time for my justice. I can only keep my dreams alive while reality stretches out to meet them.

So, I shall close, friends, and pray that each of you will do as I ask. Otherwise, I can be here many more years, unless these people realize that someone out there cares. Thank you. I'd may all of you walk the sacred path with pure hearts and with firm steps, especially my dear friends who have been faithful to me, and to the staff of AKWESASNE NOTES, to whom I am indebted to for their concern and for being True Indians. Respectfully,

Buffaloboy Canoe
PO Box A-53716
Tamal, California 94964

[The address to write is:
Governor of California
State Capitol Building
Sacramento, California
and send a copy of your letter to
Buffaloboy Canoe. The Editors.]

A Native Adoption Agency

NOTES: [Adoption of native children] is a major concern to natives around the country. Yet, to date, I have not heard of one adoption agency set up and run by natives. Why not?

It would seem to me that if we want to keep our children in the environment which we think will be most beneficial to them ultimately, we ought to be doing something very positive and very real about it ourselves — and not complaining because others who don't see things our way turn around and do things their own way.

As far as I know, most states recognize adoptions which are handled on a person-to-person basis, and it would seem to me feasible to set up some sort of control center which could handle adoptions nationally by bringing together interested parties, or arrange agency-handled adoptions.

If nothing else, once an agency is set up nationally, it would be possible to monitor much more effectively the status of Indian children placed with non-Indian families, and to lobby, if necessary, to see that laws are changed or amended to give preference to native families, or to give additional advantages (such as requiring that all native children adopted by non-native families be told of their status, tribal background, etc.) to the children themselves.

We have the people — we need only find them. We have the resources — we need only use them.

Mrs. Patricia Spier
Cambridge, Massachusetts

Before It's Too Late Forever

NOTES: It's hard for me to say exactly how I feel after reading your paper, because it's only then that I see what has and is happening around me, and it shames me — not only because it's happening, but because I didn't even know it was happening until after I read your paper.

God be with you always and may true justice be rained upon your people and the mockery of justice and law here on earth find its way to the ones who made it that way. My prayer is that we can someday work together to save what's left of the meaning of life before it's too late forever.

Joy Franklin
Murphysboro, Illinois

Bitterness Leads Nowhere

NOTES: Please cancel my subscription. I now have access to share a paper. Save our brother trees.

Bitterness leads nowhere. Somewhere in your heart, you must find love.

Laura Davidson
Indiana

A Careless Label

NOTES: I am presently in my third year of college and I am finally fed up with just about all of the anthropological conclusions, findings, experiments, etc., of the original or native American. My biggest bitch is the term "Indian", a namesake given by a lost sailor.

I belong to the Sioux and I feel very insulted when the term Indian is used to identify and describe my heritage and my natural characteristics. I hope there are more natives who also feel the same. Now is the time to change this careless address which has been covering us for the past five centuries.

Ryan White Feather
Belvidere, South Dakota

A Misinterpretation?

NOTES: I received your last issue of NOTES and take exception to the interpretation of the Family Planning pamphlet we have prepared as it pertained to Sioux culture. I know that you do not know much about Sioux traditions, how we react to the pictured word as it pertains to our family and problems confronting us today, but I assure you this pamphlet does not suggest you will be rich, nor does it promote genocide of the race.

The idea for this particular pamphlet was suggested by a full-blood Sioux woman based on Sioux culture. In the past, wealth was sometimes measured by the number of horses you had. It is also a fact that the Sioux practiced a "birth control" in its purest form because of the need to survive in a suddenly hostile world on the western plains.

Because you apparently seem interested, even if you did not understand this one concept of our program, we are sending you other prepared material used all over the State of South Dakota in our program. We are dedicated to our people and their problems and especially are we aware of the privations suffered by our Indian children when parents are not able to provide the necessities of life. We love our children, we want healthy children, who when they have reached their majority will not become public charges, a most tragic position for any Indian person.

Rosemond S. Goin R.N. Director
South Dakota United Indian Association
Wiconi Project
804 Chicago St.
Rapid City, South Dakota 57701

[NOTES — and at least some of its Lakota friends — stick by the interpretation of the family planning cartoon which appeared on page 6 of our last issue. We do not object to family planning, but when that is done with the implication of increased wealth and with the suggestion that the Indian "has the burden of OverPopulation, native people are being led down someone's garden path. However, other readers are invited to check out the cartoon and respond. Incidentally, however, the Wiconi Project — whose address is above — does have an excellent pamphlet directed toward native people who abuse alcohol, linking the Alcoholics Anonymous concepts more closely to native culture. Write for a copy, asking for "Twelve Steps to Survival." The Editors.]



Dumb Indian Nation

NOTES: People are always calling me a "Dumb Indian."

I have never heard of this tribe before. How about you?

Tim Bad Moccasins
Fort Thompson, South Dakota

Prisons Awakening

FRIENDS: The new issue of NOTES was beautiful. It is full, as so many issues have been lately, of both joy and tragedy.

Please let people know about the COSMEP Prison Project [which distributes reading materials to prisons, and which encourages prison writers] We do some things that would be of interest to the various study groups in prisons which I see mentioned in every issue's letters sections. It is true that the prisons are the centers of the intellectual reawakenings in this nation — more so than the universities.

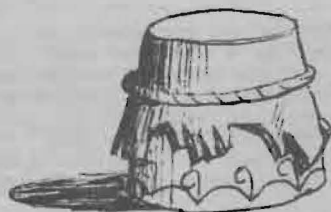
Joe Bruchac
Greenfield Review
Greenfield Center, New York 12833

NOTES: In response to Michael Quiroga, I am but a man. My color, creed, or national origin has little to do with the fact that I am a man. Being but a man, I share the desire of many men: the desire to have the ability to be free from hate, prejudice, and the ill effects of ignorance. To you and those that share your way of thinking, I can only hope that someday you will be able to accept all men for what they are, not what you have been led to believe they are.

Ron Gorham
Syracuse, New York

NOTES: Re Michael Quiroga's letter. It seems you have learned well the lessons of the white man. You hate who he hates, like who he likes, and as a reward, you receive the insult of being almost like him. Have you applied for membership with the Ku Klux Klan?

Edna Wicapi To Wigan
American Indian Cultural Exchange, Inc.
PO Box 394
New York, N.Y. 10022



NOTES: I didn't know that NOTES could be used as a tool to breed racism, referring to one Michael Quiroga. You see, humanity has no color. We are trying to feed and clothe our people. Then a "white-minded nigger" by the name of Quiroga comes along like an agent of confusion and tries to set us back. Have you no political awareness geared towards your basic needs?

I am so sorry, Mr. Quiroga. I forgot you are too busy spreading racism. But as a lover of life, I must understand you, and deal with you. So I shall meet you on the battlefield, or we will hold hands in the whirlwind.

I can't see why he would want to call me a name other than his brother.

Mshaka Olugbala
Slave Name: Carl Jackson 13931

Goodbye, Michael; Hello Jimalee

NOTES: There is a force trying to disrupt our whole nations. They hope to eliminate the Indian and take over everything they have, even their reservation. This force is not Indian, but Indians are being paid with the help of blacks to destroy us. Their masters will finish them someday.

We are all Christians. This Brotherhood business that has been forced upon people is a clever tool to destroy us. The people who preach it are the ones that practice it the least. Look at some of the young Indians today - a bunch of mongrels. If we don't stop breeding down, our race will be gone. You have a voice that will be heard - use it right. Don't condone the rebels that are fools. We need real leaders, businessmen with faith and a will to accomplish.

Jimalee Burton
Sarasota, Florida

NOTES: In these days as the circle of Indian Life revolves toward the future yet brings us back to our Beginning, it is important that the so-called "Breeds" and "Full-Bloods" stand together to protect reservations from being terminated, tribes from being dissolved, and the soul of Indian culture from being lost. Neither the Full-Blood nor the Mixed Bloods can do it alone. We need one another because we are meant to be one.

It is unfortunate that we often have fallen for the whiteman's trick of encouraging Indian People to judge one another on the basis of blood quantum. The Mixed-Bloods are used against the Full-Bloods, and the Full-Bloods are used against the Mixed-Bloods by those among the Suyapoo who wish to destroy us. The other favorite trick is to try and put the "Reservation Indian" against the "Urban Indian."

History tells us that blood quantum has nothing to do with being a sell-out. There have been full-blood and mixed-blood sell-outs. But more importantly there are mixed-blood and full-blood leaders and tribesmen who have preserved the tribal and cultural sovereignty of Indian People against all odds. The Indian way is to judge on the basis of a person's actions which prove loyalty, and not on blood lines.

The number of Full-Bloods is generally decreasing and the overall Indian population is increasing. More and more, the sons and daughters, grandsons and granddaughters of the Full-Bloods are marrying both enrolled and unenrolled Mixed-Bloods. If the unenrolled Mixed Bloods are not protected by the enrolled Indian People from becoming assimilated and alienated from Indian Values, customs and life, the Reservations will pay the price in the end.

Even though it is a full-time job for the Reservations and Enrolled Indian People just to protect themselves, they must never forget to do what they can to protect the unenrolled Mixed Bloods in the cities because they are future "in-laws." If no one has protected them against assimilation into non-Indian adoptive and foster homes and loss of Indian culture and values the future of all Indian people has been endangered. Let us stand together.

Owl Soldier
North America

NOTES: The picture you paint of a united front of native American people against the white oppressors really reads good in print. [However,] from the moment that the first Europeans set foot on American soil, there were Indian people, so-called, that fell instantly in love with everything about white people and couldn't wait until they could change everything about themselves and be more like their conquerors. It happened then, and it's still going on today.



You talk about white racism, but what about what Indian people do to themselves? What about Indian people carrying on their own religion while in town the bulk of their youth is getting stoned and shooting pool? I come from a long line of Indian men falling in love with and marrying white women - I lost my language except for a few words, lost my looks, lost my clan affiliation, and my own family doesn't give a damn about it - and it looks like the full-bloods don't give one either.

On the Alabama-Coushatta Indian Reservation in Polk County, Texas, there live approximately 600 members of the Alabama (Alibamu) and Coushatta (Koasati) tribes. Most of the people there are full-blood native American people. When I was young, both languages were carried on side-by-side. That was in the 1950s. Up until 5 or 6 years ago, here in East Texas was one of the few places where you could see even the youngest children speaking either Alabama, Coushatta, or a mixture of the two.

Over here in Louisiana, the main body of the Coushatta Tribe lives in their own community about four miles north of the town of Elton. Lately, we've been noticing that fewer and fewer of the young children could speak any native American language, and this is what's happening. With the full cooperation of the tribal council, the Headstart Program is giving the young children exams, even as young as three years of age. If they speak only Alabama or Coushatta, the child is declared mentally limited and placed in a "special" school or class. The parents seem to willingly hand their children over to a group of teachers consisting of three white "teachers" and three native American "teachers" and all are happily causing the extinction of the native American languages within this one generation.

This is all being done very quietly, very easily, very happily, and no one sees any harm being done. It's still going on today.

Claude & Rosaline Medford
Elton, Louisiana

NOTES: There are many, many people in this land who are mix-bloods of white/black American and native American. Many of these people recognize their native heritage and act upon it by participating in tribal functions, crafts, history, etc., of their own people. Others, of course, become disinterested or discouraged because they are unsuccessful at finding the right connections. Still others could care less what they are and go honking merrily along in their traditional honky way.

But the thing that brings my blood to a boil is to see an interested and helpful mix-blood person discouraged in his efforts by being called non-Indian by his native brothers. Is this what being "Indian" is all about? I don't mean a white hobbyist dance, either. I mean a person with some native background, whether he is 1/4 or 1/32 of one millionth.

The Creator gave us a native spirit, a spirit that binds us tightly like sinew, a spirit that makes us Indian whether fullblood or mix. It is that same spirit which inspired Blue Jacket, John Ross, and Osceola, not to mention countless others of their time as well as ours.

Unalaski-Galagina
Cherokee Nation,
United Remnant Band



NOTES: The record of NOTES against racism is monumental! The latest issue alone is outstanding. "Brazil: A Policy of Genocide." "Racism - From Europe to America and Back". The necessary and long overdue analysis of mutual goals in "The Red and the Black". And finally, the magnificent handling of the letter to NOTES by "The All-American Product".

But you can't be even a little bit racist, anymore than you can be a little bit pregnant. Therefore, I was quite disturbed to read pages 28-29 of the same issue in an article titled "Pine Ridge Tension Grows" about land use problems, the following: "While figures show 68% of the reservation land is still owned or used by Indians, those who are 3/4 or fullblood control only 1.7% of the land. Apparently the more white grandparents a person has, the more land he or she will own: Oglalas with half to 3/4 native blood own 5.7% of the land, while those with 1/4 to half native blood own 21.6%. People with less than 1/4 native blood control 39.9%, while no-bloods control 30%."

This impressive array of figures is a use of force, in this case aimed against the mixed bloods, or Metis. The author is responsible for perpetrating the myth that "all Metis are big landowners." Ah, but that it could be so! This is in the same class as the myth that "the Jews have all the money" - anyone who has ever visited the East Side in New York City knows how ridiculous that one is! I am not equipped to explain the disparity of land ownership on the reservation, but if there is anyone who is, I think you ought to find him and get and print the information.

For every Metis on the reservation, there are thousands living in urban and rural areas. And recent events in the Indian world have revived pro-Indian spirit and support among the Metis. It is time that Indian leaders realized that these are the people they need, nay, must have as allies. But they are not going to get the Metis as allies with vilification and abuse. If there are Metis on the reservation who are committing crimes, let them be condemned as criminals, not as Metis! We ask for unity with our full-blood brothers, but we do not come as supplicants. You are our Elder Brothers, not our Big Brother. We ask for no more than what we are willing to give: mutual goals, mutual gains, mutual respect.

Charles Colcord/Matawelehsis
Council Head, NYC chapter
National Association of Metis Indians
150 West 96th St. #11-B
New York, N.Y. 10025

The Desire for Freedom

SISTERS AND BROTHERS: You put out a fine paper and we're proud to distribute it. By doing so, we feel we are playing a small part in awakening the consciousness of Wisconsin people to the just struggles of Native Peoples for Self-Determination. The struggles of Native Peoples also awaken in us whites the desire for freedom and self-determination, and thereby catalyze the entire Continental American Revolution. Keep up your invaluable work.

Ronnie, for the
Wisconsin Independent News Department
PO Box 243
Madison, Wisconsin 53701

Caribs of Dominica Write

NOTES: I am writing you on behalf of a friend and neighbor, a Carib Indian who wishes to learn more about the struggle of native people in the North. He and many others on the Carib reserve are interested in promoting a greater sense of pride among the people regarding their traditional culture. This interest has led him to write a book about the Carib way of life, and this book is now being used in American schools ("In Our Carib Indian Village" by Frederick; Lothrop, Lee & Shepard Co., New York, 1971.)

The Carib Reserve in Dominica, West Indies, contains the last remaining members of the indigenous population of the Caribbean islands. They are presently about 1700 strong, and their number is rapidly increasing. The reserve has only one dirt road, no electricity, and the Caribs hold no title to the land they occupy. This has put the Caribs at a disadvantage in competing for resources with other Dominicans, most of whom are of African descent.

His address:
Faustus Frederick
Salybia, Carib Reserve
Dominica, West Indies

Anthony Layng
Dominica, W.I.

Real People Will Live

NOTES: In a world of the artificial, the Real People will live. To everyone at Tonawanda, A Friend

Native Economic Organization

NOTES: I am desperate for any sources concerning economic organization on Indian lands. I am working on a project to determine what form of organization is most compatible with the culture of the American Indians. Corporations based on competition seem to be alien to most tribes' philosophy. I am looking for information on new resources regained by Indians, the use these resources are put to, leaders of economic projects on Indian lands.

Your people can learn basic economics from Dollars & Sense (324 Somerville Ave., Somerville, Massachusetts 02143) which is published by the Union for Radical Political Economics. Indian properties must be managed correctly or the power elites of the U.S. will steal it right back. Teach your people the lessons of the Dawes Act.

Your newsletter is painfully spectacular. When reporting reflects anguish, it is usually true and real. It has to be the finest informative newsletter I have seen.

Tom Iverson
Route 1, Box 148A
Buda, Texas 78610

This is El Indio letter

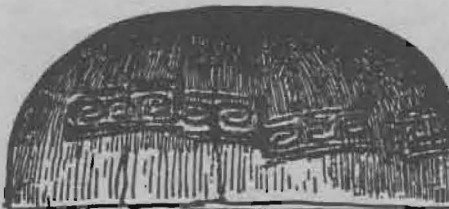
NOTES: This is to El Indio, Yaqui Hawk. Your letter to NOTES rather snapped my cool, man. I'm getting real old, so sing your songs of war to your children. Tell 'em of your great deed, that we may tell of your story to my grandchildren to learn what you have done.

Guillermo Guillermo
Warm Springs, Oregon

Reactions to VOICES FROM WOUNDED KNEE 1973

FRIENDS: The book, VOICES OF WOUNDED KNEE 1973, is a story of great strength, of peace in war, of love in hate. It is put together in a great way. Thank you for it. From it, I will learn.

Judd Daugherty
Neota, Tennessee



FRIENDS: How can I tell you about my feelings for your book, VOICES FROM WOUNDED KNEE? It is a book to be studied and memorized and remembered by everyone in this country. I love all of you who wrote it and photographed it and put it together. May the Great Spirit continue to guide you.

Tomorrow I will go to our school librarian, the Milwaukee Public Library, and as many book stores as I can and try to arrange for them to order books. I will also urge as many people as I can to buy them.

Bea Hermann
Milwaukee, Wisconsin

NOTES: I can't find adequate words to describe my gratitude for the book, VOICES FROM WOUNDED KNEE. For those who put it together, I can only say thanks. My copy has covered a lot of ground and I keep recommending it to many people.

The beautiful book should be a powerful element for good in this great war against oppression and greed. I know the Creator is helping you because it's his work that you are doing. I just keep praying to him to help you and guide you. I keep burning the sacred tobacco and sending those words to him.

Art Solomon
Garson, Ontario

[Others who appreciate VOICES can help its distribution by following the lead of Bea Hermann. Single copies of the book are available postpaid for \$4.95 from:

AKWESASNE NOTES
Mohawk Nation
via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683]

A Letter from Ireland

FRIENDS: Although I treasure my copies of NOTES very dearly, one thing I must object to is the constant use of the word "whites", as if all "whites" were the same. I am born and reared an Irish "white". The British are also "white" but our country has suffered and still suffers in the North, e.g., Belfast, all the degradation from these "white" tyrants as you "red" people do in the States.

I would consider all those who struggle against all odds for peace and justice with dignity to be brothers, regardless of colour. Keep up the struggle with my love.

Anne Ebbs
Dublin, Republic of Ireland

The Great White Purge

FRIENDS: After reading "The Effects of Colonialism on Indian Life" in the Early Autumn issue of NOTES, I feel I must write a reaction.

The author of the article continues to use the word "white" throughout. Now I recognize that the U.S./Indian dilemma is indeed traceable to policies of an all-white government. But in insisting on purging the BIA of all whites he overlooks something important.

There are white people who have made the commitment — completely — to work for and with native Americans in any way they can. And by removing all whites from the BIA or from areas where they can indeed help Indians, effective concern and aid are also removed.

Jim Ransom
Los Ojos, California

Iroquois Bibliography

NOTES: I am assembling a huge all-inclusive bibliography relating to the Iroquois Indians, and will be pleased to receive data on any obscure or rare items for such listing, showing title, author, date and number of pages.

Gordon K. Wright
5420 Palmyra Road
Pittsford, New York 14534

An Imprisoned Brother Contests Oklahoma Racism

BROTHERS AND SISTERS: I am writing this letter to you in an appeal to all of you who are in a position to voice your opinion and have your voices heard by the people of state. There is a grave problem, not only here, but in many other state and federal institutions which the legislators of this country need to come to terms with.

Most young Indians who have deep-rooted feelings toward the old ways find that it is spiritually prohibitive for them to willingly submit to having their hair cut off as it is one of the very few freedoms of expression which they are able to maintain inside a closed prison society.

Here at this prison, Indian prisoners are given haircuts against their will and without their consent, in a manner which is unlawful. There are numerous events where the Indian is forcefully removed from the exercise yard or beaten to the floor of their cells with fists, feet, and rifle butts until they are down nearly unconscious — then he is taken to the barber shop and given a haircut under watchful eyes and with a gun pointed at him until his hair is off.

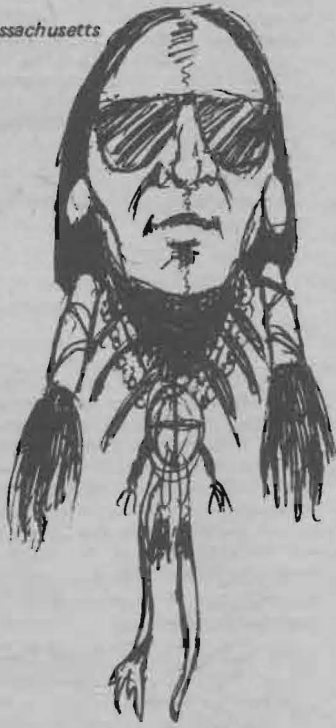
In Federal Court in California on July 7, 1879, in the matter of Ho Ah Kow vs. Nunan (case no. 6546 12 Fed Case page 252-255), a federal judge ruled on the question as to whether the state has the right to cut a man's hair while he is incarcerated as a prisoner. [Excerpts] of the opinion of the court is as follows:

"... If the state cannot regulate the fashions of the hair of those outside the prisons, what right can it have to regulate them for persons in confinement under their laws? ... The principle that limits [a warden's] power we suppose to be clear

Right On, Wampanoags

NOTES: Right on to the Wampanoag Indians of Massachusetts for restoring the bones from the museum in Plymouth, bones which had been on display since 1800 when they were dug up.

Al Oakley
Chelsea, Massachusetts



Forgetting to Preach Love

NOTES: Through the whole of January, there has been news about Gresham, Wisconsin, in the papers and on TV. What worries us most, actually, is the behaviour of the white people there. Why are they so upset about the occupying of an empty building? It seems that the monastery had forgotten to preach love in the neighborhood.

Margaret Anceaux
Rotterdam, Holland

Thanksgiving Doubletalk

NOTES: The whiteman's doubletalk is still here. We did, as usual, assemble at Cole's Hill at the site of Massasoit's statue on the day known as Thanksgiving.

We were there for more reasons than to grieve our people's end in Plymouth — we were there to claim the remains of an Indian girl who was dug up in 1863 and has been on display for many winters.

The presence of the American Indian Movement was indeed an inspiration and did in fact strengthen our position to claim the bones.

We entered Pilgrim Hall to the sound of the great drum of AIM. I then, with the assistance of Wamsutta, lit the sacred pipe, as is my duty as medicine chief. I then passed the pipe to Wamsutta, sachem of the Federated Eastern Indian League. At this time, the bones were passed to us in a cardboard box. (Since the bones were of some Indian, this container was [deemed] good enough.) The pipe was then passed to L.D. Geller, director of the Pilgrim Society, and he took a quick puff. He then uttered these words: "We have today presented these remains to the Wampanoag Indians in the name of Chief Flying Eagle and Chief Miktak, the latter which has passed on to the Spirit World." He stated that this presentation would be the beginning of a new and more favorable relationship between the people of Plymouth and the Indians.

We were heartened by this action, and hoped it would be an inspiration to other peoples to understand our cause.

The next day I was reading a news item concerning Plymouth, and the same Mr. Geller, who the day before smoked our sacred pipe, had said to the press: "I had no choice but to give them the bones. They came in such force that we would have had a very ugly situation here in Plymouth."

Until this occurred, I would have been considered a moderate middle-of-the-roader. I now pledge whatever support I can give to the American Indian Movement.

Raymond One Bear,
Ojibway, Noka Clan
Weymouth, Massachusetts

Maoris Get the Same

NOTES: It seems [from NOTES] that the problems faced by your native people are almost identical to the problems our Maori people meet in this uptight Western money-grabbing society.

We of the Maori Culture Club wish you well in your strong work.

Bruce Graham, Secretary
Te Reo O Paeroa
POBox 184
Paeroa, New Zealand

NOTES: The International Indian Treaty Council is sending a delegation of native American women to the United Nations World Conference on International Women's Year in Mexico City this June.

Chairperson is Madonna Gilbert of Rapid City, and Ann Durham of the UN Treaty Commission office is now acting as coordinator.

All native American women are urged to send us their thoughts and counsel. What do you think about women's rights? birth control? sterilization, etc.? What do you as an Indian woman have to say to other Indian people? What do you have to say to whites, the rest of the Third World, etc.? What are your problems as an Indian woman? What do you think should be said by our delegation?

Please write us.

Jimmy Durham
International Indian Treaty Council
777 United Nations Building
New York, N.Y. 10017

Using Prison Time Wisely

NOTES: Thanks for another beautiful NOTES. We as brothers in the same fight must keep in touch and inform each other of our thoughts. I only became involved in political awareness about a year ago, but this year has made a dramatic change in my life, and I now only seek togetherness in the fight against oppression.

Men behind bars are beginning to use their time wisely and becoming more aware of the system that's keeping them where they are, and keeping their families in poverty. Keep up the good work.

Samuel Bast
POBox 2839
Asheville, North Carolina 28802

An Indiana AIM?

NOTES: I want to start an American Indian Movement chapter here in Indiana, and I would like to hear from people who want to join. We want to help our Indian brothers in prisons, state hospitals, and any place Indian people need help.

Stewart American Horse &
John Crazy Horse
Route 4, Box 322
Shelbyville, Indiana 46176

Getty Oil, Where Are You?

NOTES: We have been receiving your paper for the past year and have been able to use a good deal of the material included, especially that which refers to mining companies invading Indian land. In fact, there is a great link between the Aboriginal people of this country and yourselves, in that a number of the companies you have to contend with are also present on Aboriginal lands in Australia. One of these is AMAX, the subsidiary of American Metal Climax, Inc. This company is at present a controlling partner in a proposed Bauxite venture in land which has been excised from an aboriginal reserve.

In the Arnhem Land region of Australia, American and Canadian companies are joining with Australian firms in the exploitation of uranium deposits in the region of Aboriginal settlements. The Australian Union of Students is now supporting the Aboriginal People in that region against the companies, [which] needless to say, are lobbying hard to prevent any concessions to the Aboriginal People which might leave them the losers.

I was wondering if you would be able to help us on one point. This is in respect to the Getty Oil Company, [which] has joined with an Australian concern to take out leases which move into Aboriginal lands. Recently I came across an official report which stated that Getty "has experience on Indian reservations in the U.S., claims favourable treatment of Indians concerned, including scholarships and training and employment opportunities." Would you be able to give me any details as to which people the company is into and to the true position between the people and Getty [and send a copy to NOTES, please].

Justin Moloney
Australian Union of Students
97 Drummond St.
Carlton 3053
Melbourne, Australia

A Doomed Race With Liquor

NOTES: If something don't be done very soon about the liquor problem, the Indians are going to be a doomed race of people. The white man's liquor has turned them into wild savages, fight eight, other kill eight, and he beat his wife and that is just some of it. Please print this letter — it is time that the Indian here read it in your newspaper what the white man's liquor does to them.

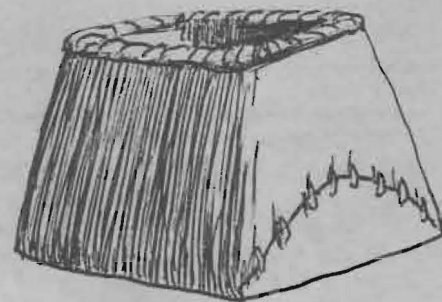
Tuscarora Woman
North Carolina

Mending the Sacred Hoop

NOTES: We, the native Americans at the Columbus County Correctional Facility petition you, our people, to come to our assistance as we are faced with a desperate situation. It is an established fact that we are breakers of the whiteman's law. But we are still human beings, and Indians. We desire to learn and to renew the concepts of our native culture. This is all we ask. Let us be what we are.

Brothers and sisters, we need your help and support if we are to stay within the ways of the Sacred Hoop. We sit here in prison and see many things that are not right. We have no religion. Will you help us? We have no education. Will you help us? We are oppressed. Will you help us?

Ronald Gaffney and fifteen others
POBox 8
Brunswick, North Carolina 28424



Sharing Words

BROTHERS: Somehow the words I wrote were truer in NOTES than they were when they were in my typewriter.

I think that is because they have been shared. For some years, I have been noticing and thinking about how words change when they are shared. They become stronger. And they have more meaning.

And so I thank you for printing, so beautifully, my words.

Stan Steiner
Santa Fe, New Mexico

[Stan Steiner, a noted author/anthologist/human being, wrote "The Sun Is Getting Darker" in our last issue. We continue to be grateful to him for his support. Other authors are invited to consider contributing articles to NOTES to strengthen the natural ways of life on this land. The Editors.]

Photography Workshop Appeal

NOTES: The Native-American Photography Workshop in Phoenix, Arizona conducts a year-round program, primarily for Indian youth in the metropolitan area. During the summer, ten students are employed, and in the school year, the program is geared to five students. They are salaried by Neighborhood Youth Corps at \$2 per hour to work 26 hours per week for ten weeks in the summer, and nine hours a week during the school year.

Our program was created out of concern to develop the talents and challenge the creative abilities of Indian students. We felt there is very little understanding of Indian students in the local high schools. Schools so frequently label the Indian students as problems and rarely identify or enjoy their resources.

Students are being trained in all facets of photography — taking pictures, developing film, enlarging, printing and touching up. They have produced black-and-white prints — 70 are in a travelling exhibition — and color slides. They are now receiving training in color photography.

The student participants have demonstrated an amazing skill and talent. They have focused on small details of nature and people. They enjoy photography as an art form and as a means for creative expression, working far beyond their hour requirements. We are also asking the schools to exhibit the students' work. The students are also beginning to see that their talents can be beneficially joined with the efforts of other Indian people and organizations to interpret concerns and seek solutions in our city. Some of the students are now working on a photo essay on Indian Housing in the city for a group called Indians for Better Housing.

Central United Presbyterian Church in Phoenix has provided good 35mm cameras (Pentax and Fujica), a darkroom for enlarging and printing, another room for film development and editing, and another room for classes. Approximately \$3,000 has been invested in equipment. To run the program during the summer of 1975, we need a total of \$10,000.

We hope that some readers will be interested in this project and will have suggestions as to how we might obtain funding. We will be happy to provide further information. Donations can be tax-exempted and will be appreciated in any amount.

Bryon Harvey, Joedd Miller,
Joann Hughes, Dennis Perry,
Robert Crawford
Native American Photography Workshop
37 East Indian School Road
Phoenix, Arizona 85012

"Leave Them Alone"

BROTHERS & SISTERS: Six prisoners are being held in solitary confinement following the beating and slaying of a guard at Leavenworth Federal Prison. The incident was caused by the guard making a racial slur to the prisoners, five of whom are members of the institution's Indian Culture Group.

At least three of the men, James Romero, Frank Woods, and Charles Quinn, were subsequently beaten by guards. Quinn and another prisoner, Henry Tenaria, were forcibly injected with a sedative, and are being kept in cells known as "boxcars". These cells have two doors, an inner and an outer one, and the men in them are completely isolated.

The other two prisoners are Cecil Whitesell and Brael Garcia. When Frank Woods was escorted to the solitary confinement block, he was naked. Both arms were pinned behind his back by two guards, one of whom also had hold of his hair. A third guard was gripping Woods' genitals.



The other prisoners in the block chanted, "Leave him alone" and threw water dipped from their toilets on the guards.

The prison at Leavenworth has had numerous disturbances in recent years. At first, the demonstrations were peaceful work stoppages and hunger strikes. Prison officials responded with repressive measures, and the confrontations have become violent. Two guards have been killed and several injured at Leavenworth in the last two years.

The six prisoners now face criminal prosecution and need legal assistance and community support. They can be written at:

United States Penitentiary
Leavenworth, Kansas 66048
as can the warden. Congressmen may also be interested in looking into the matter.

Name Withheld
U.S. Penitentiary
Leavenworth, Kansas

Come In, Tommy Morris

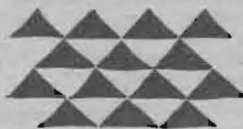
BROTHERS & SISTERS: Does anyone know the whereabouts of Tommy W. Morris, late 30s, about 5'3", left ring finger missing, black hair, brown eyes. Last seen leaving Minneapolis four years ago, heading for a town in Iowa to see a former friend and hasn't been seen or heard from since. Family would very much like to see him again and to know he is alive and well. He has these tattoo marks on his arms: "Rosie", "Mother", "Tommy W. Morris". If anyone knows him or his whereabouts, feel free to write me. I'm his sister.

Sharon Goose
Box 424
Cass Lake, Minnesota

Siskiyou Sacred Areas

NOTES: The U.S. Forest Service is attempting to complete a combination logging road and scenic super highway through the sacred grounds of the Tolowa, Yurok, and Karok peoples in the 300,000-acre Siskiyou Wilderness between Gasquet and Orleans.

The purpose of this road is to provide access to the virgin forests of the area so that they can be clear-cut and "made more productive" and to provide the tourist with a ridge-top view of "productively-managed forest". Of course, the wolverine, spotted owl, pileated woodpecker, marten, fisher, Pacific giant salamander and bobcat, to name a few, will have to go.



The road is being built in sections. The portion of the road yet to be completed passes through the center of the spiritual world of the Yurok/Karok/Tolowa peoples. In this area are medicine rocks, places where medicine is made, and where the necessary plants and herbs are gathered for healing and curing.

The Forest Service Archeological Survey of the area affected by the logging/tourist road states that there are "no significant cultural or religious values". To justify this, they cite the National Register of Historic Places, which, of course, does not have it listed. They claim that under the Multiple Use Act, the road is for the good of the whole nation, but their only interest has been to make money from timber without thought for the beauty and spirit of their mother earth and her children.

This road is being condoned and justified by the same type of reasoning that the Anglo has used ever since they first came to this continent: "They're not using this land, so we have a duty to develop it." When will they stop pushing the Native American People?

If you have some advice that we could use, or want to know more, please get in contact with us.

Jack Norton
Native American Resource Center
House 91, Humboldt State University
Arcata, California 95521

The Ultimate Polluter

FRIENDS: There is something that is coming soon in America that should be of interest to every person who wants clean food to eat. I am a farmer in southern Utah. I just attended the annual show put on by the John Deere machinery company. The main purpose of this is to sell farm machinery, but they always report on all new developments in agriculture. One report in this session was enough to turn the strongest stomach.

The Environmental Protection Agency is disturbed by the air pollution caused by the bad smell of the manure from large cattle feed-lots. So guess what cattle-feeders might do with the manure? Feed it back to the cows!

This has only been done in test lots up to now. They suggest mixing up to 40% manure with regular feed, putting it in a silo for two weeks where the heat from partial decay will kill any germs. Then it can be fed to the cows. It is claimed the cows will eat all the manure they can produce. Pigs are even worse — their manure is simply dropped through slats in the floor into a water-filled tank. It is then pumped around for a few days, with air pumped through it, then given to the pigs as the only source of drinking water. It reduces feed costs slightly, [but more important] it gets rid of the smell of the manure from the thousands of animals in large feed lots.

It is only a matter of time until all large feed lots will be doing it. What this means, very simply, is that any person who wants clean meat will either have to raise it himself, or get it direct from someone they know raises clean meat. Supermarket meat will all be manure-fed in a few more years. Many reservations can feed animals on good grass. Now is a good time to start a cattle herd if you want clean meat. Feeder cattle prices are at an all-time low right now. Think about it.

Evan Hansen
Beryl, Utah

Remember Our Relatives

NOTES: Thank you for the book. I don't know what people in prison would do if it was not for people like you.

L.W. Handy Jr. 10539-34
PO Box 578
Yadkinville, North Carolina 27055

[Readers can help us supply reading materials to prisoners by enclosing an extra dollar or two earmarked for that purpose when you next order books or posters. We will match your funds with an equal amount. We can't let our brothers and sisters down when they need us the most. Editors.]

World Changers?

PEOPLE: Could you tell me anything about World Changers, Inc. or a Jonas Partridge, Choctaw chief? We were contacted a month ago to financially support an Indian child in his own home and are doing so at \$15 a month. Others have received the same request and they're not as confident that the money truly goes to the child. Hope this is not another scheme to make money on other people and their poor conditions.

Paul Fadden
Grafton, Massachusetts

[We politely wrote World Changers and Jonas Partridge requesting further information. We asked who was on their board of directors, for a financial statement, and a policy sheet regarding how children were selected, etc. We received no reply. The publicity sent out by these people is done so that one gets the feeling it is a grassroots heartfelt request, rather than something from Madison Avenue: the note appears handwritten on a scrap of notebook paper, the snapshot of the child shows a poor waif, etc. We suggest readers use their own judgment about funding this organization, and readers who have had good — or bad — experiences with them are urged to let us know more. In the meantime, those who truly wish to aid native children will find numerous addresses throughout this newspaper of organizations and individuals needing some assistance. If these really grassroots efforts are successful, they will bring about the necessary social changes so that the next generation of United States people will not still have to send money to poor Indian children. The Editors.]

Buy-Centennial Advice

FRIENDS: Please allow us to express our deepest admiration for Lillian Peterson, whose appeal for non-participation by native American people in the forth-coming 200th anniversary of the U.S. Government you printed in a recent edition of NOTES.

How right she is to ask native people not to take part in the celebration of a government that has enslaved her people and raped their mother earth. To do so would be like Jewish people taking part in a Nazi anniversary, or Vietnamese people celebrating the 4th of July.



Getting native people to "dress up" and ride through the streets of good old Uncle Sam land with beadwork stars and stripes on their clothing is the ultimate in humiliation, and a total insult to the dead martyrs of the past and present. Native people owe no allegiance to the U.S. Government. Many gave their lives to remain free and happy with their own social system, a system that puts any civilized white man to shame, especially one that was forcibly imposed upon them by an alien colonial power.

Keep up the good work — freedom for your people.

Terry & Beryl Lewis
Birmingham, England

Extending the Roots

NOTES: Your White Roots of Peace group, who visited the campus of Scottsdale Community College recently, were so exemplary and admirable. It was a real joy to have them here, though their stay was far too short. Many of us here hope that they will return.

Clara Rebik
Scottsdale, Arizona

Delaware Squatters Live

NOTES: The last time we met, White Roots of Peace moved the Earth. We have met through the Eagle. You remember us, the "squatters", and know of their eviction from Shawnee-on-Delaware. We did not leave — we are still here and strong.

On February 26, 1974, we helped deliver a baby girl, "Marie See", around 9:45 p.m. At 4 a.m. we looked in at mother and girlchild. At 6 a.m., ninety U.S. marshals kicked in the door and gave Marie, Mom and Dad 5 minutes to get out. The whole community — men, women, children, living creatures, homes, grass, trees — destroyed in six hours. We are trying to get out of the shock still, months later.

A recurrence: from the People on the Delaware walking the road to Walking Purchase to bounty. A reversal of the Trail of Tears.

Our dream: The Squatter Reclamation Committee intends to reclaim the land. We live on the land. We grow our own food. We give shelter to all brothers and sisters. We give nourishment to all that lives and respect all.

We hope that by '76 we will have a spot on the river where the people, moving home again, may stop and find home and family. I send this message in all hope and trust in the spirit I recognized and felt when we last met.

Squatters Reclamation Committee
PO Box 38
Delaware Water Gap, Pennsylvania 18327

The hundred or more marshals who evicted the squatters were the Special Operations Group which has attained notoriety for its participation in the siege on Wounded Knee and in the Virgin Islands. The Editors.]



Working Off Spiritual Debt

NOTES: I feel the importance of Russell Means' statement "a national and international coalition of non-Indian and Indian people is needed more so now than ever before." I would like to know anybody's ideas about the coalition — what forms it would take and how it would work outside of the small number of people who are already acting. How would a coalition be formed within our white society, the large part of which is caught in the fragmentation of all life? Energy is so fragmented that most cannot organize their own personal lives, let alone think in terms of national or world conditions. Most are unprepared for what is and what will be demanded of them. In this myopic entanglement, the Indian is still a TV myth that plays no meaningful part in anyone's life.

Meanwhile, our white culture is accumulating an incredible spiritual debt. Anyone in the white culture who realizes this must be in touch with a sense of homelessness. Or a feeling of inspired rage that comes in part by realizing that in a sense history and a great deal of education has been one long Watergate coverup. To buy it is to become complacent and apathetic. It is denying being responsible for our collective actions.

Words often seem to fall short. We are over-dependent on our word-building powers, and rely on thought to give us interpretations of the world. It is this alienation of the heart that leads to the systematic and ignorant destruction of the earth.

Sometimes "white" appears as a state of mind which has no geographical, political, and in some cases, racial boundaries.

The oppression or possible extinction of the Indian cultures will lead to the oppression and extinction of the white culture. For many of us in the white society, there is no comprehension of this at all. Therefore, in one sense, it is really a white struggle to orient itself and stop imposing its false reality on the rest of life.

I fight for life — therefore, I fight for the nationalism and sovereignty of the Indian nations.

Jake Bell
Lakeville, Connecticut

Appeal Costs Needed

BROTHERS & SISTERS: A former WW II Veteran and Navy Pharmacist Mate, an enrolled tribal member of the Yankton Sioux Tribe, was recently convicted and sentenced to ten years under South Dakota's "Habitual Criminal Act". This person has been active for years in assisting Indian inmates to regain their freedoms, and it now becomes obvious that the state retaliated because of his activities.

Now an appeal is required which will cost approximately \$4,000 to procure effective representation and for legal processing. Any group, organization, or individual contributions will be warmly accepted and deeply appreciated by:

Richard C. Williamson
Box 911
Sioux Falls, South Dakota 57101

A friend
Fort Yates, North Dakota

Land, Not Money

NOTES: I would like to agree with James WahShee in his analysis of our struggle as a struggle for "Land, Not Money" [last issue of NOTES]. We were invaded by a foreign country and were colonized as a foreign country. The white colonizer set up uneven trade relations: 65% of the wealth created from the fur trade went back to England, 30% went to the white entrepreneurs, and only 5% went to the Indians. They not only exploited our labour and resources, but our land — North America.

What our heroic ancestors fought for was not broken treaties, aboriginal rights, or land claims, but for self-determination as independent peoples. 80% of the Indian people [of Canada] live in the North, and 80% of the white people live within 200 miles of the Canadian/American border. Our nation, our country, is the North. We not only need and have a right to land, but we have the right to utilize its resources for our people's benefit.

The system we live in is a world system that was not only built up on our land and the decimation of our people, but on the exploitation of Asians, Africans, and Latin Americans. While today they practice civilized methods of genocide on Indians, the same practices are going on in Latin America.

64 other colonized countries are fighting for national liberation against the multi-national corporate elite that exploits our land. They are not only exploiting our land, but our labour power. It was the labour power of Asians, Africans, and Latin Americans and to a lesser extent ourselves that this country's wealth was built. It is their labour power that allows the North American workers to get paid \$8 an hour to the Africans' 9 cents a day. It is the starvation of workers in Latin America that allows the North American people to be fat.

It is the super-exploitation of those people that allow this government to keep Indian people immobilized through welfare dependency. Only until we help to break these economic ties with the other colonized countries, will our struggle for national liberation be feasible. Therefore, we must become productive on our land. 49% of us are not producing, as we are not given jobs — and we still get paid (welfare) from the surplus of another man's labour, colonized brothers and sisters in Asia, Africa, and Latin America.

What is the colonial government's recourse if we make a call for nationhood, if we demand that we govern ourselves? Indirect rule through an all-Indian puppet government, neo-colonialism, will prevail.

What happens under neo-colonialism? Yes, we will have a separate governing body. Yes, we will have our own schools. Yes, we will have our own medical clinics. The difference being that the profit of our land and labour will go from the hands of our leaders to the hand of the former colonizer, and a tiny portion will go back to the hands of our leaders. Our own government will be selling us out for a few crumbs and a little prestige.

We are fighting against imperialism, which is an international system. [We should] set ourselves to the task of becoming independent as a nation and set the groundwork for our national liberation struggle.

Joan C. Carter
Native Study Group
POBox 35663, Station E
Vancouver, B.C. V6M 4G9



Returning to Earth

NOTES: There are those of us who are undeniably white, but who feel a strong kinship with the real Americans. We cannot dissolve into the white society because we are in harmony with the universe and with ourselves. We reject our heritage and return to the loving arms of the earth.

We lack strength because we lack tribal teachings and awareness — but we are here. And we will not pass away in the white man's destruction of himself and his society. Reading words written by others who understand the true meaning of existence brings joy to me.

Barbara Cataldo
Boulder, Colorado



Philip Cook, an Akwesasne Mohawk known and loved by so many all over North America, passed into the spirit world from his home in Richland, Washington, in December. He was written about in "Apologies to the Iroquois", and he continued to be a strong advocate for his people until his death. We, his many relatives, mourn for our loss.

Mattie Grinnell, a Mandan true grandmother, passed on at age 108 this January 6. She took part in the Poor People's March on Washington at the age of 101 in 1968, and continued to pray daily for peace in the world. Now that she is gone, who will teach us the way, the songs, the stories? Who can fix the food of our people? We are lost and weak.

Last Autumn, Willie Scraping White, 96-year-old spiritual adviser to four generations of Blood People, a noted medicine person and keeper of names, left his people for the spirit world. Now it is their task to carry on his wisdom and grandfather ways.

Harry Zonge, whose poem ("... ever been an Apache in a Mexican jail?") was published in AKWESASNE NOTES, died this winter of an overdose of drugs, drink, and civilization. He was our brother, able to reach and touch us when we could not reach him. His spirit is free now. Journey well.

Now, at the one-year anniversary, we join Bonnie Johnson Promise in mourning the loss of our brother, Isaac:

This is my man ... Isaac Once-Called
Most people know him as Isaac Promise.

He is strong, handsome, charming, intelligent, witty and amusing

He is good, generous, loving to his family and friends.

He is a big cat and terrifying to his enemies ...

He comes from Cheyenne River, Eagle Butte, South Dakota.

He was raised by his grand-dad, a Christian minister in the town of Promise, South Dakota, named for their family.

He attended the University of Illinois, where he majored in journalism.

He worked in radio and served on the tribal council.

He is very beloved by me and many.

He was fatally shot by a Phoenix cop who panicked over nothing and died on April 2, 1974, when the air was filled with the smell of orange blossoms. They shall be funeral flowers to me forever.

— Bonnie

Mary Antiste, one of the grand-old-women of the Kootenais, died January 6 at age 77. She was renowned for her pride in her Kootenai heritage and her good-natured advocacy for Kootenai rights. She was born in a tipi at Ashley Creek, and wondered how anyone could know of Indian problems "if you weren't born in a tipi? Her many Kootenai grandchildren are her heritage.

Jack Abraham, chairman of Treaty Indians of the Columbia, Inc., died suddenly and unexpectedly on December 20. He was also a chief of the Walla Walla People at Umatilla Reservation, where he was buried in traditional Longhouse ceremonies. His struggle to retain fishing rights for his people has reserved an important place in the memories of his people.

Arthur Laing, minister of Indian Affairs in Canada from 1963 to 1968, died of cancer February 13 in Vancouver at age 70. His opposition of community development programs leading to the self-determination for reserves indirectly led to the beginnings of AKWESASNE NOTES.

Sarain Stump, a respected young poet and artist who wrote and illustrated "There Is My People Sleeping", drowned while visiting in Mexico this winter. He was a Cree/Shoshone from Wind River, and will be remembered by peoples of many nations for his support of natural ways.

Carl Seseui, chief of the Telida Village in Alaska, died October 12. He was past 80, a small boy when a U.S. Naval expedition "discovered" his people in 1898. He will long be remembered as one who served his people well.

Bringing on Justice

NOTES: No person with any common sense could possibly disagree with the fact that the Indians of North America have been enduring great injustices for many long years. Your work at the newspaper will do much in bringing about justice, equality, and freedom. Possibly now that our new Great White Father has forgiven his predecessor of all his sins, he can now turn his attention to the crucial problems of senior citizens, the poor and oppressed.

Carl LaSalle, President
St. Lawrence Co. Welfare Rights Organization
Norwood, New York

Damnable Sales of Alcohol

FRIENDS: It gave me great pleasure to read about the Navajos demonstrating in mass against the damnable sales of alcoholic beverages. Persons of good will of all nations should join in protesting against the great losses of life and property resulting from the consumption of intoxicants, including over-indulging in food.

It seems to me nutrition plays a major role in the acceptance of alcohol. The paperback book, "Alcoholism, The Nutritional Approach" published by the Texas University Press at Austin for \$2.00 is a very educational reference.

Wilbur Henry Bishop
Elmore, Michigan

Duplicating Oppression?

NOTES: It indeed surprises me that, in answer to a letter written by Cathy in the July issue, it "would be thought senseless to ask" such questions as "Do women not possess other attributes besides a womb?" "... Have we no useful skills?"

If these questions are not on your list of priorities, when 'liberation' is attained, will you not merely be duplicating the appalling pattern and history of sexism in white American society which you are trying to repudiate and hence improve upon? How can true liberation be attained when you consider a part of your group as "senseless thought"? In oppressing those of your own group, whether it be by confining them to traditional roles or otherwise, you are no better than those who oppress you both as an integral whole.

Marianna Loner
Statens Island, New York

[We are sorry that the wording of our reply allowed for a dual meaning. We do understand that such questions have urgent merit in the Western context, and among native peoples who have become assimilated and Westernized. What we wished to imply was that in those societies where the balance between men human beings and women human beings had been retained, the question would be like asking, "Do we have to breathe to live? Do people have heads?" — questions which are senseless in that context. We agree that people who oppress others cannot expect to escape oppression. The Editors.]

We're Glad We Did, Too

NOTES: I don't know how you found me, but I'm glad you did. It's strange, maybe, but I feel oppressed myself, and most of all, for the young persons around me — my kids, my students, all kids.

George Wald
Harvard University
Cambridge, Massachusetts

[We value the support of Nobel Prize winner George Wald, and welcome him in the struggle against a common oppression. The Editors.]

A Single Human Family

NOTES: I have been struck by the quality of your paper, not just because it is "Indian", but by the layout, design, and particularly the writing. It's good to see the circulation number going up each issue. I think NOTES anticipates the increasing contribution "Indian" cultures will make to the renaissance of the arts and spirit in North America, which has already been underway for some time.

There have been too many white "red apples" in your letters columns. I recall several issues ago you said readers should address themselves to this question, how "whites" can be of use, etc. They can be of use by being useful to themselves and advancing democratic ideas within their own community and to anyone else who wants to listen.

Why should whites as such feel defensive? They are only responsible for the crimes of this particular nation/state if they accept them. Maybe they should check out what is progressive in their own culture — there is so much. The future of humanity is either destruction or coming together in "a single human family once again."

Viris Cromer
New York, N.Y.

Navaho Communications

NOTES: Your newspaper is really understanding, interesting, and easy for us to read. We would like to communicate with some students to learn about their culture, interest, and many different things. We would like to share our Navaho culture with them. We would really appreciate it.

Tsa Aai Members
Lapita Skeet,
Marcella Maria
Debbie Martine
Jennie Refelito
Vileen Pino
Ramah Navaho High School
Ramah, New Mexico 87321

The Good Harvest

NOTES: I'd like to know that you had a good harvest this year, and that it will be enough food for your people during the winter time.

Christine Grozea
Bucharest, Romania

[Potatoes were good, corn was poor, other things were good but there were many mouths to feed. We are grateful, and next year hope to contribute more to our contract with the Creator. Readers who wish to send seeds for planting in the NOTES garden, as well as seedling fruit trees, etc., are invited to send them to us for planting in April indoors or late May outside. Send to: NOTES, Mohawk Nation, via Roosevelttown, N.Y. 13683 or to Route 3, Cornwall, Ontario. The Editors.]



People of the earth
Tilling the soil
Mountain Spirit, a shield

People and Spirit
In rhythm with the mother
Turning and re-turning as before.

— Tse-waa



Ancient mists shroud in silence
the rising Aztec green . . .
the twinkling gold of mountain-side lamps
beckon us on . . .
Perhaps around a few more bends and rises
we will find a village
where the harmonies of old
still play as darkness falls . . .
Perhaps the haunted brown Tampico faces
looking to the tourist
for a salvation that will not come
as voices hiding sorrow brightly speak
of the charms of baubles
no one really needs
will remain behind us
down the twisting mountain roads . . .
Perhaps the slender dark girls
who look at you with timeless eyes
will smile tomorrow with nothing withheld . . .
Perhaps the young boys struggling slow
with loads as their fathers did before them
will find a day when
their arms and hearts are free . . .
Perhaps as we ride and watch
our brothers of the south
with eyes that sometimes turn away
will grasp the message being sent us . . .
Perhaps the road-side shrines
and the green and red lights heavy strung
are telling us this time
that Christmas is really coming . . .

— David Campbell

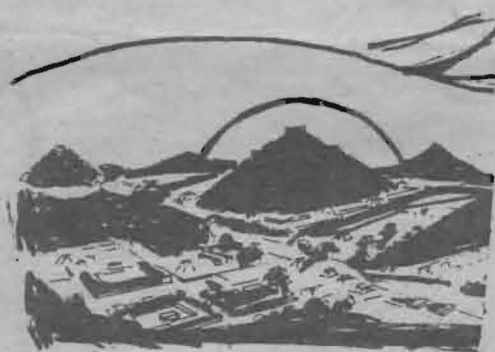


"... for who listens?"

At the Pyramids of Monte Alban

Under Zapotec blue skies
there would be a timeless stillness
but Kodak and Coca-Cola
have touched this sacred mountain-top
with plastic fingers
and the voices of the Travelling Squares
of Sun City, Arizona
rip the still mid-afternoon
echoing harshly around
the ancient harmonies in stone
that rise on top of Monte Alban . . .
But what was the real name
of this wonder rising above
the wide gold and green valley of Oaxaca?
Suspensions of monuments to empire
fade within the perfect matching
of stone and sky and shadow
The blood sacrifices that the red bearded ones
have dipped their yellowed fingers in
to write off the soul of old Mexico
fail to still the beauty of this place
on this afternoon in January, After Cortez . . .
Walking on the parched grass
thoughts of those whose hands fashioned
this giant reaching for the sky,
of the feet that walked
this far-stretching courtyard
and of the minds that knew of harmonies
now long forgotten,
hover close by in the crystal air . . .
Soon The Night Chicago Died
plays on the station-wagon radio
as we twist downwards in cushioned comfort
to our new neon reality
down in the valley below
and the Noche Triste
of five hundred years before and fading
rises briefly under
the insistent voices of dark and ragged children
selling blindly
ancient statues
rubbed long
in the dirt of 1975

— David Campbell



Cantina y Restaurant

So here we are
Observers to our own death!!
We sit in silence
Staring with our ears and eyes
As the Conquest continues before us . . .
Instead of words only moans and grunts.
The woman stirs,
Wanting him to stop and leave
But all she gets is Ya!
Ya, . . . Ya !!!
Finally given a glassful
To silence the protests
Tezcatlipoca is still in power
When will we clear your intoxicating smoke away
But through it all
The Morning Star shines through
Reflected in the smiles and questions
of your children watching,
Must be what keeps us going
Our four eyes meet — it's time to go
The strength of knowing the reasons why
Can only carry us so far.

— Phil Esparza

Mountain Spirit

Around winding mountain road
we journey
Coming around a curve, ahead
the road same as behind

Mountain spirits all around
Movin' softly with the wind
Not seen — known only by a few

Singing the way
Dancing the way
Not heard, for who listens

— Tse-waa



Momostenango shoe-shine boy
fighting for the chance to shine my shoes
Black conquistador boots, mine are not,
but as you kneel before me,
in the hot midday sun,
who would know the difference?
Your stubby brown fingers rub the black polish
deep into Canada leather
without middle-class hesitation . . .
Did anyone ever tell you in the triple-crossed mission school,
if you have ever been there,
about Jesus washing the apostles' feet?
Your small hands must have cleared the dust
from a thousand gringo feet . . .
How can I tell you
I would like to think my feet are different, little brother,
long-nailed and fat-cheeked as I am?
So rub away, little Indio
at just another pair of zapatos
Yours is the unbroken spirit of 500 years of victory
that only through the eyes of the Invader
may seem a time of conquest
in these timeless mountains
where only the strong trees grow . . .

— David Campbell

Tree of Life

The tree — we will recognize
they reminded

The tree — recognized us
when we visited

The tree knew — of our coming
we carried a Nation
we brought corn
with one thought/one mind

A tree — surrounded by a fence
forever standing
used for attraction
its meaning hidden

Natural people — they know

Tree of Life
Tree of Peace
Pine, the everlasting tree
Place of cotton-wood tree

Peace we will know by the Tree.

— Tse-waa

